

THE
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ART. I.— 1. *Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate, D.C.L.*,
by CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D., Canon of Westminster, 2 vols.
London: Moxon, 1851.

2. *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*, 6 vols. London :
Moxon, 1851.

WORDSWORTH has said in one of his prefaces, that "every author as far as he is great, and at the same time original, has the task of creating the taste by which he is to be enjoyed." He is himself an example of the truth of this remark, and perhaps it was called forth, or its justice acquiesced in (for it was originally made by Coleridge), on account of the coldness, or rather the scorn and contempt, with which his own best writings were for a long succession of years treated by the public. And indeed it is impossible to remember without something of sadness and discouragement, that the veriest trash, the dross and rotten offal have been almost uniformly preferred by contemporaries, to sound and sterling literature. A great poet, especially, must very often trust his fame to posterity, and it not unfrequently happens, that posterity itself, whilst reverencing his name, will neglect his writings, for the most contemptible, silly, and immoral productions. "The invaluable works," says Wordsworth, in the preface printed at the end of the second volume of his poems, "of our elder writers, I had almost said of Shakspeare and

Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse." Since these words were written, the evil has fearfully increased; whole libraries of frantic novels are issued weekly and monthly by the press, at prices varying from a penny to a shilling, the least faults of which are, that they corrupt the taste, and the worst, that they corrupt the hearts of the rising generation. Numerous infamous bookshops are supported in every large town in the united kingdom, by the almost exclusive sale of these immoral publications. They are sold in the streets and at the railway stations, and are read by the idle at home, by the traveller on his journey, and above all, on Sundays, by milliners and tradespeople, who are confined to sedentary occupations during the week. The best of these publications are written as if all the functions of the soul as well as the toils of the body were confined to this world; they never cast one earnest glance heavenward, and if the name be mentioned at all, it is merely as a figure of speech to express earthly felicity. Their virtue is the outpouring of mere natural benevolence and kind-heartedness, and thus they are calculated indirectly to effect that which the worst openly attempt, the destruction of the faith and morality of the gospel. From the weakness and corruption of the human heart, such writings, however contemptible as literary productions, will be far more widely circulated, and consequently far more remunerative, than those which touch with the most exquisite tenderness the highest and holiest impulses and sympathies of man's immortal spirit, and those who generously devote themselves to the latter, will have to make their way in spite often of poverty, and almost always of neglect and obloquy.

Wordsworth was fully conscious that he did not tread the path which leads to popularity. In his letters he sometimes playfully calls himself "that popular poet, W. Wordsworth." Writing to Sir George Beaumont, he says, "Remember that no poem of mine will ever be popular;" and indeed during his entire life, he always stated with the utmost candour the exact extent to which his writings had been circulated. He declared that he never wrote a line for profit, although he lived and married on a hundred a year. In July, 1829, when in his sixtieth year, he says, in a letter to Mr. Huntley Gordon, "I have

laboured hard through a long life without more pecuniary emolument than a lawyer gets for two special retainers, or a public performer sometimes for two or three songs." He had said previously, to Archdeacon Wrangham (in 1813), that his literary employments brought him no remuneration, nor promise of any. "Seven or eight years later"* he writes to the same friend, "the whole of my returns—I do not say *net profits* but *returns*—from the writing trade, do not amount to seven score pounds;" and in 1833 he informs Mr. Moxon, his publisher, that not a copy of his works had been sold by one of the leading booksellers in Cumberland, though that was his native county. He adds a presentiment which has been fulfilled probably sooner than he expected,—“As to my occupations, they look little at the present age; but I live in hope of leaving something behind me that by some minds will be valued.” It required great moral courage, an immoveable conviction of the rectitude of his own views, and a strong faith in his own powers, to enable him to brave the contempt of the world, the sneers of most of the popular writers of the day, and the scornful revilings of almost all the organs by which the likings of the public were imperiously ruled in those times. But the light of his own genius enabled him to see through the clouds which obscured the vision of his contemporaries, and he consoled himself by remembering “the obscurity of men of genius in or near their own times.” “But the most singular thing,” he used to say, “is, that in all the writings of Bacon, there is not one allusion to Shakspeare.” He also owed a great deal to his admirable sister—his constant companion during life—and afterwards to his wife and sister-in-law, who fervently admired his genius, wrote down his melodies as he uttered them aloud, and thus conferred upon him the purest happiness which this earth affords—the consciousness of being revered and honoured by those whom he truly loved. In his works he frequently alludes to these three ladies with the deepest affection. In the following beautiful lines he speaks of his sister and his wife:†

* This letter is without date, but it was written between 1819 and 1830. The words in italics in the text were underlined by Wordsworth himself.

† The Prelude, p. 364.

"When every day brought with it some new sense
Of exquisite regard for common things,
And all the earth was budding with these gifts
Of more refined humanity, thy truth,
Dear sister! was a kind of gentler spring
That went before my steps. Thereafter came
One whom with thee friendship had early paired ;
She came, no more a phantom to adorn
A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
And yet a spirit there for me enshrined
To penetrate the lofty and the low ;
Even as one essence of pervading light
Shines in the brightest of ten thousand stars,
And the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp
Couched in the dewy grass."

The following exquisite poem, which, as we learn from the manuscript notes published in his *Life*, was addressed to his wife, expresses how sincerely he esteemed her :

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's too her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time's brightest liveliest dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

"I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

"And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death !
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel-light."

Vol. ii. p. 88.

His wife and sister survived him, but his sister-in-law, Sarah Hutchinson, died before him. He has commemorated her virtues in more than one poem, but we have only room for a single extract. After her death, he gave her name and that of her sister to two heights near his own residence, to which circumstance he alludes in the following lines:

"I, a witness
And frequent sharer of their calm delight,
With thankful heart to either eminence
Gave the baptismal name each sister bore.
Now are they parted far as death's cold hand
Hath power to part the spirits of those who love
As they did love. Ye kindred pinnacles—
That while the generations of mankind
Follow each other to their hiding-place
In time's abyss, are privileged to endure
Beautiful in yourselves and richly graced
With like command of beauty—grant your aid
For Mary's humble, Sarah's silent claim,
That their pure joy in nature may survive
From age to age in blended memory."

In the preface which is printed at the end of the second volume of his works, he says that the object which he proposed to himself in his writings, was to express common events in simple language, and to make the feelings give importance to the action and situation, not the action and situation to the feelings. Hence he shunned with the utmost diligence all violent and distorted language, and although himself a German scholar, he entertained a salutary horror for that *Germanising*, which was for a time the rage both in prose and verse. Speaking of one of his sonnets, he says,* "I was impelled to write this sonnet by the disgusting frequency with which the word *artistical*, imperted with other impertinences from the Germans, is employed by writers of the present day. For 'artistical,' let them substitute 'artificial,' and the

* Life, vol. ii. p. 341.

poetry written on this system, both at home and abroad, will be for the most part much better characterised." And again, writing to Professor Read, he asks, "Do you know Miss Peabody of Boston? She has just sent me, with the highest eulogy, certain essays of Mr. Emerson. Our (Carlyle?) and he appear to be what the French used to call '*esprits forts*,' though the French idols showed their spirit after a somewhat different fashion. Our two present philosophers, who have taken a language which they suppose to be English, for their vehicle, are verily, '*par nobile fratrum*,' and it is a pity that the weakness of our age has not left them exclusively to their appropriate reward—mutual admiration. Where is the thing which now passes for philosophy at Boston to stop?"* The poet's own diction is in general remarkably clear and perspicuous—it is a fine specimen of pure English in its highest and most cultivated form. It is always sweet and musical, and never strives by inversions and contortions to supply the place of passionate thoughts. It has also the great charm of simplicity, and although he informs us that he polished his productions with the most exact care, and that they cost him great and prolonged labour, yet his "was an invisible hand of art, everywhere working in the very spirit of nature."

But neither his style nor his diction are entirely faultless. The former is sometimes obscure, and the latter is occasionally, if not low, certainly too plain for anything above familiar conversation. In his really great poem, "The Excursion," intense, and even painful attention is often required not to lose his meaning. How much more easy is it to follow Shakspeare, notwithstanding the many obsolete words which occur in his writings, for although the reader may not know the meaning of each particular word, nor be able minutely to analyze the passage, yet the whole context is so perspicuous, that he cannot mistake it. He looks upon the stream of poetic thought as upon a broad winding river, or a glorious cataract, some minute portions of which may be concealed from his view, but he still sees the river gliding on, and the cataract flashing to the abyss below. We do not here speak of the general merits of Wordsworth's poetry, but simply of his style in relation to the single attribute of perspicuity, and although

* Life, vol. ii. p. 384.

his meaning often requires deep attention, yet this frequently arises from the depth and minuteness with which he views the beauties of nature. That a greater mind could have avoided this defect is clear, from the example of Shakspeare, but the student of Wordsworth is sure to be rewarded for his perseverance, for the thought, when discovered, will always be found to be true to nature, and beautiful. His exquisitely fine natural taste was perfected by constant study, for he was firmly convinced that good poetry can never be produced without great labour. "Again, and again," he says, "I must repeat, that the composition of verse is infinitely more of an *art* than men are prepared to believe, and absolute success in it depends upon innumerable minutiae. Milton talks of 'pouring easy his unpremeditated verse.' It would be harsh, untrue, and odious, to say that there is anything like cant in this; but it is not true to the letter, and tends to mislead. I could point out to you five hundred passages in Milton, upon which labour has been bestowed, and twice five hundred more to which additional labours would have been serviceable.* In another place, (*Life*, vol. ii. p. 474,) he says, "Sir James Mackintosh said of me, to M. de Stael, 'Wordsworth is not a great poet, but he is the greatest man amongst the poets.' Madame de Stael complained of my style. Now whatever may be the result of my experiment in the subjects which I have chosen for poetical composition, be they vulgar, or be they not, I can say, without vanity, that I have bestowed great pains on my *style*, full as much as any of my contemporaries have done on theirs. I yield to none in *love for my art*; I therefore labour at it with reverence, affection, and industry. My main endeavour as to style has been, that my poems should be written in pure intelligible English."

Wordsworth was so disgusted by the gaudy and pompous finery which passed for poetry for a considerable time before he began to write, and by the artificial tinsel which was substituted for genuine passion, that in his earliest productions he was sometimes betrayed, by the ardour of youth, into the opposite extreme. For instance, into such lines and passages as the following.

"A little boy dear brother *Jem*."

* *Ibid.* 255.

Again :—

" A cruel cruel fire, they say,
Into her bones was sent ;
It dried her body like a cinder,
And almost turned her bones to tinder."

And even in the edition of 1807, the " Blind Highland Boy," is thus described :—

" *A household tub, like one of those*
Which women use to wash their clothes,
This carried the blind boy."

It is true Wordsworth or his friends have had sufficient discernment to purify his poems from such gross and meaningless vulgarities, but they drew down upon him a world of ridicule at the time, and caused his book to be neither bought nor read, for the public was, in general, satisfied by such specimens as these, which were carefully culled out, that their author was incapable of writing poetry. But after all the corrections and changes which his works have undergone, they still retain some passages which the tenderest critic must call puerile and absurd. For instance, in the pretty little poem " Lucy Gray," the second stanza is—

" No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew,
She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a *human door* !"

The vulgar pronunciation of door required by the rhyme, the epithet " human," and the allusion to the sense of smell, are sure to suggest to the imagination a not very odoriferous object which may sometimes be found not far from a *human door*. We could give other specimens of this kind, but at the same time we are glad to say, that in the later editions of his works they are not numerous. Wordsworth did not fall into these errors through ignorance of the right principle, for he was fully aware that if the language in which the actions of humble life are represented should be simple, it should be, at the same time, free from all imperfections. An inflated distorted style is very easily acquired ; the simple, the natural, and the true, not without deep and attentive study of the best and purest writers in the language. Vulgarism is as foreign to it as

bombast, or even as German distortions. With, however, very trifling exceptions, Wordsworth's works are pure English in diction and in style, and we consider this a very high compliment, so high, indeed, that we think it would alone be sufficient to render them immortal.

Wordsworth differed as widely from the prevailing taste of his time, in the selection of his subjects, as in the style of his compositions. He studied to make the feelings give importance to the action and situation, not the action and situation to the feelings. Metrical tales and romances were the rage of the time, and the contempt which he entertained for the whole class, may be inferred from the opinion which he expressed regarding the poetry of his friend, Sir Walter Scott. "In his best manner, (says the author of the *Reminiscences* printed in his *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 444-5,) with earnest thoughts given out in noble diction, Wordsworth gave his reasons for thinking, that, as a poet, Scott would not live." "I don't like," he said, "to say all this, or to take to pieces some of the best reputed passages of Scott's verse, especially in presence of my wife, because she thinks me too fastidious; but as a poet Scott *cannot* live, for he has never, in verse, written anything addressed to the immortal part of man. In making amusing stories in verse he will be superseded by some new versifier; what he writes in the way of natural description, is merely rhyming nonsense." In another place he says that Scott never goes below the surface. Utterly scorning, therefore, all poetry which was only read for the tale which it conveyed, and disdaining, for the most part, to seek for any adventitious aid of this kind, he wished to make poetry the record of the highest passions and feelings, and penetrating the outward forms of things, to make it pourtray that invisible soul which is perceived or created in them by the imagination of the poet. Nor are these meaningless words, for there is an harmonious sympathy between the visible and invisible, which enables the eye of genius to find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones, which shows the highest aspirations, and the holiest charities of the soul reflected in the beauties of external nature, and enables the simplest wanderer in the fields to behold the beneficent influence of the great primal cause in the unpretending wild flower, as well as in the wide-spread heavens. This idea is immitably expressed by Lorenzo, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
 Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
 There's not the smallest orb which thou beholds't,
 But in its motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim,
 Such harmony is in immortal souls."

Never was there a man who understood the mute language of inanimate nature, of stream, and tree, and flower, better than Wordsworth. So entirely was he sometimes rapt in the spiritual and the ideal, as to become utterly unconscious of the reality by which his reflections had been originally called forth. "I remember," says the author of the *Reminiscences*, (quoted in the *Life*, vol. ii. p. 480.) "Mr. Wordsworth saying, that at a particular stage of his mental progress, he used to be so frequently rapt into an unreal transcendental world of ideas, that the external world seemed no longer to exist in relation to him, and he had to reconvince himself of its existence by *clasp-ing a tree*, or something that happened to be near him. I could not help connecting this fact with that obscure passage in his great ode on the "*Intimations of Immortality*," in which he speaks of

"Those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things ;
 Fallings from us vanishing ;
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized."

But although Wordsworth's imagination was so powerful and penetrating, yet it was not all ideal, but inseparably connected with the individual objects which called it forth in the outward world. He has himself left this on record, in the manuscript notes which he wrote to explain to a friend the most remarkable things connected with the growth of his mind, and the occasions which called forth his chief poems. His was not that great and universal genius which, like Homer's or Shakspeare's, could lose all consciousness of self in the vast creations of its own glorious imagination. In reading the productions of these two authors, the greatest whom the world has ever beheld,

we are not once reminded of their existence. The artist is too small and insignificant to occupy even a niche in the edifice which he has raised, and which shall endure for all time. Wordsworth, on the contrary, cannot abstract either from himself, or from external nature, and his most ideal imaginings are a communication which passes between them. He never aspires into the heaven of heavens, nor draws empyreal air. He was content to be the interpreter of external nature, and to unfold the earth beneath, and the firmament above. This he does with charming simplicity, everywhere exhibiting exquisite sympathy with the most minute beauties of nature, and a deep knowledge of the finer feelings of humanity, as they existed in his own tender and sensitive heart. It is not the terrible and the infinite, but the natural, the beautiful, and the immortal soul which prevades and elevates all things, that breathes in every page of his writings. He is not the bursting cataract, or the towering alp, which impresses the beholder at once with the ideas of terror and of sublimity; but an exquisite secluded valley, where the delighted wanderer unexpectedly discovers flowering meads, and murmuring streams, and shady groves, presided over by a spirit which finds good in everything. But they are certainly deceived who fondly imagine that his name will become a household word in all time to come. His most ardent but injudicious admirers have, indeed, always been the worst enemies of his fame. One portion of these selected what they were pleased to call his *beauties*, that is, those passages which contained most of the mere mannerism of his style, which were, therefore, the very worst of his productions, and some of which have, in fact, been very properly altogether expunged from his writings. The few specimens of this kind which we have already quoted, were paraded as the brightest aspirations of his muse, and we are convinced that this was one of the chief causes which induced the public so long, and so unjustly, to despise his writings. Other idolaters are not ashamed to put him on a level with Milton, and even with Shakespeare himself. "Wordsworth's residence and mine," says Southey, "are fifteen miles asunder, a sufficient distance to preclude any frequent interchange of visits. I have known him nearly twenty years, and for about half that time intimately. The strength and the character of his mind you see in 'The Excursion;' and his *life does*

not belie his writings; for in every relation of life, and in every point of view, he is a truly exemplary and admirable man. In conversation he is powerful beyond any of his contemporaries; and as a poet, I speak not from the partiality of friendship, nor because we have been both so absurdly held up, as writing upon one concerted system of poetry, but with the most deliberate exercise of impartial judgment whereof I am capable, when I declare my full conviction that posterity will rank him with Milton." (*Southey's Life and Correspondence*, iv. 91.) What is here said of his personal character we firmly believe, but it is utterly absurd and intolerable to compare the "Excursion" with "Paradise Lost." Wordsworth fervently admired Milton, and choosing a far humbler and less ambitious theme, endeavoured to imitate him at an humble distance. He gazed fondly on the bard seated on an unapproachable eminence, and gratefully and lovingly gathered the wild flowers which luxuriated around its base. In his humble melodies he "gave a soul to the objects of sense," and invested the beautiful things of earth with holy ideal charms. But he never ascended the dizzy altitudes of that high heaven of imagination, whence the authors of the Iliad, of Macbeth, and of Paradise Lost, drew their inspiration, and where they beheld those glorious visions which no mortal tongue but theirs could utter. To most of his contemporaries he is equal, to the greater part of them far superior, but let him be matched with his peers; it is absurd to say that a molehill is as tall as Mont Blanc, or the little pretty cascade at Rydal Mount as grand as the Falls of Niagara.

The subjects chosen by Wordsworth were as different from those selected by his contemporaries as his style and manner. This, in some measure at least, resulted from his determination to make his poems derive whatever interest they possessed, not from exciting incidents, but from their own intrinsic beauties. "Humble and rustic life," he says,* "was generally chosen, because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil, in which they can attain their maturity, are less under constraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because, in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, con-

* Preface printed at the end of second volume of his works.

sequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life which germinate from those elementary feelings, and from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature." There is much truth, not, however, without a considerable leaven of falsehood, in all this. We sympathize with him to the fullest extent in his passionate denunciation of that "degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation" which gave currency to so many "idle and extravagant stories" in prose and verse. But Wordsworth, at all events in his earlier years of authorship, went farther, and would not admit into his verse anything above the common incidents of the most lowly life. In such alone would he admit the existence of true passion and of genuine poetry; all other feelings were mere stimulations; all other poetry counterfeit. This is rushing into Scylla in order to avoid Charybdis. It is quite true that the chief charm of all genuine poetry must be derived from the feelings, and not from highly wrought incidents and startling situations. Nothing can be more contemptible than rhyme, (for we will not call it poetry,) that has nothing but the story which it tells to recommend it. But we think it a decided defect in any long poem not to avail itself of the additional hold upon the attention, and, therefore, of the additional charm which is always secured by a story. Moreover, it serves as a string whereon the imagination can place in order the pearls of "brightest orient," and enables the reader to see clearly and distinctly the beauty of each as it is unfolded to his view. What we have been endeavouring to express, is perfectly illustrated by the writings of the greatest poets. Take Shakspeare, for instance: each passage is eminently beautiful in itself; every line being, for the most part, full of precious ore; but at the same time, it derives a great additional charm from the context in which it is placed, and the story of which it forms a part. This is the great difference between him and modern dramatists, from whom we get little more than the story which they tell.

There is also much falsehood in what Wordsworth says about the selection of subjects from "humble and rustic life." We love the country fervently, and the infinite

variety and matchless beauty in which nature clothes herself. These form a meet theme for the poet, and sweetly and truly have they been sung by the author of "The Excursion." But the country is one thing and the rustic clown quite another. Every ploughman is not a Burns, and the illiterate countryman is far less alive to the glories spread around him every day than the enlightened citizen, who sees them seldom, but with no unfeeling eye. We who write thus, prefer a country to a city life so much, that we cannot look without a feeling of sorrow upon children who are brought up in a large town or city, and who have never wove garlands of the bright flowers of spring, or been charmed by the golden tints of autumn. We feel as if they never could have been children in the proper sense of the term, and as if they must necessarily have been cut off from all those tender feelings and associations, which are essentially associated in our mind with rambles through shady bower and by gushing stream, the mere remembrance of which we would not exchange for the richest mines in the new world. But to infer that because a man is a humble rustic his passions are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature is utterly untrue. The beauty is not in the object alone, but in the object as seen by a feeling and imaginative mind, and the glories of the country which flash upon the inner eye are often as effectually shut out by the coarseness of the clown as by the walls of the city. Indeed, any one who has ever been in the country must be fully sensible of this, and it cannot be better illustrated than by an anecdote related by Wordsworth himself. A charming collection of wild-flowers and mosses overhung a beautiful well in his own grounds. One evening, as the poet looked upon it with admiration and delight, he was accosted by a countryman, who said, "that would be a fine well if it were cleared of the weeds." He has himself remarked a want of sympathy with inanimate nature in one who spent his life in the country, and who was, moreover, a poet of a very high order. "It is remarkable," he says,* "that though Burns lived some time here, (at Masgiel,) and during much the most productive period of his life, he nowhere adverts to the splendid prospect stretching towards the sea, and bounded by the peaks of Arran on one part, which in clear

* *Life*, vol. ii. p. 248.

weather he must have had daily before his eyes. Yet this is easily explained. In one of his poetical effusions, he speaks of explaining 'fair Nature's face' as a privilege on which he sets a high value; nevertheless, natural appearances rarely take a lead in his poetry. It is as a human being eminently sensitive and intelligent, and not as a poet clad in his priestly robes, and carrying the ensigns of sacerdotal office, that he interests and affects us." The truth is, that not only the country and the city, the mendicant on the street and the crowned king, but all this visible creation, with the infinitude of invisible associations which it calls forth, and even heaven and hell itself, may supply a meet theme for the poet whose genius is sufficiently grand to conceive and to execute it. It needs no proof, for it is attested by the universal consent of mankind, that it requires incomparably greater genius to draw the character of Achilles, of Lady Macbeth, or of Milton's Satan, than that of a pedlar or a country parson, and that the minds which gave birth to the Iliad, and the divine comedy, were of an infinitely higher order than that which produced "The Excursion." Indeed, the muse which could so long and so lovingly brood over the earthly forms of "The Excursion," truthful and beautiful as they undoubtedly are, could not soar to that dizzy altitude where a few, not more than six or seven since the world began, of her sisters, shine and shall continue to shine, through all time in undimmed glory. A very pretty and affecting poem, one which will bring the tears to our eyes, may be written on an idiot boy or a beggar girl; but such a subject could never call forth those sublime passions which raged in the breast of Richard III. and Othello. There was nothing sublime in Wordsworth's genius; it was confined entirely within the limits of the beautiful. He seems even to have had a horror of all lofty themes; and as an instance of the tendency of his mind in the selection of his subject, we may mention, that "The Pedlar" was the original title of his own great poem "The Excursion," and that a person of that calling,—but such a one as never carried a pack upon his back,—is still the hero of the piece.

Wordsworth was bigotedly attached to his own school of poetry, and either could not appreciate, or would not allow, any merit to such of his contemporaries as wrote upon a different plan. We have already quoted his harsh,

and we will add, to some, though not to any very considerable extent, unjust censure of Scott's poetry. Of Moore, he said, "he has great natural genius; but he is too lavish of brilliant ornament. His poems smell of the perfumer's and milliner's shops. He is not content with rings and bracelets, but he must have rings in the ears, rings on the nose—rings everywhere. Byron," he continued, "seems to me deficient in *feeling*. Professor Wilson used to say that 'Beppo' was his best poem, because all his faults were there brought to a height. I never read the 'English Bards' through. His critical prognostications have for the most part proved erroneous. He has spoken severely of my compositions. However faulty they may be, I do not think that I ever could have prevailed upon myself to print such lines as he has done; for instance:

'I stood at Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand.'

Some person ought to write a critical review analyzing Lord Byron's language, in order to guard others against imitating him in these respects. Shelly is one of the best *artists* of us all: I mean in workmanship of style.* Writing to Sir George Beaumont,† he says of "Madoc," "The poem fails in the highest gift of the poet's mind, imagination in the true sense of the word, and knowledge of human nature and of the human heart. There is nothing that shows the hand of the great master; but the beauties in description are innumerable." Elsewhere, evidently speaking of the same author, he says, "(Southey) in the work you mentioned to me, confounds *imagery* and *imagination*. Sensible objects really existing and felt to exist, are *imagery*; and they may form the materials of a descriptive poem where objects are delineated as they are. Imagination is a subjective term: it deals with objects not as they are, but as they appear to the mind of the poet. The imagination is that intellectual lens, through the medium of which the poetical observer sees the objects of his observation modified both in form and colour. Burns's 'Scots wha ha' is a poor lyric composition. Ariosto and Tasso are very absurdly depressed in order to elevate Dante. I have tried to read Göethe. I never could succeed. Mr. ——— refers me to his 'Iphigenia,' but I there

* Life, vol. ii. p. 473-4.

† Life, vol. i. p. 311.

recognise none of the dignified simplicity, none of the health and vigour which the heroes and heroines of antiquity possess in the writings of Homer. The lines of Lucretius, describing the immolation of Iphigenia, are worth the whole of Goethe's long poem. Again, there is a profligacy, an inhuman sensuality in his works, which is utterly revolting. I am not intimately acquainted with them generally, but I take up my ground on the first canto of *Wilhelm Meister*, and as the attorney-general of human nature, I there indict him for wantonly outraging the sympathies of humanity. Theologians tell us of the degraded nature of man; and they tell us what is true. Yet man is essentially a moral agent, and there is in that immortal and unextinguishable yearning for something pure and spiritual, which will plead against these poetical sensualists as long as man remains what he is."*

We have grouped together these opinions of Wordsworth regarding the most illustrious of his contemporaries, not only because our readers will be naturally anxious to know what so great a man thought upon a subject of such interest, but chiefly because they strongly illustrate that characteristic of his genius which we have been endeavouring to develop—that he could not appreciate any one who did not belong to his own school. He does no more than justice to the artistic skill and extraordinary powers of the unhappy and misguided Shelly, whose works are truly wonderful, when we remember that he died in his twenty-ninth year. We think his remarks regarding Southey and Moore, contain a good deal of truth, with this difference, however, that when he mentions the defects of the former, he takes care to point out his merits, whilst he has neglected to say, that, although some of the works of the latter may be more gaudily ornamented than a severely chaste taste would approve of, he has at least produced a series of *Melodies* which are unequalled in any language. But his censure of Byron and Goethe is so unjust, as altogether to defeat itself. That Byron may be sometimes deficient in tenderness we are not prepared to gainsay, and the unhappy course of his life was but too well calculated to produce this result. But he is sometimes, as in the *Dream*, so tender, that it is almost impossible to read him without

* *Life*, vol. ii. p. 477-8.

tears. Still less are we inclined to defend the German protestant* writers in general, and Goethe in particular, from the charge of profligacy and inhuman sensuality, or to deny that they wantonly outrage the sympathies of humanity. On the contrary we think that this charge is perfectly well founded. Witness not only what has been pointed out by Wordsworth, but the abominable Preface to Bürger's Poems, which could not be translated in any decent periodical in this country. But he is most unjust to Goethe, as well as to Byron; for the genius of each delighted in the grand and the terrible, and in these characteristic excellencies they had no rival among their contemporaries. Wordsworth quotes, or rather misquotes, the two first lines of the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* (for Byron did not write *I stood at Venice*, but *in Venice*), and says he could not have prevailed upon himself to print them. He does not tell us why he would not print the lines, but we suppose his objection must have been to the word "each," in the line, "A palace and a prison on each hand," and certainly to call for a critical review of so voluminous a writer as Byron, "in order to guard others against imitating him" for so trivial an error (if indeed it does go beyond the limits of poetic licence), is unworthy of any person whose literary acquirements are more extensive than those of a country pedagogue. Both Byron and Goethe are the types of their respective countries, and of the times in which they lived. They were at once the creatures and the leaders of a great literary revolution. Each of them was by the bent of his own genius, inclined to the antique and the classical, yet did they become the very standard-bearers in the revolt against the ancient system. At whatever time or in whatever country they had lived, they would have identified themselves with the literary character of that precise time and country.

There was no such elasticity in the genius of Wordsworth. He took up a system which he believed to be right, and clung to it through good and evil report with the fidelity of a martyr. Desirous he certainly was of

* We insert the word advisedly, for that such a charge could not be preferred against the Catholic imaginative writers of Germany, we need only mention the most illustrious name of Jean Paul Richter.

popularity, but he disdained to seek it by falling in with the taste of the times, which he scorned and despised. He found his writings treated with such contempt and scorn by the literati of the day, and with such utter neglect by the public, that he determined to set both at defiance, and addressed himself almost exclusively to the poor and the humble, to whom he sung of their own passions, and of the beauties of nature amid which they lived. They were only his present audience, for he never lost faith in his own poetic powers, nor despaired of immortality. But even when his unpopularity may be said to have reached its highest point—when his poems were neither bought nor read, and were never mentioned without contempt, he thus writes to Lady Beaumont:

“I see that you have many battles to fight for me—more than in the ardour and confidence of your pure and elevated mind you had ever thought of being summoned to; but be assured that this opposition is nothing more than what I distinctly foresaw that you and my other friends would have to encounter. It is impossible that any expectation can be lower than mine concerning the immediate effect of this little work upon what is called the public. I do not here take into consideration the envy and malevolence, and all the bad passions which always stand in the way of a work of any merit from a living poet, but merely think of the pure, absolute, honest ignorance, in which all worldlings of every rank and situation must be enveloped, with respect to the thoughts, feelings, and images, on which the life of my poems depends. It is an awful truth, that there neither is nor can be any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live or wish to live in the broad light of the world—among those who either are or are striving to make themselves people of consideration in society. This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence of God. I am not afraid of censure, insignificant as probably the majority of those poems would appear to very respectable persons. I do not mean London wits and wittings, for those have too many foul passions about them to be respectable, even if they had more intellect than the benign laws of Providence will allow to such a heartless existence as theirs is; but grave, kindly-natured, worthy persons, who would be pleased if they could. I have expressed my calm confidence that these poems will live to remove all disquiet from your mind on account of the condemnation they may at present incur from that portion of my contemporaries who are called the public. Be assured that the decision of these persons has nothing to do with the question; they are altogether incompetent judges. These

people, in the senseless hurry of their idle lives, do not *read* books, they merely snatch a glance at them, that they may talk about them. And even if this were not so, never forget what I believe was observed to you by Coleridge, that every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great or original, must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished. To conclude, my ears are stone-dead to this idle buzz, and my flesh as insensible as iron to these petty stings; and after what I have said, I am sure you will be the same."*

In a letter to Montgomery the poet, and on various other occasions, he maintains that an author should criticise his own writings, and disregard the opinion of the public. An author ought indeed to endeavour to come as near the standard of perfection which he proposes to himself as possible, but criticise his own writings he cannot in the proper sense of the term. As all writing is intended not for the author himself, but for the public, undoubtedly those to whom it is addressed, and in whose minds it is sought to make it take root and fructify, have the best right to pronounce upon its merits. It is true that the first impressions of the public are often fallacious, but perhaps no author, unassisted by friendly or hostile criticism, ever formed a just estimate of his own productions. What but utter ignorance of the worthlessness of their works, aided by wretched vanity, or some still more disreputable motive, could induce so many authors to burthen the press with such monstrous loads of sickly productions as are placed upon it every day? But even great authors are in general if not always deceived as to the real merits of their own writings. Shakspeare thought more meanly of his matchless dramas, than Colley Cibber did of his own productions. Milton preferred "*Paradise Regained*," to "*Paradise Lost*," and not to mention innumerable other instances, Byron seems to the very last to have considered the "*Hints from Horace*" as his best work. Wordsworth, although perhaps he did not acknowledge it even to himself, was so far influenced by public opinion as to avoid what might be called "*low*," both in the selection of his subjects, and in certain modes of expressing himself. But he never learned that there might be genuine poetry outside of his own school, and although, as the extracts which we have given from his letter to Lady Beaumont prove, he

* *Life*, vol. i. pp. 331-9.

had been considerably embittered by the virulent and unjust attacks which were made upon him; yet we have no doubt but that in condemning Byron and Goethe, he spoke the genuine honest sentiments of his mind. He could not sympathise with the grand and awful aspects of nature—he only understood her when she spoke in accents of pity or of love. We may add here that we consider his strange disparagement of Burns's soul-stirring lyric, "Scots wha ha" a strong confirmation of what we have been saying.

It has been very truly said of Wordsworth, that "he wrote as he lived and lived as he wrote, that his poetry had its heart in his life, and his soul found a voice in his poetry." That life has now been written, and if any one expects to find in it an interesting narrative of *external* events, he will be grievously disappointed. Indeed we do not remember to have ever read a life so utterly devoid of incident. In matters of this kind the lives of many of his neighbours even in the obscure valley in which he lived, would, we have little doubt, have been more fertile than Wordsworth's. After reading the two volumes which contain his life, very attentively, we can only find three events which do not happen to every father of a family. A vessel, in which he, his wife, and his sister made the perilous voyage from Boulogne to Dover, struck upon a sand bank in the harbour, he got his head cut by a fall from his horse, and was thrown out of his gig by coming in collision with a stage coach. Nor need the reader expect to find here those lively and charming letters so replete with the genius of the authors which give a charm to the lives of Byron and of Southey. Wordsworth had indeed a perfect horror of letter writing. Writing to Sir George Beaumont in 1803, he says, "I do not know from what cause it is, but during the last three years I have never had a pen in my hand for five minutes, before my whole frame becomes one bundle of uneasiness; a perspiration starts all over me, and my chest is oppressed in a manner which I cannot describe."* And about 1821 he tells Archdeacon Wrangham, "I have so much to do with writing in the way of labour and profession, that it is difficult to me to conceive how anybody can take up a pen but from constraint. My writing-desk is to me a place of punishment; and as my penmanship sufficiently testifies,

* Life, vol. i. p. 262.

I always bend over it with some degree of impatience.”* On another occasion he tells one of his friends that he had not for years written a letter, except on business, or to some member of his own immediate family. The letters to Professor Reid of Philadelphia, and the reminiscences communicated by Mr. Justice Coleridge (nephew to the poet of that name), and some other friends, which will be found towards the end of the second volume, are the most interesting remains of Wordsworth contained in his *Life*. The numerous, but, for the most part, meagre accounts of the circumstances connected with the composition of his poems, which he dictated for the satisfaction of a friend, and which occupy no inconsiderable portion of the volumes containing his life, are too trivial, too much of a mere history of dates and localities, and too like one another to interest very much any one beyond his intimate acquaintances.

A judicious selection from these notices, which are scattered through all his writings, should have been made, but the two volumes of “*Wordsworth's Memoirs*” have been “got up” in a hurried and slovenly manner. For instance, verses “upon the sight of a beautiful picture, painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont,” are printed in a note, vol. i. p. 266, and in the text, p. 275. We have before us numerous examples of the same intolerable carelessness on the part of the Editor. But on the whole, we derived a great deal of pleasure from the perusal of these *Memoirs*, because they contain the history of the poet's mind, and enable us to enter more fully into the spirit of his compositions.

William Wordsworth was born at Cocker-mouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770. His father was an Attorney. In 1778, his mother died :

“Early died

My honoured mother, she who was the heart
And hinge of all our yearnings and our loves :
She left us destitute.”†

And he was soon afterwards, being then in his ninth year, sent to school at Hawkshead, in Lancashire. The beauties of the village, and of its lake and surrounding scenery, exercised a powerful influence on his mind, and have called forth frequent expressions of his admiration and love :

† Vol. ii. p. 208.

† Prelude, book ii. p. 117.

"Fair seed-time of my soul, and I grew up
 Fostered alike by beauty and by fear;
 Much favoured in my birth-place, and no less
 In that beloved vale, to which ere long
 We were transplanted."*

"It was his habit to make the circuit of the lake five miles, early before school hours, with one of his school-fellows—

"Repeating favourite verses with one voice,
 Or conning more, as happy as the birds
 That with us chaunted."†

"The meadows, mountains, and twilight glens were his play-ground. Fishing, skating, rowing, and hunting were his games:

"Our pastime was on bright half-holidays,
 To sweep along the plain of Windermere,
 With rival oars."‡

"He describes his own character at this period as follows:

"Nothing at that time
 So welcome, no temptation half so dear,
 As that which urged me to a daring feat:
 Deep pools, tall trees, black chasms and dizzy crags,
 And tottering towers—I loved to stand and read
 Their looks."

Indeed from his autobiographical memoranda, printed in the second chapter of the "Memoirs," he appears to have been naturally of a very violent disposition. "I was," he says, "of a stiff, moody, and violent temper: so much so, that I remember going once into the attics of my grandfather's house at Penrith, upon some indignity having been put upon me, with an intention of destroying myself with one of the foils which I knew was kept there. I took the foil in hand, but my heart failed. Upon another occasion, when my elder brother Richard and I were whipping tops together in the large drawing room, the walls of which were hung round with the family pictures, I said to him, 'Dare you strike your whip through that old lady's petticoat?' He replied,

* Prelude, b. ii. p. 17.

† Ibid. p. 130.

‡ Ibid. p. 35.

'No, I wont.' Then said I, 'here goes,' and I struck my lash through her hooped petticoat."*

The country about Hawkshead was well calculated to develop the exquisite sense of natural beauty which was possessed in a most unusual degree by Wordsworth. In the evening he used to go to a spot called "the Station," from which the finest prospect of the lakes can be obtained. "So much," he says,† "used I to be delighted with the view from it, while a little boy, that some years before the first pleasure house was built, I led thither from Hawkshead a youngster about my own age, an Irish boy, who was a servant to an itinerant conjuror. My motive was to witness the pleasure I expected the boy would receive from the prospect of the islands below and the intermingling water. I was not disappointed." It was at Hawkshead he made his first essay in poetry, and the "Lines left upon a seat in the yew tree," near Esthwaite Lake, which are printed in the first volume of his works, were in part composed here.

Wordsworth's father died in 1783. The orphan family consisted of three sons, of whom William was the second, and one daughter, who was not quite two years younger than the poet. "My father," says Wordsworth, writing to Sir George Beaumont, in 1805, "died intestate, when we were children, and the chief part of his personal property, after his decease, was expended in an unsuccessful attempt to compel the late Lord Lonsdale to pay a debt of about £5,000 to my father's estate. Enough, however, was scraped together to educate us all in different ways. I, the second son, was sent to college, with a view to the profession of the church or the law; into one of which I should have been forced by necessity, had not a friend, (whose name was Calvert,) left me £900. This bequest was from a young man with whom, though I call him friend, I had but little connection; and the act was done entirely on his part, because he thought I had powers and attainments which might be of use to mankind. Upon the interest of the £900, £400 being laid out in annuity, with £200 deducted from the principal, and £100 a legacy to my sister, and £100 more which the "Lyrical Ballads" have brought me, my sister and I contrived to live seven years, —nearly eight. Lord Lonsdale then died, and the present

* Life, vol. i. p. 9. † Life, vol. i. p. 43.

Lord Lowther paid to my father's estate £8,500. Of this sum I believe £1,800 a-piece will come to my sister and myself; at least, would have come, but £3,000 was lent out to our poor brother.* I mean, taken from the whole sum, which was about £1,200 more than his share, which £1,200 belonged to my sister and me. Whether it was insured or not I do not know."

In 1787, Wordsworth, then in his eighteenth year, entered St. John's college, Cambridge. In the third and sixth books of the *Prelude*, he has left a vivid picture of the dislike, or rather, disgust, with which he regarded that university. "He," says his biographer, (vol. i. p. 46-7,) "had a clear sense of what was noble, just, and true. If,

* Captain Wordsworth, who with a great proportion of the crew was lost in the *Abergavenny* East Indiaman, which struck the shambles of the *Bill of Portland*, on the 5th of February, 1805. The vessel carried £70,000 in specie, and the cargo was estimated at £200,000. There were 204 persons on board. Wordsworth thus writes of him to Sir George Beaumont, when he heard of the catastrophe: "I can say nothing higher of my ever dear brother than that he was worthy of his sister, who is now weeping beside me, and of the friendship of Coleridge; meek, affectionate, silently enthusiastic, loving all quiet things, and a poet in everything but words." His character is drawn under the name of Leonard in the poem of "the Brothers:"

"He had been reared
Among the mountains, and he in his heart
Was half a shepherd on the stormy seas.
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard
The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds
Of caves and trees:—and when the regular wind
Between the tropics filled the steady sail,
Along the cloudless main, he in those hours
Of tiresome indolence, would often hang
Over the vessel's side, and gaze and gaze;
And while the broad blue wave and sparkling foam
Flashed round him, images and hues that wrought
In union with the employment of his heart
He thus by feverish passion overcome,
Even with the organs of his bodily eye,
Below him, in the bosom of the deep,
Saw mountains; saw the forms of sheep that grazed
On verdant hills—with dwellings among trees,
And shepherds clad in the same country grey
Which he himself had worn."

therefore, the tone of the university had been higher than it was, if the lives of the members of the university, and especially of its rulers, had been holier,—if a spirit of dignified self-respect, and of severe self-denial, had breathed in their deportment,—and if an adequate appreciation of what was due to the memory and injunctions of their founders and benefactors, and a religious reverence for the inheritance of piety, wisdom, and learning, bequeathed to them by antiquity, had manifested itself in their practice, then, it can hardly be doubted, the authentic influence of the academic system would have made itself felt by him. He felt himself to stand at a higher elevation of moral dignity than some of his teachers. The youthful undergraduate looked down upon some of his instructors.” He saw the morning and evening services of his college, which he and his fellow students were obliged to attend, neglected by those who eat the bread of the founders, and “felt that there was something like hollow mockery and profane hypocrisy in this.” He has feelingly deplored this “Decay of Ancient Piety,” in a sonnet which will be found in a subsequent part of this article. In common with persons who in after life achieved a far greater and more imperishable fame, he left college without having obtained any of its honours, and harbouring against it bitter hostility in his heart. The works of the English poets, indeed, supplied no inconsiderable portion of his reading whilst in the university, and he loved to retire to those groves and walks which he fondly imagined must have been the favourite retreats of Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Johnson, Milton, Cowley, and Dryden, whilst they were at Cambridge:

“Whenever free to choose,
Did I, by night, frequent the college groves
And tributary walks.”*

We may easily imagine with what delight the poet returned in his vacations to his beloved vale of Esthwaite, and to the society of his sister, who was tenderly and devotedly attached to him. Of her he always speaks with deep affection:

“My sister Emmeline and I,
Together chased the butterfly.

* Prelude, p. 138.

A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey.
But she, God love her ! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings."

Again :

" She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy." *

Brougham castle, " a noble and picturesque ruin, distant about a mile from Penrith, was a favourite resort of the youthful poet and his sister : "

" Those mouldering towers
Have seen us side by side, when having clomb
The darksome windings of a broken stair,
And crept along a ridge of fractured wall,
Not without trembling, we in safety looked
Forth, through some Gothic window's open space,
And gathered with one mind a rich reward
From the far-stretching landscape, by the light
Of morning beautified, or purple eve." †

Wordsworth, accompanied by Robert Jones, a fellow collegian, spent his last college vacation in a pedestrian tour in France. He quitted Dover for Calais on the 13th of July, 1790 ; the eve of the day when the king took the oath of fidelity to the new constitution. This tour supplied materials for part of his autobiographical poem, (*The Prelude*,) and for a poem entitled "*Descriptive Sketches*." In January, 1791, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and quitted Cambridge. He resided four months in London, and in May made a pedestrian tour through North Wales, accompanied on this occasion also by Mr. Jones. In November he again landed in France, and remained there until the end of 1792,—one of the most exciting periods of the Revolution ;—for during that time the terrible Committees of Public Safety were constituted, the king was thrown into prison, monarchy was abolished, and the massacres of September were perpetrated. He went to Paris and visited the scenes of these dreadful atrocities within a month after they had taken place. Up

* Poems, vol. i.

† *Prelude*, p. 144.

to this period he had been one of the most ardent and enthusiastic admirers of the French Revolution. He

"Became a patriot, and his heart was all
Given to the people, and his love was theirs."*

It is even insinuated by his biographer, (vol. i. p. 89,) that his belief in the christian religion was at this time, if not shaken, at least in imminent peril. "His mind," he says, "was whirled round and round in a vortex of doubt, and appeared to be almost on the point of sinking into a gulph of despair. His religious opinions were not very clearly defined. He had too high an opinion of the sufficiency of the human will, and too sanguine a hope of unlimited benefits to be conferred on society by the human intellect. He had a good deal of stoical pride, mingled with not a little Pelagian self-confidence. Having an inadequate perception of the necessity of divine grace, he placed his hopes where they could not stand, and did not place them where, if placed, they could not fall. He sought for ideal perfectibility where he could not but meet with real frailty." But being reluctantly forced by business to leave Paris, he was restored to the society of his sister, who proved his better angel on this as on so many other occasions during his life.

"Then it was
That the beloved sister, in whose sight
Those days were passed,
Maintained for me a saving intercourse
With my true self."†

In 1793 he published "Descriptive Sketches"—a poem which he addressed to Jones, his fellow-traveller, and in the same year, the "Evening Walk," the scene of which is among the lakes of his own country. The latter was dedicated to a young lady—his sister—as he tells us himself in the manuscript notes on his poems. Neither of these poems attracted any attention. In 1797, "The Borderers," a tragedy, which he had composed about this period, was offered to Mr. Harris, manager of Covent Garden, but says Wordsworth himself, the "piece was judiciously returned as not calculated for the stage." It remained in manuscript near fifty years, having been first published in

* Prelude, p. 245.

† Prelude, p. 309.

1842. He must have been greatly disappointed by the rejection of his tragedy, for he and his sister had gone to London, and remained three weeks, making alterations suggested by one of the chief actors.

In the autumn of 1795, Wordsworth and his sister were settled at Racedown Lodge, near Crewkerne in Dorsetshire, where they employed themselves industriously in reading, writing, and gardening, "for the place was very retired, with little or no society, and a post only once a week." "I think," Miss Wordsworth says, "Racedown is the place dearest to my recollections upon the whole surface of the Island; it was the first home I had."* In 1797 Coleridge came to Racedown to visit Wordsworth, and the latter, accompanied by his sister, returned with Coleridge to Nether-Stowey, in Somersetshire, where he then lived. So ardent a friendship grew up between the two poets, that on the 14th of August in the same year, Wordsworth and his sister moved to Alfoxden, which was near Nether-Stowey. These three made several pedestrian tours during the autumn. This was Wordsworth's favourite amusement during his whole life. Southey, he says, was so fond of books, that he used to declare, that if he had been a Catholic, he would have become a Benedictine Monk; but of himself, he declares, that if he had been born in that condition of life, he would infallibly have chosen the occupation of a pedlar. He thus describes one of these excursions (*Life*, vol. i. p. 107-8): "I will here mention one of the most noticeable facts in my own poetic history and that of Mr. Coleridge. In the autumn of 1797, he, my sister, and myself, started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Linton, and the valley of stones near to it; and, as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem, to be sent to the *New Monthly Magazine*. In the course of this walk was planned the poem of the 'Ancient Mariner.' We began the composition together on that to me memorable evening. As we endeavoured to proceed conjointly, our respective manners proved so widely different, that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. The 'Ancient Mariner' grew and grew, till it became too

* *Life*, p. 94.

important for our first object, which was limited to our expectation of five pounds, and we began to think of a volume." The result was the publication of a small 12mo. volume of two hundred and ten pages, under the title of "Lyrical Ballads," of which the first in order, the "Ancient Mariner," and a few other poems, were written by Coleridge, but the greater number were from the pen of Wordsworth. The edition consisted of five hundred copies, but the publisher, Mr. Cottle of Bristol, says in his *Reminiscences* (vol. ii. p. 20), "the sale was so slow, and the severity of most of the Reviews so great, that its progress to oblivion seemed to be certain. I parted with the largest proportion of them, five hundred, at a loss, to Mr. Arch, a London bookseller."

In 1798, Wordsworth, his sister, and Coleridge, set out together for Germany. The latter however went to Göttingen, whilst Wordsworth and his sister took up their residence in Goslar, for the purpose of learning the German language. On their return to England in 1769, Coleridge again joined them, and Wordsworth and he made a tour of the lakes, Miss Wordsworth remaining at Sockburn until her brother returned. Wordsworth had taken a small house at Grasmere for himself and his sister, and he describes their journey to take possession of their new home in a letter to Coleridge, which may convey some idea of their feats of pedestrianism: "We were now," he says, "in Wensley Dale, and Dorothy and I set off side by side to foot it as far as Kendal. We reached Askrigg, twelve miles, before six in the evening, having been obliged to walk the last two miles over hard frozen roads, to the great annoyance of our ankles and feet. Next morning the earth was covered with snow. It was a beautiful morning with driving snow showers, and we turned aside to see another waterfall. We had a task of twenty-one miles to perform in a short winter's day."

All this time Wordsworth was not idle, for he had written a good deal of the large poem which has been published since his death, under the title of the "Prelude." The subject was his own intellectual being—"the growth of his own mind. In it he reviews his own metaphysical history, from infancy through boyhood, school time, and college life; his travels, his hopes, and his aspirations." He

* *Life*, vol. i. p. 150.

also wrote several smaller pieces, so that when the *Lyrical Ballads* were reprinted in 1800, he was enabled to add a second 12mo volume. The price offered by Messrs. Longman for two editions did not exceed one hundred pounds. He presented a copy of them to C. J. Fox, in which he says, "in common with the whole of the English people, I have observed in your public character a constant predominance of sensibility of heart. This habit (of having his heart open to individuals) cannot but have made you dear to poets, and I am sure that if, since your first entrance into public life, there has been a single true poet living in England, he must have loved you."

"In 1802," says Wordsworth, "I married Mary Hutchinson, at Brompton, near Scarborough. We had known each other from childhood, and had practised reading and spelling under the same old dame at Penrith." After his marriage he dwelt at Townsend with his wife, sister, and sister-in-law, Sarah Hutchinson, and in that place three of his children were born. "In the spring of 1808," he continues, "the increase of our family caused us to remove to a larger house, then just built, Allan Bank, in the same vale, where our two younger children were born, and who died at the rectory, the house we afterwards occupied for two years. They died in 1812, and in 1813 we came to Rydal Mount, where we have since lived, with no further sorrow, till 1836, when my sister became a confirmed invalid, and our sister, Sarah Hutchinson, died."

His marriage did not alter his propensity for travelling, for we find that in 1803, he, his sister, and Coleridge (for a part of the time), made a tour in Scotland. This afforded materials for many beautiful poems, and though some of them relate to humble life, the style is entirely free from that language of "real life," as he called it, which impaired the effect of some of his earlier poems. The following poem was written on a cottage-girl, whose beauty is praised by both Wordsworth and his sister :

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(AT INVERSNYDE UPON LOCH LOMOND.)

"Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head :

And those grey rocks ; that household lawn ;
 Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
 This fall of water, that doth make
 A murmur near the silent lake ;
 This little bay, a quiet road
 That holds in shelter thy abode ;
 In truth, unfolding, thus, ye seem
 Like something fashioned in a dream ;
 Such forms as from their covert peep
 When earthly cares are laid asleep !
 Yet dream or vision as thou art,
 I bless thee with a human heart :
 God shield thee to thy latest years !
 I neither know Thee, nor thy peers ;
 And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

“ With earnest feeling I shall pray
 For thee when I am far away :
 For never saw I mien, or face,
 In which more plainly I could trace
 Benignity and home-bred sense
 Rip’ning in perfect innocence.
 Here scattered like a random seed,
 Remote from men, thou dost not need
 The embarrassed look of shy distress,
 And maidenly shamfacedness :
 Thou wear’st upon thy forehead clear
 The freedom of a mountaineer :
 A face with gladness overspread !
 Soft smiles, by human kindness bred !
 And seemliness complete, that sways
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays
 With no restraint but such as springs
 From quick and eager visitings
 Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
 Of thy few words of English speech :
 A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
 That gives thy gestures grace and life !
 So have I, not unmoved in mind,
 Seen birds of tempest—loving kind—
 Thus beating up against the wind.

“ What hand but would a garden cull
 For thee who art so beautiful !
 O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
 Beside thee in some heathy dell ;
 Adopt your homely ways, and dress
 A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !

But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality :
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea ; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee and to see !
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—anything to thee !

“ Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompence.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes :
Then, why should I be loth to stir ?
I feel this place was made for her ;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland girl ! from thee to part ;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall,
And Thee, the Spirit of them all ! ”—Vol. iii. p. 117.

We extract the following poems from the “*Memorials*”
of this Scottish Tour :

“ TO THE CUCKOO.

“ O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,—
I hear thee and rejoice.
O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?

“ While I am lying on the grass
Thy two-fold shout I hear,
That seems to fill the whole air's space,
As loud far-off as near.

“ Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

"Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird; but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

"The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

"To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love,
Still longed for—never seen.

"And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

"O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for thee."—(Vol. ii. p. 81.)

"WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MACPHERSON'S
'OSSIAN.'

"Oft have I caught, upon a fitful breeze,
Fragments of far-off melodies,
With ear not coveting the whole,
A part so charmed the pensive soul:
While a dark storm before my sight
Was yielding, on a mountain height
Loose vapours have I watched, than won
Prismatic colours from the sun,
Nor felt a wish that heaven would show
The image of its perfect bow.
What need then of these finished strains?
Away with counterfeit remains!
An Abbey in its lone recess,
A temple of the wilderness,
Wrecks though they be, announce with feeling,
The majesty of honest dealing.
Spirit of Ossian! if imbound
In language thou may'st yet be found,
If aught, (intrusted to the pen,
Or floating on the tongues of men,
Albeit shattered and impaired,)

Subsist thy dignity to guard,
In concert with memorial claim
Of old grey stone, and high-born name,
That cleaves to rock or pillared cave,
Where moans the blast, or beats the wave ;
Let Truth, stern arbitress of all,
Interpret that original,
And for presumptuous wrongs atone ;—
Authentic words be given, or none !

“ Time is not blind ;—yet He who spares
Pyramid pointing to the stars,
Hath preyed with ruthless appetite
On all that marked the primal flight
Of the poetic ecstasy
Into the land of mystery.
No tongue is able to rehearse
One measure, Orpheus, of thy verse ;
Musaeus, stationed with his lyre,
Supreme among the Elysian quire,
Is for the dwellers upon earth,
Mute as a lark ere morning's birth.
Why grieve for these, though past away
The music, and extinct the lay ?
When thousands by severer doom,
Full early to the silent tomb
Have sunk, at Nature's call ; or strayed
From hope and promise, self-betrayed ;
The garland withering on their brows ;
Stung with remorse for broken vows ;
Frantic—else how might they rejoice ?
And friendless, by their own sad choice !
Hail ! Bards of mightier grasp ! on you
I chiefly call, the chosen Few,
Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,
Who faltered not, nor turned aside ;
Whose lofty genius could survive
Privation,—under sorrow thrive ;
In whom the fiery muse revered
The symbol of a snow-white beard,
Bedewed with meditative tears
Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.

“ Brothers in soul ! though distant times
Produced you nursed in various climes ;
Ye, when the orb of life had waned,
A plenitude of love retained ;
Hence while in you each sad regret
By corresponding hope was met,

Ye lingered among human kind,
Sweet voices for the passing wind ;
Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,
Though smiling on the last hill top !
Such is the tender-hearted maid
Even ere her joys begin to fade ;
Such, haply, to the rugged chief,
By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief,
Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,
Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,
The son of Fingal ; such was blind ;
Mæonides of ampler mind ;
Such Milton, to the fountain head
Of glory by Urania led."—(Vol. v. p. 79.)

During the same year (1803) Wordsworth became acquainted with Sir George Beaumont, Bart., a man of fortune and a painter of some eminence. This friendship was only interrupted by the death of Sir George, in 1827, and Wordsworth reckons it amongst the chief blessings of his life. Sir George was the intimate friend of Coleridge, and had learned from that poet the desire which he and Wordsworth had to reside near each other. To facilitate this object, Sir George purchased Applethwaite, a beautiful spot in the vicinity of Keswick, where Coleridge then resided, and presented it to Wordsworth, whom he had never seen. Indeed, both these poets were more fortunate than many of their brother bards in being saved from poverty through the generosity of kind friends. Calvert and Lord Lonsdale placed Wordsworth above indigence, and Coleridge accepted from two of his friends—the brothers Wedgwood—a permanent income of £150 per annum. Beaumont was the constant and generous friend of both during his life, and at his death settled a pension of £100 per annum on Wordsworth, to enable him to make an annual tour. But his design of bringing the friends together failed, in consequence of the state of Coleridge's health, which forced him to seek the milder air of Sicily and Malta.

Wordsworth had been for some years engaged in the execution of a great poem—great at all events in size—which was to consist of three parts. He thus explains the matter himself in a letter to Sir George Beaumont, dated Dec. 25th, 1804 : In this first poem, which was to be called "The Recluse," he says, "It will be my object to express in

verse my most interesting feelings concerning man, nature, and society. Next, a poem, (in which I am at present chiefly engaged,) *on my earlier life*, or the growth of my *own mind*, taken up upon a large scale. This latter work I expect to have finished before the month of May; and then I purpose to fall with all my might on the former, which is the chief object on which my thoughts have been fixed these many years. Of this poem, (*The Recluse*,) that of 'The Pedlar,' which Coleridge read you, is part; and I may have written of it altogether about two thousand lines." (vol. i. p. 304.) Writing to the same gentleman on the 3rd of June, 1805, he announces the conclusion of the poem on the growth of his own mind. In his earlier years Wordsworth had been an enthusiastic republican. This letter shows us that he was now completely apathetic regarding politics, and we shall see that in his old age he became an uncompromising Tory, and a strong partizan of religious intolerance. "I," he says, "have just been reading two newspapers full of factious brawls about Lord Melville and his delinquencies, ravages of the French in the West Indies, victories of the English in the East, fleets of ours roaming the seas in search of enemies whom they cannot find, &c. &c., and I have asked myself more than once lately if my affections can be in the right place, caring as I do so little about what the world seems to care so much for. All this seems to me a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. I have finished my poem a fortnight ago." (Vol. i. p. 309-10.)

The poem which he had finished at this time was that in which he gives the history of his own mind. It remained in manuscript forty years, and was not published until after the author's death. He did not himself give any name to this poem, but it was published in 1820 under the title of "*The Prelude*."

The other great poems on which he was engaged at the same period, are "*The Recluse*," of which he executed the first book; it takes up the thread of his personal history where "*The Prelude*" ends, and after describing his residence at Grasmere, propounds the subject of the third poem, in which he expresses his feelings upon man and nature. "*The Recluse*" is still in manuscript, with the exception of that portion of it which has been printed as an introduction to the third poem, which the author originally called "*The Pedlar*," a name which he was very judiciously

advised to abandon, and it was printed with the less unpoetical title of "The Excursion." Wordsworth himself says, in the preface to "The Excursion," that it is only a part of "The Recluse" which is still unpublished, and which, as far as we can gather from the *Life* before us, was never finished according to the original design of the author. We think this is favourable to the poet's fame; for if "The Prelude," "The Recluse," and "The Excursion"—which are in reality one poem—had been published at the same time, and as one work, they would have formed such an enormous mass of blank verse, that we are fully convinced, no one beyond the poet's own family and friends would have ever ventured on the task of reading it. But the only portion of the poem which was published during the poet's life was "The Excursion," and it did not appear until 1814.

In the meantime, he published in 1807 two small duodecimo volumes of poetry. They were received, if possible, with greater disfavour than his earlier productions. By the periodicals they were treated with contempt and scorn, by the people they were so utterly neglected that it took eight years to dispose of an impression, which did not exceed five hundred copies. At this time he seems himself almost to have despaired of popularity; for he says to Sir George Beaumont: "No poem of mine will ever be popular." (*Life*, vol. i. p. 340.) But he never doubted his own powers, never wavered in his fidelity to what he considered the essential characteristics of his own school, and never entirely departed from, although he greatly modified, the plan which he originally proposed to himself. Perhaps the very harshness with which he was treated induced him to retain some real blemishes against his better judgment. These were eagerly seized on, and held up to the ridicule of the multitude. On no other principles can we explain the unpopularity of volumes which contained such beautiful poems as this:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,—
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
"Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,

They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay ;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

"The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee ;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company ;
I gazed, and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

"For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."—Vol. ii. p. 93.

This volume contained the poem already quoted, "She was a Phantom of Delight," and many others of equal merit. We shall insert here another of his minor poems, composed at a later period,—*"the Wishing-Gate :"*

"Hope rules a land for ever green ;
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen
Are confident and gay ;
Clouds at her bidding disappear :
Points she to aught—the bliss draws near,
And Fancy smoothes the way.

"Not such the land of wishes :—there
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
And thoughts with things at strife ;
Yet how forlorn, should ye depart,
Ye superstitions of the heart,
How poor were human life !

"When magic lore abjured its might,
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
One tender claim abate ;
Witness this symbol of your sway,
Surviving near the public way,
The rustic Wishing-gate !

"Inquire not if the fairy race
Shed kindly influence on the place,
Ere northward they retired ;
If here a warrior left a spell,
Panting for glory as he fell ;
Or here a saint expired.

"Enough that all around is fair,
 Composed with Nature's finest care,
 And in her fondest love,—
 Peace to embosom, and content,
 To overawe the turbulent,
 The selfish to reprove."—Vol. ii. p. 200.

In 1811 Wordsworth went to reside at the parsonage at Grasmere, where two of his children, Catharine and Thomas, died. This induced him to leave the place; and in 1813 he went to Rydal Mount, which is about two miles from Grasmere, and in this place he resided till his death, in 1840. In the same year he was appointed, through the influence of Lord Lonsdale, to the distributorship of stamps in the county of Westmorland; a situation from which he derived an income of a little more than £500 per annum. To this nobleman he dedicated "The Excursion," which he published in the following year.

We have already mentioned, that the original name of this poem was "The Pedlar," and the hero, or whatever the principal character—The Wanderer—should be called, is a member of that not very aristocratic confraternity. Wordsworth himself thus explains his reason for selecting a Pedlar for his hero: "My lamented friend, Southey, (for this is written a month after his decease) used to say, that had he been a Papist, the course of life which in all probability would have been his, was the one for which he was most fitted, and most to his mind—that of a Benedictine monk, in a convent furnished, as many a one was, with an inexhaustible library. Books, as appears from many passages in his writings, and was evident to those who had opportunities of observing his daily life, were, in fact, his passion; and *wandering*, I can with truth affirm, was *mine*. Had I been born in a class which would have deprived me of a liberal education, it is not unlikely that, being strong in body, I should have taken to a way of life such as that in which my Wanderer passed the greater part of his days. At all events, I am here called upon freely to acknowledge, that the character I have represented in his person is chiefly an idea of what I fancied my own character might have become in his circumstances."

The Wanderer being, therefore, avowedly the author himself, we shall allow him to draw his own portrait, both because we believe it to be, in most respects, a faithful representation of the original, and because it will enable us

at the same time to lay before the reader a few extracts from the greatest of his productions :

“ So the foundations of his mind were laid.
In such communion not from terror free,
While yet a child, and long before his time,
Had he perceived the presence and the power
Of greatness ; and deep feelings had impressed
Great objects on his mind, with portraiture
And colour so distinct, that on his mind
They lay like substances, and almost seemed
To haunt the bodily sense.

“ He thence attained
An active power to fasten images
Upon his brain ; and on their pictured lines
Intensely brooded, even till they acquired
The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail
While yet a child, with a child's eagerness,
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye
On all things which the moving seasons brought
To feed such appetite ; nor this alone
Appeased his yearning :—in the after-day
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,
And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags
He sate ; and even in their fixed lineaments,
Or from the power of a peculiar eye,
Or by creative feeling overborne,
Or by predominance of thought oppressed,
Even in their fixed and steady lineaments
He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
Expression ever varying ! Thus informed,
He had small need of books ; for many a tale
Traditionary round the mountains hung,
And many a legend peopling the dark woods,
Nourished Imagination in her growth,
And gave the mind that apprehensive power
By which she is made quick to recognise
The moral properties and scope of things.

“ In his heart,
Where fear sat thus a cherished visitant,
Was wanting yet the pure delight of love
By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,
Or by the silent looks of happy things,
Or flowing from the universal face
Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power
Of Nature, and already was prepared,

By his intense conceptions, to receive
 Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,
 Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught
 To feel intensely, cannot but receive.
 Such was the Boy—but for the growing youth
 What soul was his, when, from the naked top
 Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
 Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked—
 Ocean and Earth, the solid frame of Earth,
 And Ocean's, liquid mass, beneath him lay
 In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
 And in their silent faces could be read
 Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
 Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
 The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form
 All melted into him; they swallowed up
 His animal being; in them did he live,
 And by them did he live; they were his life.
 In such access of mind, in such high form
 Of visitation from the living God,
 Thought was not, in enjoyment it expired.
 No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
 Rapt into still communion that transcends
 The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
 That made him; it was blessedness and love!
Still uppermost
 Nature was at his heart as if he felt,
 Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power
 In all things that from her sweet influence
 Might tend to wean him. Therefore with her hues,
 Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,
 He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.
 While yet he lingered in the rudiments
 Of science, and among her simplest laws,
 His triangles—they were the stars of heaven,
 The silent stars! Oft did he take delight
 To measure the altitude of some tall crag
 That is the eagle's birth-place, or some peak
 Familiar with forgotten years, that shows,
 Inscribed, as with the silence of the thought,
 Upon its bleak and visionary sides,
 The history of many a winter storm,
 Or obscure records of the path of fire.
 And thus before his eighteenth year was told,
 Accumulated feelings pressed his heart
 With still increasing weight; he was o'erpowered.
 By Nature, by the turbulence subdued

Of his own mind ; by mystery and hope,
 And the first virgin passion of a soul
 Communing with the glorious universe.
 Full often wished he that the winds might rage
 When they were silent : far more fondly now
 Than in his earlier season did he love
 Tempestuous nights—the conflict and the sounds
 That live in darkness.....

Birds and beasts

And the mute fish that glances in the stream,
 And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
 And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,
 The fowl domestic, and the household dog—
 In his capacious mind he loved them all :

.....Rich in love

And sweet humanity, he was himself
 To the degree that he desired, beloved."

These passages give a true and vivid picture of Wordsworth's mind, and are a fair specimen of his poetic powers. Grand or sublime they cannot be called, but they express with great beauty the feelings of a man who sympathises deeply with the ideal, as well as the real beauties, of external nature. We are never startled and charmed by such a glorious image as Satan ascending through boundless space like a pillar of fire, but we everywhere read the lesson of charity and love which is hidden under the beautiful forms of this visible creation. "The Excursion," though by no means free from the vices of Wordsworth's school of poetry, is yet disfigured by very few of them. This becomes more remarkable when we remember that all the characters are taken from humble life. Yet such was the unpopularity of Wordsworth's muse, that "The Excursion" appeared, for a long time, likely to sink into oblivion with his previous publications. "It is a remarkable fact," says his biographer, (vol. ii. p. 51,) "that the English public was content with a single edition of the *Excursion*, consisting of only 500 copies for six years. Another edition, also limited to 500 copies, was published in 1827, and satisfied the popular demand for seven years." At the same time it was unsparingly assailed in the most celebrated reviews, and received, almost without exception, unqualified condemnation from them. A few faithful friends stood by Wordsworth, and one of these, Robert Southey, on hearing that a celebrated critic was boasting that he had crushed "The Excursion," exclaimed, "He

crush The Excursion! Tell him he might as well fancy that he could crush Skiddaw." Wordsworth himself was not discouraged, although he was certainly greatly disappointed, for he says in a letter to Southey: "Let the age continue to love its own darkness; I shall continue to write, with, I trust, the light of heaven upon me."

But Wordsworth had not abandoned the darling vices of his school, he had only laid them aside for a season, to be again embraced with renewed faith and fervour. In the year after "The Excursion" appeared, (1818) he published "The White Doe of Rylstone." It is in rhyme, and, perhaps, may be called a tale, though, indeed, it scarcely deserves that name. The heroine is either the White Doe herself, or the daughter of Norton, who, with all his sons, was put to death for rebelling against queen Elizabeth. "Everything" says Wordsworth, (Life, vol. ii. p. 56,) "that is attempted by the principal personages in the White Doe *fails*, so far as its object is external and substantial: so far as it is moral and spiritual it *succeeds*. The heroine of the poem knows that her duty is not to interfere with the current of events, either to forward or delay them; but

"To abide
The shock, and finally secure
O'er pain and grief a triumph pure."

Or as he expresses it elsewhere in the poem:

"By force of sorrows high
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed mortality."

We are not quite clear as to the meaning of these lines, but at all events, the lady after the massacre of her entire family becomes at first distracted, but ultimately takes up with a White Doe, in whose company she wanders through the country until she dies. Of this Doe, personally, we are told nothing, but that she used to attend church on Sunday, always, we presume, waiting for the sermon, and that she was "daughter of the eternal Prime." The last couplet in the poem is addressed to her:

"Thou, thou art not a child of time
But daughter of the eternal Prime."

We are unfortunately in the predicament of a celebrated critic, who said long ago, that this, he presumed, was a

very high compliment, but that he had not the honour to understand it. Wordsworth declares that the *White Doe* is the highest of all his poems in point of conception. For our part we look upon the conception as exceedingly low, not to say foolish, and that we would consider a young lady much better employed in saying her prayers, than in wandering up and down the country with a *White Doe*. Such a conception could never have entered into the mind of a Catholic. He would indeed have found it necessary to make such a bereaved and desolate sufferer retire from the busy scenes of life, but instead of giving her up to a *White Doe*, he would have devoted her to the service of God amongst a sisterhood of religious ladies.

Nor is the execution superior to the conception, for it is full of the worst vices of the Wordsworthian school of poetry, as for instance—and these instances are taken quite at random:—

“Fast as the churchyard fills anon
Look again and they are all gone.
 They cluster round the porch and *the folk*
 Who sat in the shade of the prior's oak!
 And scarcely have they disappeared
 Ere the prelusive hymn is heard,
 With one consent the people rejoice
 Filling the Church with a lofty voice.”

Vol. iv. p. 48.

“What *harmonious* pensive changes
 Wait upon her as she ranges.”—p. 50.

“But now again the people raise
 With *awful cheer* a voice of praise.”—p. 53.

“Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Barnsley Church
 And smote off his head on the stones of the porch.”—p. 56.

“*He spake the bare truth* for far and near,
 From every side come noisy swarms.”—p. 70.

It would be very easy, though frequently unjust, to ridicule almost any portion of Wordsworth's poetry, by turning it into prose. But these passages, as well as a great many others in “the *White Doe*” are not only prose, but very bad prose. Some of the expressions would be considered low even in common conversation, and many of the epithets are totally misapplied. It is one of Wordsworth's greatest faults, that he relies too much upon his own individual taste, and does not scruple to shock the ear, and even the

sensibility of the most refined of his readers, by assimilating things which have no connexion but in his own over-refined imagination. He seldom rejected an epithet, although he was conscious that it would appear to be absurd to the generality of readers, provided its *truth* could be perceived by a close and highly-imaginative observer of nature; forgetting that the pleasing effect is derived far more from the harmony than from the mere brilliancy of the colouring. Thus, the voices of a congregation singing the praises of God may very *truly* be called "a cheer;" nor would we venture to say that there is anything false to nature in another celebrated passage, when he says of a fish, that it gives "in the lonely tarn a solitary *cheer*." But in neither case can the similitude be carried out without becoming ridiculous. A congregation unites in praying to God or in praising Him, but it certainly does not cheer Him. So long as these things were paraded as "Wordsworth's beauties" by his friends, and as the characteristics of his poetry by his foes, (and both continued for a very long period,) he remained unpopular and unknown. But at length, and when many years had passed, even after the publication of his best poems, individuals who possessed true taste began to discover that these passages were, in fact, Wordsworth's defects—that they were the blemishes of his muse, which were amply atoned for by many exquisite beauties.

Wordsworth had, however, to struggle through a long life against coldness and contempt; for we find by a letter written to Mr. Moxon in August, 1833, that he could not be called even then a popular writer. But his fame steadily increased, and the circle of his admirers gradually included most of those who had distinguished themselves in literature. It is strange how greatly he was deceived as to his proper audience. He took most of his themes from the poor, and declared that they alone could appreciate true poetry. It was for them he wrote, and by them he hoped to be appreciated; and yet his works are still almost unknown among the humbler classes, and his fame is perhaps more exclusively confined to the educated portion of the community than is that of any of his contemporaries. Writing to Robert Montgomery in 1835, he says, "Do not, my dear Sir, be anxious about any individual's opinion concerning your writings, however highly you may think of his genius or rate his judgment. I press this

reflection upon you, as it has supported me through life, that posterity will settle all accounts justly, and that works which deserve to last will last; and if undeserving this fate, the sooner they perish the better."

In 1839—the 69th of his age—Wordsworth was honoured by the University of Oxford with the degree of D.C.L. His own feelings on the occasion are expressed in the following letter to Mr. Peace, of Bristol, dated August 30th, 1839:

"It was not a little provoking that I had not the pleasure of shaking you by the hand at Oxford, when you did me the honour of coming so far to join in the shout. I was told by a Fellow of University College, that he had never witnessed such an outburst of enthusiasm in that place except upon the occasions of the visits of the Duke of Wellington—one unexpected." "What a contrast," says his biographer, "was this to the reception which a few years before he had experienced from the most celebrated critics in England, and from the literary world at large!" (vol. ii. p. 358.)

In 1842 Wordsworth resigned the office of Stamp Distributor, having previously, through the influence of the Prime Minister, (Sir Robert Peel), obtained the appointment for his son William. Sir Robert wrote to the poet on this occasion in the most friendly and respectful manner, assuring him that he had the greatest personal satisfaction in promoting the arrangement; and on the 15th of August, in the same year, he again wrote to inform him that he had placed "his honoured name on the Civil List for an annual provision of three hundred pounds." In the following year, the Right Hon. Baronet had another opportunity of manifesting his affection and esteem for the venerable poet. Southey, who had been for some time in a pitiable state of imbecility, died on the 21st of March, 1843, and on the 31st of that month Wordsworth received a letter from the Lord Chamberlain, informing him that he had the command of the Queen to offer him the vacant office of Poet Laureate. The venerable bard declined to accept the appointment, alleging as his apology his advanced age, and that he could not undertake the duties which it would impose upon him. But Sir Robert Peel again interposed his good offices, and induced him to accept of the appointment, by the following letter, which he wrote from his place in the House of Commons, on the 3rd of April, 1843:

"My dear Sir,

"I hope you may be induced to re-consider your decision with regard to the appointment of Poet Laureate. The offer was made to you not for the purpose of imposing on you any onerous or disagreeable duties, but in order to pay you that tribute of respect which is justly due to the first of living poets. The Queen entirely approved of the nomination, and there is one unanimous feeling on the part of all who have heard of the proposal (and it is pretty generally known), that there could not be a question about the selection. Do not be deterred by the fear of any obligation which the appointment may be supposed to imply. I will undertake that you shall have nothing required from you. But as the Queen can select for this honourable appointment no one whose claims for respect and honour, on account of eminence as a poet, can be placed in competition with yours, I trust you will not longer hesitate to accept it.

"Most faithfully yours,

"ROBERT PEEL."

Thus Wordsworth lived to receive in his old age that fame, for which he had laboured so strenuously and courageously during a long life, and which he had not long before despaired of obtaining, except from posterity. On the 7th of April, 1844, above one hundred and fifty adults, and three hundred children, in their holiday attire, assembled at Rydal Mount to celebrate his birthday. Yet this very fame, for which he had endured so much, and for which he had so eagerly panted, now that he possessed it appeared to him to be almost utterly worthless. In his youth he considered the applause which he expected from posterity, amply sufficient to compensate for the neglect of his contemporaries, but in his old age he frequently expresses the utmost indifference respecting posthumous fame. Writing to professor Reed of Philadelphia, he says, "Your letters are naturally turned upon the impression which my poems have made, and the estimation they are held, or are likely to be held in, through the vast country to which you belong. I wish I could feel as lively as you do upon this subject, or even upon the general destiny of those works. Pray do not be long surprised at this declaration. There is the difference of more than the length of your life, I believe, between our ages. I am standing on the brink of that vast ocean I must sail so soon; I must speedily lose sight of the shore, and I could not once have *conceived* how little I now am troubled by

the thought of how long, or how short a time they who remain on that shore, may have sight of me." It is, indeed, a lesson worthy to be learned by those who seek for happiness, and rest their utmost hopes in this world, that all it can bestow will appear utterly worthless when they stand on the brink of eternity.

Wordsworth, as we have seen, commenced life as a strong republican, and ardent admirer of the French Revolution. He had now passed from political indifference into strong and almost unreasoning Toryism. In a letter, dated May 15th, 1834, he says, "Since the night when the Reform Bill was first introduced, I have been convinced that the institutions of the country cannot be preserved." He strenuously opposed the concession of Catholic Emancipation; he objected to corporate reform, to a state provision for the education of the poor, and, indeed, to every innovation in the institutions of the country. But Wordsworth's prejudices did not so far blind him, as to render him incapable of seeing the beauty and the merits of that Church which alone had preserved Christianity. Indeed, it would be strange if a genius such as his had not sympathized with that glorious old Church, whose ritual is so full of pure and impassioned poetry; and if the splendour of her story, so deeply interwoven with all that is dearest and holiest upon earth, had not dispelled its prejudices, and taught it to prefer the gorgeous worship of the Catholic Church, which appeals so powerfully to the imagination and to the heart, to the cold and barren forms of Protestantism. Although his "*Ecclesiastical Sonnets*" are by no means untainted by the usual prejudices of Reformers, yet do they contain many just and glowing eulogiums on that old Church, which we still behold, like a bright and hopeful star, shining high above the gloom and darkness of bye-gone ages. It is thus she appeared to Wordsworth, whose writings contributed in no small degree to procure for her respect and reverence, and gave no slight impulse to that great movement, which is driving back so many into the one fold, under the one shepherd.

We wish that space permitted us to illustrate this tendency by a selection from the "*Ecclesiastical Sonnets*," which, although amongst the best in the language, are, we fear, not at all so generally known as they

deserve. It is necessary to observe, that these sonnets are divided into three parts. The first relates to the introduction of Christianity into Britain, the holy lives of the early Saxon clergy, and the Crusades; the second extends to the close of the troubles in the reign of Charles; the third comprises the remaining period from the Restoration to the present time. We can only make room for the following on "The Dissolution of the Monasteries," and the kindred subjects of the Saints and the Blessed Virgin:

"Threats come which no submission may assuage,
No sacrifice avert, no power dispute;
The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,
And 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,
The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage,
The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit,
And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.
The owl of evening and the woodland fox
For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose;
Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse
To stoop her head before these desperate shocks—
She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,
Arimathea Joseph's wattled cells.

"The lovely nun (submissive, but more meek
Through saintly habit than from effort due
To unrelenting mandates, that pursue
With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)
Goes forth—unveiling timidly a cheek
Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
While through the convent's gate to open view
Softly she glides, another home to seek.
Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
An apparition more divinely bright;
Not more attractive to the dazzled sight
Those watery glories, on the stormy brine
Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,
And the green vales lie hushed in sober light!"

"SAINTS.

"Ye too must fly before a chasing hand
Angels and saints, in every hamlet mourned!
Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,
Let not your radiant shapes desert the land!
Her adoration was not your demand,—

The fond heart proffered it—the servile heart ;
And therefore are ye summoned to depart,
Michael, and thou, St. George, whose flaming brand
The dragon quelled ; and valiant Margaret,
Whose rival sword a like opponent slew ;
And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted queen
Of harmony ; and weeping Magdalene,
Who in the penitential desert met
Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew !”

“THE VIRGIN.

“Mother ! whose virgin bosom was uncroft
With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;
Woman, above all women glorified ;
Our tainted nature's solitary boast ;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost ;
Brighter than eastern skies at day-break strewn
With fancied roses ; than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast,
Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
Of mother's love and maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene !”

Many, perhaps we should say all pious Protestants share these vain regrets. But the establishment is so far from resuming the “graceful rites and usages” of the old Church, that it is every day losing even those which it at first retained, and is rapidly hastening into frigid Calvinism. The more zealous of its ministers, who still proudly cling to that ritual which excites “a stir of mind too natural to deceive,” and gives “the memory help when she would weave a crown for hope,” are regarded as papists in disguise by “the boasted lights,” which are, indeed, but the “fiery lights” of the establishment.

Wordsworth had five children, John, Dora, Thomas, Catherine, and William. Of these Thomas and Catherine, as we have seen, died whilst very young, and the family of the poet consisted of the remaining three, together with his wife, his sister, and sister-in-law, Sarah Hutchinson. Never was there a more loving or a more united family. The poet was almost worshipped by his own domestic

circle, and he returned their affection in no niggardly or stinted measure :

" Rich in love
And sweet humanity, he was himself
To the degree that he desired, beloved."

They, his first enthusiastic and almost sole admirers, saw his fame gradually rival that of his most illustrious contemporaries. They saw honorary degrees conferred on him by the universities of Durham and Oxford, and a majority of votes recorded in his favour in opposition to the Prime Minister, (Lord John Russell,) for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow. He was visited at Rydal by the most eminent and most illustrious persons in the land, amongst others, by the late Queen Dowager and her sister, and was received at court by her Majesty the Queen, with the most flattering distinction, when he went to thank her for his appointment to the Laureateship. Yet at this very culminating point of his fame, he was destined to feel that neither the gifts of genius, nor the applause of mankind, nor the smiles of princes, can confer happiness. His sister, the "Winsome Marrow," who accompanied him on so many romantic pedestrian excursions became a confirmed invalid, unable to stir from her bed, or couch. His sister-in-law, Sarah Hutchinson, died, and in his letters he feelingly deplores the ravages which death and disease had made amongst his other friends and relations. But the severest stroke of all was the death of his only and adored daughter, Dora. She was married in 1841, being then in her thirty-seventh year, to Edward Quillinan, a widower of fifty; but her health was so delicate, that in 1845 she and her husband were obliged to seek a more genial climate in Portugal and Spain. In 1846 they came home, fondly imagining that Mrs. Quillinan's health was fully restored, but she died on the 9th of July, 1847, being little more than a year after her return to her native vale. It does not require the testimony of his biographer to prove that his only daughter was dearer to Wordsworth than any other earthly object, for the frequent mention of her, which occurs in his works, proves the depth and constancy of his affection. Writing to Mr. Moxon, a month after her death, he says, "We bear up under our affliction as well as God enables us to do; but, oh! my dear friend, our loss is immeasurable." And

again, 29th December, 1847, he writes, "Our sorrow is, I feel, for life; but God's will be done." When it was thought right to inform Wordsworth himself of his approaching dissolution, his wife announced the sad tidings to him on the 20th of April, 1850, in these words, "William, you are going to Dora;" and when, twenty-four hours later, one of his nieces was drawing aside the curtains, he said, as if awakening from a quiet sleep, "Is that Dora?" Two days afterwards he expired, the name of his beloved daughter having been the last upon his lips. He never recovered the shock he received by her death, it was, indeed, to him a *sorrow for life*.

ART. II.—*The Life of the Rev. Aloysius Gentili, L. L. D., Father of the Institute of Charity, and Missionary Apostolic in England.*
Edited by the Very Reverend FATHER PAGANI. Richardson and Son, London. 1851.

NICOLE remarks, in one of his letters, that if he had to write the lives of the saints, he should try to find out some of their defects, as well as their virtues, for that the ordinary way in which their biographies were written, left the reader in some doubt whether or not they ever really belonged to that frail humanity, to which they were proposed as patterns. To what particular biographies he referred at the time he penned this somewhat cynical saying, he does not make known. The feeling, however, from which it appears to have proceeded, is not an inconceivable one, for the "canonized saint" is certainly the prominent feature in most biographies, to the concealment, in some degree, of the frail child of Adam, whom God, by His mercy and Providence, is training to sanctity, in order that he may become a light to future generations. In the lives of canonized saints, it is rather the mature saint every where that is visible, than the man in progress towards his sanctification, yet it is legitimate to wish that we might be

allowed to see, in the examples of heroic perfection, that are proposed to us as patterns, a little more than biographers usually think well to concede, of the struggles and occasional lapses through which the same heroic perfection has been obtained. St. Peter's fall and denial of his Master, succeeded by his tears of heartfelt repentance, establish an immediate bond of sympathy between the disciple and the saint, and even endear him more to such as are conscious of their own liability to fall, than the more rigid examples of virtue not known to falter, and to which, a narrative of uninterrupted panegyric seems almost in strict justice to belong. "Justus cadit septies," the just man falleth seven times, and, ordinarily speaking, a volume of a saint's life will be taken up, (that is, presuming it to be taken up, not in the way of an ecclesiastical romance, but with some kind of an intention of studying the saint's life as a pattern,) with the feeling on the part of the reader, that if he ever hopes to be canonized himself, it must be after he has had a great many faults corrected, and has acquired a great many new virtues. This will certainly be every ordinary reader's genuine conviction with regard to himself, if he takes the trouble to think. He will naturally say, "certainly if I am ever to be canonized, it is inexpressible what I have to amend, and incalculable what I have to acquire." He feels then, that his own nature, when put in contact with the saint's life, is open to extensive correction. He then proceeds to ask, how came this saint's life to be so singularly perfect from so early a date? why is he so complete a model from so early a time? I should like to see a little more into the secret of the discipline and training, the forming and the correcting which has produced this perfection. I feel that there must have been something of this process in his case, and that he must have been cured of his failings, and learnt to acquire his heroic virtues on some particular way. I experience a wish to be shown what that way was. In short, I feel a wish to see a little more of the *man* becoming the *saint*, as well as to read the uninterrupted panegyric of his sanctity. The life and actions of every saint of course abound in edification and instruction. The canonized saint, exhibited in the true picture of his sanctity, is the glory of the Christian faith. If, then, we say, that it is legitimate to wish to see more of the way in which this sanctity was acquired, it is most assuredly not from the envious expectation, that perchance we might detect

superior brightness to have been here and there tarnished or disfigured, but in the way of solid comfort and encouragement to ourselves, that having been admitted to see how Almighty God works his wonders of grace upon other men, we may ourselves rise from the study in a better frame of mind, and with improved dispositions to submit to his own merciful and mysterious dealing with ourselves.

How far the biographer to the canonized saint is at all times in a position to expose to view the whole of the gradual processes by which a sanctity formally proposed to the imitation and veneration of the entire Church has been acquired, it is not for us to say. If there be a difficulty in the way of conceding this circumstantial insight into all the minute details of the gradual personal training of the canonized saint, in the biography now before us such a difficulty does not find a place; and we are disposed to consider, that over and above the interest attached to the life of one who still lives, as Father Gentili, in the memories and affections of so many thousands, whom he has instructed and edified, and even reclaimed to a life of piety and religion. His life has this particular and special feature of interest, that it shows much of the process by which the heart and the mind admit of being trained in the way of sanctity and Christian perfection. It shows, very circumstantially for the comfort of the ordinary reader, that in order to make great advances in perfection, it is by no means indispensably necessary to start with the most favourable natural predispositions towards virtues, but that the secret of acquiring the science of the saints, lies chiefly in submission to instruction and reproof, willingness to accept direction. Dr. Gentili's life is an exemplification of the saying of Scripture, "A wise son hearkeneth to the instruction of his father, he keepeth it because it is his life."

Father Gentili's biographer, with the fervour and warmth of a friend and brother in religion, speaks in glowing terms of his virtues. How much of these virtues, under God, Father Gentili owed to the enlightened direction of his wise friend and superior in religion, Rosmini, the ensuing sketch of his life will show.

Father Gentili was born on the 14th of July, 1801, in Rome. His parents, Joseph and Mary Ann Gentili, had eight children, the oldest of whom, Aloysius, is the subject of the memoir before us. He was of a lively-spirited tem-

perament as a boy, and carried off not a few prizes for proficiency in his early studies at school. He was brought up by his father, who himself practised as a solicitor to the legal profession, and in the fourth year of his university course, obtained the degree of Doctor in both canon and civil law. During the progress of his legal studies, it would appear that he manifested a strong taste for both poetry and music. The sudden death of his patron, Cardinal Gonsalvi, made a change in his prospects of success in his profession ; and, with the versatile ardour, so often found united with naturally quick abilities, the young Doctor of laws began to turn his attention to the study of modern languages, intending to become a professor, and to employ himself in teaching them. About this time he also became desirous to figure as a vocalist, and being possessed of a good bass voice, under the direction of a skilful leader of a philharmonic academy, he became a solo singer, and obtained invitations to the soirees of the different ambassadors, where he formed acquaintance with many English families.

His success as a professor of the Italian language, at the end of two years, realized to him the sum of two thousand dollars, which he laid out in the purchase of a vineyard, situated on the Monte Mario, near the Vatican. Here, momentarily persuaded, like the usurer described by the poet, that

“Beatus ille, qui procul negotus
Ut prisca gens mortalium
Paterna rura bobus exercit suis,”

he bought a pair of oxen and began to plough, in imitation of Cincinnatus and Cato, instructing the rustics in the true classical method of tilling the ground, until he caught a fever from over-exertion, which obliged him to return to literary employment.

Almighty God had now prepared a disappointment for him that was to influence his future career. He fell in love with a young English lady of noble birth and large fortune, and ventured to ask her in marriage ; but his hopes were suddenly and bitterly disappointed.

“It would be difficult, peradventure, says his biographer, to describe the tumult of affections which agitated the heart of the disconsolate Gentili on receiving this refusal ; but we may form

some notion thereof from the consequences which ensued. In the first place, he became utterly disenchanted with all earthly pursuits, and felt in himself a perfect conversion to the love of divine and celestial things. The worldling and the sceptic who have no faith in an all-wise Disposer of events, and are ignorant of that divine omnipotent power which, descending from on high, penetrates and transforms, as it were, the old into a new man, usually attribute to an ignoble motive any sudden change in a Christian from vice to virtue—from disorder to regularity—or they ascribe its cause to the vexation of disappointment, or to a melancholy dejection of mind. But they do not observe how comparatively few there are among the discontented and unfortunate who take occasion from adversity to ameliorate their moral conduct according to the rules of evangelical perfection. Christian philosophy, on the other hand, indicates that reverses of fortune become causes or occasions of moral improvement in man, only when directed to this end by the previous influence of Divine Grace, which illumines and aids the sorrow-stricken sufferer to profit by the bitter yet wholesome experience. In this case, the contempt of worldly goods does not proceed from despair of ever enjoying them again, or from any scornful spite against the inconstancy of fortune, but from an interior conviction, that there is a higher and nobler happiness to be found, viz. : the Supreme Infinite Good, which is God. Then, far from leading a life of dulness and gloom, the penitent finds and enjoys true felicity. It seems incredible and incomprehensible to those who have not passed through the ordeal, how the tears of repentance can be sweeter than the faults that made them flow, and superior even to every carnal delight. They do not understand how pleasures so highly prized by themselves can be sincerely despised by the votaries of the Cross, who do so, nevertheless, just as aged philosophers condemn the toys and pastimes of childhood."

From this time forward, Gentili resolved to renounce the world. On his return home, his pictorial and musical exercises were suspended; he threw up his engagements, and withdrew from society, and gave himself up to the practice of many devotions, that drew down upon him considerable ridicule from his former companions, to which, however, he paid little attention, being well aware how necessary it is to appear a fool in the eyes of the world, in order to become wise unto salvation.

In this frame of mind he altered his way of life, and soon fell sick from an ague fever, and on his recovery sought admission to the Society of Jesus, which the discreet superior of that society, on observing his pale and emaciated appearance, declined to grant.

Soon after this, he formed the acquaintance of the Abate

Rosmini, his friend and future superior, who had then come to Rome on business relative to the Institute of Charity, which he had founded, and for the publication of his first philosophical work, *Il nuovo Saggio sull' Origine delle Idee*. The account of this turning incident in Father Gentili's life we subjoin:

"Having heard of the projected Institute of Charity, and of its learned founder, he wished to become personally acquainted with Rosmini, and, therefore, obtained an introduction to him through the medium of a mutual friend. Finding him, at that time, about the first days of the year 1830, in an infirm state of health, his first interview was necessarily brief, but in other successive and protracted visits, a friendship was formed between the two, and many inquiries were made and satisfactorily answered concerning the new Institute. It was on one of these occasions, after musing a little time, that Gentili exclaimed, 'Who knows whether it be not God's will that I should become a member of your Institute?' In reply to this or similar inquiries subsequently repeated, Rosmini, would simply remark, that the perfect life recommended by the evangelical counsels was excellent in itself, and highly to be prized; that those were happy who, inspired by the Lord, corresponded with his grace; and, in fine, that if he resolved to devote himself to this kind of life, his first step towards living solely for God, should be to leave his home, in imitation of the father of the people elect, Abraham, to whom it was said: *Egredere de domo tua*. Hereupon, Gentili took occasion to say, that as regarded following the gospel counsels his mind was already made up; but to do so by quitting his home he did not see its feasibility, as he now depended on his family for support; and that, were he entirely to abandon them, he foresaw that bitterness and persecution would be the result. These objections Rosmini met by merely recommending prayer to the Most High, and humble trust in His Providence."

It was now arranged by his superior, that he should be provided with board and lodging at the Irish College, where he remained to pursue his studies, and where, on the 25th of March, in the year 1830, he received the tonsure and the four minor orders, and on the 10th of April following, the sub-diaconate.

Soon afterwards, Rosmini left Rome, and returned to Domo Dossola, and a correspondence ensues between the two friends that will be read with great interest. Gentili began now to be exposed to temptation, calling in question the truth of his vocation to the infant institute. In reply

to his superior's letters he began to give equivocal reasons for delay.

"He urged, that it was necessary to defer his departure until a more favourable opportunity,—it was the more necessary to take this precaution, since the world had already blamed as caprice his wish to become a Jesuit, and that the obstacle caused by his subsequent illness had sanctioned, as it were, this opinion. If ill health was an impediment to his admission into a cloister on the Quirinal, how should he be able to endure a conventual life at the foot of the Alps? This, when known to the world, would be considered a greater folly than the first;—that people would wonder at his retirement to a solitude so remote; and that, finally, his parents, if not gently dealt with, would do all in their power to prevent his departure. These unusual expressions excited an apprehension in the mind of Rosmini, that such sophisms might produce a fatal effect on his companion; wherefore, he deemed it to be a duty of Christian friendship to write a strong letter of admonition, of which we subjoin a few extracts, to alarm and warn him of his danger.

"Let me advise you to be on your guard against the suggestions of Satan, who will certainly do what he can to frustrate your holy resolutions. I doubt whether I do not see in you a want of generosity, and cowardice instead. Mind, my dear friend, that I say, I doubt; therefore, I do not mean positively; but I wish you to make a diligent examination of yourself, to see if the devil has not succeeded in tempting you to weakness and pusillanimity; in order, that if you discover anything you may immediately remedy the defect, and imitate the magnanimity of Satan's conqueror—our Divine Master, Jesus Christ. If the infernal tempter perceives that we are resolute, he becomes intimidated, and withdraws after a few attacks. But, if he finds us cowardly in resistance, his assaults continue, and when we exhibit fear, he is sure of victory. We ought, with the royal Psalmist, constantly to pray: '*Salva me, Domine, a pusillanimitate spiritus et tempestate.*' A mental tempest is sure to be the result of timidity, just as magnanimous resolve produces serenity. In a generous giver only is found faith in Divine Providence, while the fearful are diffident and deaf to the Divine Word.

"We are deceived and ruined if we give credit to the world's maxims: we wander from Christ's narrow path of righteousness, if we follow the guidance of flesh and blood! You write, 'if the world knew of my departure from Rome—it would deem it a greater folly than the first,' &c. But, permit me to ask (the terms being synonymous), is that really madness what the world calls folly? If it be, then the cross of Christ is a scandal, and the gospel a folly—it is madness to expose one's self to danger and suffering like the Apostles, for Christ's sake, among barbarians—it is folly to bear witness to the faith with one's own blood, like the martyrs. O en-

viable folly! Heaven grant that I may become thus incurably mad! This superhuman folly, I desire—sigh after, and pray for daily, as a most precious gift from the Lord! I am sure that you esteem this folly to be true wisdom. But if that be wisdom which the world calls folly, why not learn to practise this wisdom? Why be ashamed of the term applied by the world to 'this evangelical science? Why sanction by one's own conduct the judgment of an insensate world? I call it insensate, even including therein one's parents and friends, whether laymen or priests, (for these are sometimes imbued with a worldly spirit). At the tribunal of Jesus Christ shall any one be excused by saying: 'I did not promptly obey your invitation, because the world pronounced it to be folly?' 'Go, then, and get a reward, from your master the world—that world, which I have vanquished, and is no more.' Such, doubtless, will be the answer of the Supreme Judge.

"According to your statement, the world will contrast the Quirinal with the foot of the Alps. But Jesus says, '*Veri adoratores, adorabunt patrem in spiritu et veritate.*'

"With regard to your health, the world, according to its wont, would draw a lying inference, not distinguishing between sickness and recovery. As to your coming 'without knowing what you had to do here,' certainly the world knows but little about what is done in holy retreats; but they know who are called out of an insensate world by an impulse of the Spirit of God. I am pretty sure that when Christ was led into the desert, the world knew not what was His purpose. But Jesus Christ did not wait until the world got information thereof. What has the world to do with this affair? It is our business, and not the world's, and if we pretend not to know what we are going to do, we ourselves also form a part of this insensate world. Is it possible that you are troubled by ignorance of what you shall have here to do? I can tell the world what has been my object in coming to this place. I have come here to fulfil my vocation—to obey the voice of God—to keep aloof from a foolish world—to purify my soul and secure salvation. That is what one has to do here. Both for you and for me, it is no trifling affair. Woe to him who knows not what to do in the state to which the Lord has called him! O how remote are worldly reasonings from the spirit of our Institute! For charity's sake call yourself to account; beware of the slightest contamination: without being aware of it, we inhale the world's pestiferous and blighting atmosphere.

"You say the world would strenuously oppose your departure; but it could not hinder you if you yourself were determined. The only impediment in the power of the world, is to weaken and overcome your will; nothing more: especially considering that the government under which you live places no obstacles in the way of religious vocations. Have not the saints been contradicted by the world because they despised it? Have they not hated father, mother,

brethren, sisters, and all family connections, for the sake of Jesus Christ? Pray then examine yourself thoroughly, according to the rule of Jesus Christ and His saints. When Christ, at the age of twelve years, remained to dispute with the Doctors, He did not make it known to His mother. In this lesson He clearly speaks. The saints also have plainly declared themselves. He is a jealous God : and in the gospel we do not see that He ever endured more than one refusal. Walk, therefore, righteously before Him. Scrutinize your sincerity, in order that you and others be not deceived.

"There is no sincerity where there exists any affection to the things of earth. In fine, make your examination by the light of eternity, in the presence of God, and during the silence of worldly rumours and passions. This scrutiny will help you either to repair any defect caused, perhaps, by the devil in this matter, or to confirm and increase your generous resolve, and all other virtues united in the service of Jesus Christ. In this manner you will build on a solid foundation. There is no other solid basis but the security of the Cross. I hope you will afford me comfort by adopting this advice, which I consider of the greatest importance to your soul, not only, but also to the salvation of many others."

To Gentili, who was still inexperienced in spiritual life, this somewhat bitter epistle arrived opportunely. It was wholesome and necessary, in order to counteract the before-mentioned temptations, and to fortify him against others of a similar nature to come. Other trials of the truth of his vocation to the Institute of Charity were still in store for him.

It happened soon after that a flattering proposal was made to Gentili on the part of Dr. Baines, then Vicar Apostolic of the Western District, to come to reside in England, as he wished to appoint him to an office in his college at Prior Park. He gave a lively description of the beautiful situation, and the magnificence of the buildings, with promises also not a little calculated to induce him to accept the offer. This truly was a temptation difficult to overcome, by an enterprising high-minded young man, naturally inclined to missionary duties, and whose warm and pious imagination opened before his eyes a vast field for the exercise of his talents and zeal. However, he had sufficient heavenly light to see, that it would be wrong to abandon his first vocation to the Institute of Charity, to run after another ; because, to change with levity our former resolutions is not conformable to the Spirit of God, which is a spirit of constancy and perseverance in good purposes.

We regret that space obliges us to pass over the interesting correspondence to which the event gave rise between the two friends, the result of which was, that Gentili in the end became the more confirmed in his vocation. One more serious trial yet remained. His stay in Rome had been protracted by an attack of fever, which disarranged the preparations that had been made for his departure, to enter upon his Noviciate. He received Priest's Orders and celebrated his first Mass on the 19th of September, 1830; and soon after this was again solicited to abandon his vocation and undertake a mission in England—a solicitation which was now promptly referred to his Superior, and in the event proved an introduction to his career as a missionary in England.

The final temptation to which we allude happened as follows:

“ Among the many establishments which exist for the promotion of Christian piety, and the salvation of souls in Rome, there was one termed the *Opera pia degli Esercizj*. Its object was to assemble together the poorest and most destitute children—to instruct them in their Christian duties, and prepare them for their first communion. It also undertook, at stated times, to gather together poor adults, ignorant or neglectful of religion, and to enable them, in retirement, to go through a regular course of spiritual exercises. A pious Canon, named Muccioli, who was the originator of the good work, used to engage the best disposed of these poor fellows to return on Sundays and festivals to his house and garden, where, after prayer, and the singing of canticles, he provided innocent amusement for them, and thus succeeded in preventing many from relapsing into bad company. There existed, however, a great obstacle to this pious institution working efficiently and permanently for the public good; this was the want of zealous and exemplary Priests, who would, solely for the love of God, and the salvation of souls, gratuitously assist in preaching, administering the Sacraments, &c. Gentili was earnestly solicited to become a volunteer in this good work. He objected at first, that it was incompatible with the obedience he owed his Superior, not to defer a journey already too long delayed; but the request being urged with greater importunity, and deluded by specious pretexts, he gave way, and promised his assistance. To a class of these untutored youths, sixty-four in number, he preached the eternal truths with a zeal and eloquence that was natural to him, and with such effect, that his uncouth auditors were soon excited to sighs and tears of compunction. They reconciled themselves to God in the sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist, and left the retreat apparently sanctified.

This success was calculated to produce an impression more easily imagined than described, on the heart of a Priest, especially young, ardent, and talented, and to attach him strongly to the sacred ministry of the word. No wonder, then, that Gentili became enamoured of his recently assumed office, and that Satan made the most of it to divert him from his design of retiring to the religious solitude of Monte Calvario.

"He now began to imagine seriously that God had destined him to be the life and mainstay of that pious work, wherein was presented to his view a wide field of charity to cultivate by the conversion of obstinate sinners, and the instruction of the most destitute class of society. He moreover opined that this mission was not incompatible with his vocation to the Institute of Charity, since such works of Christian mercy, when there was a divine and human call, should be preferred to others of a more brilliant character in the eyes of the world. The conditional requisite he fancied evident in the result of his first labours, and in the pressing demands of some clergymen connected with the place, that he would continue his services. Besides, if he were to get a community of members belonging to the Institute of Charity, to take charge of this pious establishment, he fancied that, like other religious associations, the Institute would have a permanent residence in the metropolis of the Catholic world, and thereby become more known and esteemed by the Church at large. Nevertheless, being still uncertain whether to go or to remain was conformable to God's will, he thought proper to remove every doubt by consulting the Cardinal Vicar, and even the Pope himself. Owing to an affectionate esteem for the Abate Rosmini, whose disciple and associate they knew Gentili to be, these high personages soon granted the latter an audience, and both advised him on the subject in question, to inform himself well, beforehand, of the views entertained by the present administrators of the establishment about confiding it to the Institute. He was also recommended not to communicate the matter to Rosmini until the negotiation seemed likely to prove successful.

"Pleased with this reception and advice, to which more importance was attached than was needed, he wrote to Rosmini a somewhat mysteriously worded letter, apologising for his delay by intimating that a very serious affair detained the writer in Rome; and that, owing to the injunction of a superior authority, he could not just now enter more fully into an explanation of the matter. Gentili afterwards went in quest of the Canon Muccioli, and informing him of a recent interview with the Pope and Cardinal, he wished to know exactly what were the Canon's intentions. The good Priest, on hearing that the enquiry came from such high quarters, expressed himself ready to confide the concern to a religious corporation, of which he himself would willingly become a member, or a guest, in order to spend the last years of his life

in devout peace ; hoping that any opposition on the part of his fellow-directors might be overcome by a gentle solicitation, or the Pope's interference. These statements were repeated by the Canon to the Cardinal Vicar, who sent for Gentili, and gave him to understand that the key of the house had been given up, and that, to conclude the negotiation, it was to be regretted that Rosmini himself was not in Rome, in order that this pious work might be speedily undertaken for the spiritual and material benefit of the poor of so great a city. In fine, he recommended that a detailed account be sent forthwith to Rosmini ; and his Eminence also gave a note of invitation, written with his own hand, to be inserted in Gentili's letter to his Superior.

"From the first enigmatical letter, the prudent Superior soon inferred that his friend had been caught by a bait of the astute enemy ; wherefore, to meet the imminent peril without delay, he wrote as follows : 'I can neither praise nor blame the nature of the business you allude to, as you keep it a mysterious secret to yourself. I may tell you, however, that if you are sincere in giving me the title which I so unworthily bear, viz., of your Father and Superior in Christ, your mysterious obscurity appears strange. I add, that although I do not blame you, the affair must be very weighty to make you defer your departure ; because, at the present time the first and most important of all affairs is to train ourselves. After that, if God pleases, we may be better able to serve our neighbour. An act of charity, or a neighbourly kindness, is all very well when opportune ; but if called by God to enter the religious state, and under pretext of attending to his neighbour, a person says to his Superiors, 'At present I do not wish to make my novitiate, but to attend to something else,' this would be to give up the reality for an appearance of good. For charity's sake, my dear Gentili, let us not be deceived. Write to me instantly.'

"But when Gentili's letter of the 25th of June unveiled the whole affair, and seeing how really different it was to the imaginings of his inexperienced friend, Rosmini thought it high time to conclude the matter categorically. Wherefore, on the 1st of July, he wrote to the following effect : 'Your last letter has caused me great affliction ; I see therein that you are under the control of your imagination. Into how many fallacies and delusions have you not fallen ! However pious the work you aim at, you could not accomplish it, because you were called to train yourself in the Institute of Charity. If your vocation be genuine, this is the good work, which now becomes you. The next is nought else but a distraction, misdirecting you out of your proper sphere. A traveller who stops at every little pathway to discover whither it leads, quits the direct high road to his destination, which, perhaps, he never reaches. If, as was observed before, you are called to the Institute, it is levity, not to say presumption, to allow yourself to be drawn into inopportune undertakings. Did not the Cardinal Vicar himself

grant you leave to depart, when he knew you had received the order? Why then remain? You say, that you felt an inspiration to do so. But I wish you had fewer inspirations and more firmness, and more obedience above all. This following your own whims and fancies, which divert you from what is suggested by your superior and enjoined by your vocation, fills me with pain and apprehension. You ask me to pray God to grant you a little humility, of which you feel the need; and I reply, that I will heartily do so, for it seems to me that you greatly require it. You speak in the tone of a man inspired: surely you must entertain a high opinion of yourself! You even talk heroically, saying that you are resolved to make your pilgrimage on foot, '*sine baculo et sine pera*.' My dear friend, I am not contented with mere words; the facts are, that you have not travelled hither; that you have been building castles in the air; and that you have imprudently committed yourself in many things. In your letter, you heap together so many ideas, you bring together so many personages, that I hardly know with which of your indiscretions I must first begin. But let me tell you, that this talking with so many about our affairs, and your acting as my procurator, are not entirely in accordance with the spirit of our Institute, which recommends us rather to be unobtrusive, humble, and contented. You speak of persecutions; how can it be otherwise where there is so much talkativeness and imprudence? You must not imagine that every persecution is for justice's sake. There are persecutions which a man brings on himself by his own folly. It was highly indiscreet of you to ask an audience of the Supreme Pontiff for the solution of doubts, which proceeded from an over-heated imagination, and from a lack of simple Christian docility. Is not the right royal road before you when you are called to the Institute of Charity, and the Superior warns you that the time is come? To wish to turn from it is not the way to reach the goal. The triumphant style in which you apologise for seeking, without my orders, an interview with the Pope, gives me so much displeasure, that I must disown you, if you do not acknowledge your fault and inconsiderate behaviour. What temerity and presumption induced you to negotiate so many things without first requesting to know my opinion? And when you were doubtful, why not write to me immediately and wait for my advice, instead of going to the Pope? Had you done so, how many false steps would you not have avoided? But you feared, perchance, I would give suggestions contrary to your wishes, and hence you desired to get the words of the Pontiff as a shield to protect you while acting in conformity with your own pleasure. But, away with these devices! Let us be actuated by simplicity alone. We want no subtle diplomatist. Our Institute is not benefited by similar manœuvres; nay, it could not exist by such means. The extreme kindness of the Holy Father towards me has induced him

to be affable to you, but I will let him know, if necessary, that I had nothing to do with your proceeding, and that I am grieved you should have abused his benignity, and that, if you do not amend, I shall no longer recognise you as one of our body. Besides, you say, that you several times sought an audience of the Holy Father, since his exaltation to the throne, in order to congratulate with him in the name of our society. But, who gave you the commission? Who made you its ambassador? Your own fanciful notions made you think yourself the representative of a society which you did not even consult, much less give its authorization. How many mistakes have we here? I am ashamed when I think of the pretty credit you procure in Rome to myself and the poor Institute, exhibiting yourself as our general commissary and plenipotentiary envoy. But God's will be done; my sins have, no doubt, deserved it. Let me, however, tell you plainly, that I admit no more excuses, and that I insist upon an acknowledgment of your faults. Moreover, if you have not hitherto deceived me, and if you have a true vocation to the Institute of Charity, I order you to set out on your journey to Domodossola, forthwith, and not on foot, (as it would be tempting God with your frail constitution,) but by coach."

This firm and penetrating letter of his superior had the effect of preserving the postulant in his vocation. No sooner did he receive it, than he saw through the deceit of the Devil and his own self-love. He wrote to his superior immediately, thanking him for his forbearance, and acknowledging his fault, promising, at the same time, that he would lose no time in taking his departure from Rome, which was shortly afterwards happily accomplished.

The memoir now shows us Father Gentili in his novitiate at the Monte Calvario, where, to his surprise, he was made Master of Novices in the Infant Society, and was forced from circumstances to divide his time between the duties of his post, and those of preacher and confessor. Chapter iv., of book ii., gives an animated account of his various labours in the novitiate, which is the more interesting, as it was here that Gentili laid the foundation of that extensive practical experience, which afterwards rendered his labours in England so fruitful in happy results.

The volume proceeds to give a full account of the various negotiations, which ended in the mission of Gentili, with two companions, to reside in the college at Prior Park. Early in May, 1835, Gentili left Roveredo with his companions, on their way to Rome, to beg the blessing

of the Apostolic See upon their mission, which they happily obtained, the Holy Father, as they all knelt before him, saying to them;

"The Lord opens for you a large field to do good therein; be firm in good principles, and teach sound doctrine"—then raising his hand to bless them, he thus concluded: "May God bless, help, and prosper you."

They then left Rome, and proceeded on their journey, arriving in London on the 16th of June.

The impression which the sight of this town, described in so many different ways by the visitors of different nations, deserves notice:

"We seemed to be really entering," he wrote in a letter, "the city of Pluto: black houses, a black sky, black shipping, and black looking sailors—filthy to an extreme degree—the waters of the Thames were tinged with a colour between black and yellow, and emitted a stench highly offensive; on land, there prevailed a confused noise, with horses, carriages, and men of every condition running and crossing each others' path—in fine, to make a long story short, here the devil is seen enthroned, exercising his tyrannical sway over wretched mortals."

This impression of England does not appear to have been improved by a further acquaintance, for we find Father Gentili afterwards describing his missionary life in Leicestershire, in the following terms:

"Here I am, among heretics; alas! what a humiliation it is for a son of Holy Church to behold his mother here in the most deplorable slavery! What errors, vices, miseries, and folly prevail! Who will give tears sufficient to my eyes to weep over such a desolate state of things? God's judgments are inscrutable; but it appears a divine malediction has fallen upon this land. It is a chaos, where 'nullus ordo, sed sempiternus horror inhabitat.' Even nature seems to concur in reducing it to this condition; for the country, generally speaking, presents nothing to view but hay and oak trees. The atmosphere is almost always cloudy, and whenever it shows itself serene, it appears with a leaden coloured veil, which weighs down one's spirits. O where are those evenings and days of another clime—when at morn, or at noontide, I could raise my eyes towards the sun's brilliant beams, and at night, to the starry vault of Italy's azure sky, and feel at the same time, my soul, of the world unmindful, wholly absorpt in God! Where, in fine, amid the warbling of nightingales, I used to raise my voice in psalms and canticles,

in behalf of my own necessities, and the Church's wants, to the Creator's eternal throne? Here, on the contrary, a flock of garrulous crows continually stunning my ears, render my abode still more dismal."

Such were our missionary's impressions of a country, whose own inhabitants regard it as the favoured and choice spot of the earth, and its people as specially blessed, by their enjoying the pure light of the Bible, and the Divine Revelation unadulterated by human traditions.

We must pass over Gentili's career at Prior Park, where, against his own inclination, he was made superior of the college, by the Bishop, the account of which is full of interest, and must also omit his various labours in different parts of the diocese, in order to follow him again to Italy, whither he returned in 1839, to take his vows as Presbyter of the Institute. This was happily accomplished on the 22nd of August, in a subterranean chapel selected for that purpose near the catacombs of St. Sebastian.

Soon after his admission as a professed member of the Institute, he had to pass through another trial, the account of which we must give at length, in an extract from the work, which is especially interesting, as showing the struggle of mind to which an ardent spirit is so often liable to subject itself, when walking towards perfection in the path of obedience, and the happy victory which the good father gained over himself:

"Before parting, the Father General took Gentili aside, and after tenderly embracing him, gave him to understand that probably he would not have to return with the others to England, but to remain in Italy; and that until further orders, he must take up his abode at Monte Calvario. The superior came to this determination for the three following reasons: In the first place, he wished to relieve from embarrassment Bishop Baines, who seemed averse to the recall of Gentili to Prior Park; and on the other hand, to employ him exclusively in the direction of convents would not prove agreeable to the members of the Institute. In the second place, it was considered that Gentili might be more usefully occupied in charitable works in Italy; or in founding a new mission in England, as certain providential signs indicated as soon likely to happen. Thirdly, it was intended also to afford Father Gentili an occasion of exercising those virtues so becoming a religious man; viz., humility, indifference, and obedience.

"In this state of mind he set sail from Civita Vecchia, and on the 24th of August, landed at Leghorn, where he remained the

following day, which happened to be the fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost, and dedicated to the Sacred Heart of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In the company of his brethren, while visiting the churches of the city, he entered the Armenian temple, wherein a beautiful image of the Queen of Angels happily attracted his attention. Prostrating himself before it, and showing to his dear mother his own afflicted heart, with humble and filial confidence, he begged to remind her, that the present festival in honour of her sacred heart, had been first introduced at Rome, by his own paternal uncle—the pious Abate Marconi, and that in consequence, he hoped to be freed on that day from his many temptations, in order to execute cheerfully in every thing, the will of her Divine Son! Wonderful to relate, he had no sooner finished this devout prayer, than he felt himself profoundly moved to compunction—and a torrent of sweet tears soon flowed from his eyes. Thus his heart he felt had become durably changed; and replete with consolation, he was enabled to thank the Lord, who, after permitting Satan to depress him so frightfully, had at length filled him with such spiritual fortitude and joy, as to render pain and confusion not only tolerable, but desirable even, ‘*usque ad mortem.*’”

It proved, shortly afterwards, to be the will of God to recall him to England, where he was sent by his superior to become chaplain to Ambrose Lisle Phillips, Esq. of Grace Dieu Manor in Leicestershire, where he arrived in safety, and was most cordially received, on the 12th of June, 1840.

Gentili's career as a missionary among the stocking weavers and colliers of the benighted neighbourhood, where Providence had conducted him, is very vividly and circumstantially described, and is a part of the volume abounding in interest. He has to instruct himself in the habits and feelings of the people, to overcome the instinctive aversion and alienation, with which the Saxon aborigines of an English country parish regard the advances made to them by a foreigner who speaks their language imperfectly, and shows that he does not fully understand their habitual ideas. He has to go on foot from village to village, to bear to be pelted with mud by the boys, to be abused by the parsons and Methodist preachers from their pulpits, to be burnt in effigy. He has, by addressing himself unweariedly to individuals, to gather together his little congregation, and all the while, alone and single-handed, to withstand a violent opposition from a multiplicity of quarters. But what is there that can daunt a zeal bent upon serving God, and, strengthened by the firm conviction

that God calls to the work, what can discourage a heart that is fixed by divine charity upon the procuring the salvation of souls, by bringing them to the communion of the Church? It was in the labours of this mission, as Gentili himself acknowledged, that he gained that intimate knowledge of the actions, thoughts, and ways of life of the labouring poor of England, among whom he was to soon spend the remaining years of his life as an itinerant missionary.

Various were Father Gentili's personal adventures as a missionary at Grace Dieu, which are all told in a very pleasing and natural manner; and at the end of two years, his success was such, that he was removed to Loughborough, to take charge of the mission that had been formed there some years ago, the bishop having placed the mission-house at the disposal of the Institute. Here Father Gentili remained engaged in parochial duties, and in giving retreats, until he was formally appointed to the office of itinerant missionary, in the year 1845.

But it is time we should relate one more instance, which forms as honourable a testimony to the firmness and wisdom of the superior, as it shows the real goodness of Father Gentili, and how much his ardent spirit owed to the wise and judicious direction, to which he received the grace to submit himself:

"The case happened thus. The superior of the Institute in England, the Rev. Father Pagani, with the sanction of the Bishop, had undertaken to provide for a very important mission in Birmingham, and all that remained to be done was to send the appointed labourers from Loughborough.

"But apprehensive that this undertaking might check the work of extraordinary missions, which he deemed of paramount importance, not to mention his other fears, and deceived by the appearances of a greater good, Father Gentili so warmly opposed the Birmingham negotiation, that it miscarried, much to the displeasure of his superiors, and not a little also to their discredit. To justify his own conduct in this affair, he wrote a long letter to the Father General. This wise superior, who soon perceived his correspondent's mistake, pointed it out to him in a reply of which we give the version entire:

"I have received your letter of the 3rd April, (1844) in which, for the discharge of your conscience, you apprise me of what you have said and done relative to the missionary affair at Birmingham, in order that I may give you a due penitential reprimand, in case I find you faulty. Ah, my dear friend, to my great grief and infinite

sorrow, I do find fault with you indeed. The substance of your letter is this, that, for the good of the Institute in England, you have managed to defeat the completed plan of a work already arranged by your superior. Now, pray tell me, do you perchance admit the principle, that subordinates may bring about the failure of their superior's regularly concerted operations, when they opine them to be injurious to the society to which they belong? If you reflect on this principle, you must see that it contains the destruction of religious obedience—the only basis of true virtue, and without which holiness becomes illusory and ungodly, and there can be no well-grounded hope that the Lord will prosper the Institute. Now, tell me, have you not acted according to this destructive principle? How could your conscience suggest such a war against the work of your superior? You say (perhaps) to save the Institute from a threatened misfortune. Had you the authority? Were you charged therewith by a legitimate commission from God? Why did you not hold firmly the principle of faith, that he who obeys does not err, and that he who submits, without leaving his own sphere, is assured of God's assistance? Does not the Holy Ghost say, *vir obediens loquetur victorias*? How much greater good would you not have done the Institute, by placing trust in obedience—a virtue so dear to the Lord, and by steadfastly believing that in this way God would not fail to reward you, and bless the Institute, and draw good out of evil, even supposing the superior had made a mistake. How deplorable, then, is the illusion! But herein does not consist the whole of your guilt. To succeed in what was not your business, not satisfied with openly thwarting your superior's judgment, you resort to blameworthy means for succeeding in your intent, disapproving of what your superior had concluded with respectable parties, diminishing thereby his credit and authority, and, while worthy of much esteem, making him appear to be a man of little prudence! Oh God! Who would have thought that to such a degree Satan could have deluded you, '*sub specie boni*?' I greatly deplore the real injury you have done to the Institute by this bad example; and I grieve that you have become the instrument of discord, while you ought to have been the centre of union, the model of perfect obedience, and the cement of fraternal charity. Ah! my dear brother, open your eyes to the imprudence committed, and to the violation of the virtue and spirit of your vow. Ask, therefore, pardon of God, and promise Him a true amendment. I desire you not to appear holy in the eyes of man, as this often imperils a man's eternal salvation; but rather to be truly a saint in the sight of God. Withal, you will never attain to holiness, if you do not make it consist in a total abnegation of your own judgment, and in a perfect obedience to your superiors. Do then, my dear friend, afford me the consolation of seeing you re-enter yourself, and draw profit from my words, which are a warning which God sends you, through my unworthy medium.

Promise me in writing that you will never fall again into errors of a similar nature, that you will do nothing more unknown to, or against the will of your superiors, and that, to carry out your own views, you will not rely for support on the influence of others out of the Institute. In fine, write to me in such a manner as to prove that your error, though serious and imprudent, was accidental and transitory. Renounce for ever your own will to follow that of God ; then shall I bless the Lord for having enlightened you, and entertain the hope of you being a worthy son of the Institute, which has for its foundation obedience, "*usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis.*"

The remainder of this interesting memoir contains a circumstantial account of the different missions—the success of which is too well known that we should now need to refer to them—on which Father Gentili, with his colleague, Father Furlong, were engaged, up to the time of the death of Father Gentili in Dublin, on the 26th of September, 1848, who fell a victim to that divine charity which had been the rule of his life in the Institute which bears that highly favoured name.

To those who love to trace the designs of a wise and merciful Providence interposing in the events that happen in this world, there is afforded matter for reverent and thoughtful contemplation, in considering why it should have pleased God to take Father Gentili away, with such apparent suddenness, from the scene of his labours, in which he seemed to be accomplishing so useful and even necessary a work in the revival of faith and the reformation of morals in the Church of both kingdoms. He was in the height of carrying on a great work, and for a time this seemed to be stopped by his death.

Yet, doubtless, this has been a wise and merciful dispensation, even though we were to remain completely at fault in trying to trace wherein the mercy and wisdom of the dispensation could be said to consist. The subject affords scope for consideration, and we ourselves will venture to hope, that the dispensation took place in order that it might be with this holy Father as it was with the Israelite champion of old, with whom those whom he slew at his death were more than those whom he slew in his life ; viz. that the holy missionary who fell with his weapons in hand, and in his spiritual armour, on the field of battle, the victim of divine charity, will win more souls to God by his death alone, than he would have done by his life.

"Skin for skin," answered Satan, "and all that a man has will he give for his life." "Yet the Good Shepherd giveth His *life* for the sheep." These are the credentials of the Catholic missionary, "*Oves occisionis sumus.*" What are a few years more or less to us in this world, compared with the question of discharging our duties in it? If the people of England are to be won to the faith, morals, and discipline of the Catholic religion, they are to be won by those who come to them, superior to the question of life or death. If the Catholic missionary is not superior to this consideration, he is not equal to the exigences of his position, for any moment may call him to the bedside of a fellow creature dying of a contagious disease, which he himself might take, and die in less than a week.

In Father Gentili's death we have this principle of our faith and practice clearly avowed, and placed in open day; that rare talents, high natural gifts, choice abilities, the uncommon qualifications of the orator, the theologian, the casuist, and the able and enlightened director, qualifications uncommon, each by themselves individually, and still more uncommon in combination, are yet no ground of exemption from the chances of the battle-field. We do not say, here are rare qualities found in combination, here is a choice subject, fitted for special purposes, he must be nursed and sparingly used, lest a mischance befall him, no; he must go to his post, and there take his stand on the field of battle, and, if it please God, die as becomes a soldier, with his arms in his hand. What can be more simple?

In this point how instructive is the contrast of Father Gentili's death as a Catholic missionary, being, in this respect, but a specimen of what his brethren engaged in the same labours are also, with the lives and labours of the clergy of the Established Church, and the sectarian preachers as a body. With them the last thing to which they expect their religion to introduce them, is the necessity of preparing to run the risk of death; and although there have been honourable exceptions, still whenever anything happens to bring them in contact with duties involving risk of life, either the duties are neglected, or like officers who sell their commissions the moment they hear of their regiment being ordered upon dangerous service, the persons in question absent themselves from their post,

and seek safety for themselves and families in flight. The Catholic missionary stays at his post, and if it is God's will, dies *there*. Less than this could not be expected from a divine religion. "The hireling, because he is a hireling, seeth the wolf coming; and betakes himself to flight, because he careth not for the sheep." "The Good Shepherd layeth down His life for the sheep."

In another point of view also, we venture to anticipate much excellent fruit from the memoir before us. Father Gentili's life, as we have sought to show by the extracts we have given, is a signal example how much may be owed, in the path of spiritual advancement, to the wise training and government of superiors in religion; in this respect the memoir abounds in instruction, both to superiors and their subjects, and may, with the blessing of God, exercise a most beneficial influence in deciding future vocations to the religious life.

Lastly, with regard to the characteristic features of Dr. Gentili's career as a missionary in England, it is quite in place to point attention to the plain and obvious fact, which, in our opinion, speaks so much for the good sound sense, and plain enlightened wisdom of this holy Father. He was an Italian, of an ardent temperament, of refined tastes, of naturally delicate perceptions. If ever there was a person by nature disinclined to sympathise with the qualities of the Saxon mind, Father Gentili was this person. If there ever was a person of whom it might naturally have been expected that he would have come among us, hopelessly in love with a type of religious worship, and incurably prepossessed with an order of religious ideas, imbibed under the influence of the eager mind, and the more genial climate of his own beloved Italy, Gentili again was that person. Behold, then, this ardent admirer of Italy at his missionary labours; at Grace Dieu see him, going from cottage to cottage, studying, yes, deeply, profoundly studying, the nature of the people he had been sent to instruct, acquainting himself with their traditions, learning their ways of thought, their interests, their very foibles and failings, all to discover where an access might be found to implant, if not a Catholic doctrine, at least a desire to learn what Catholic doctrine might be.

But it is time to take leave of this interesting and most instructive memoir, and in taking our leave we again

ferently repeat our desire and hope, that the numbers of those estranged from God and their salvation, whom this victim of charity will gain by his death, may far exceed in number those whom he gained by his holy and self-denying life.

ART. III.—1. *Jesus the Son of Mary*; or, the Doctrine of the Catholic Church upon the Incarnation of God the Son, considered in its bearings upon the reverence shewn by Catholics to his Blessed Mother. By Rev. JOHN BRANDE MORRIS, M.A., 2 vols. 8vo. London: Toovey, 1851.

2.—*Lettres Catholiques sur l'Evangile. Catholic Letters on the Gospel.* By the ABBE MASSIOT. Paris: Dentu, 1851.

WHEN, some numbers back, we treated first of the Parables,* and then of the Miracles, of the New Testament,† and showed how they could only receive their obvious explanation, as instructions, through the Catholic system, we felt that the same principle was applicable to all that our Redeemer said or did to make us wise unto salvation. To suppose that the less direct teaching of the Gospel belonged exclusively to the Spouse, and that the more immediate announcement of religious truth was common property to her and to her rivals, would indeed be an anomaly of reasoning, whereof we should be sorry to have any one suspect us. The miracle was for the unbelieving multitude; the parable was for the heartless priest and scribe; for friends and dear ones were the ordinary and domestic actions of Christ's earthly life; for apostles and disciples were His words of eternal life, the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. The Church that alone can claim succession, in ministry, in truth, in grace, and even in history, from these, must alone be entitled to appropriate to herself what was done and said for *them*. Others may

* Vol. xxvii.

† Vol. xxvii.

stand in the skirts of the crowd, and listen; some may even penetrate into the inner circle that stands about Jesus, to interrogate, being doctors of the law, or to tempt, being pharisees. And if, like those who were sent to apprehend Him, but remained to listen to Him, they attend with sincerity, to His doctrines in parables and in mighty works, they will find them directed, as we have before seen, to force them into communion with, and submission to, the one holy and apostolic Church, in which alone His teaching ends, which alone His miracles illustrate.

But when the day's labour is closed, and no Nicodemus comes by night, to prolong it, before our heavenly Teacher retires to the mountain-top, or to His humble chamber, to pass the hours of repose in *His* rest, "the prayer of God," we see Him seated in the company of the few, of the faithful, and the loving; the Shepherd of the little flock, the Father of a slender household, partaking with them of their homely fare, and sharing with them in their untutored conversation. That His speeches to the multitude and to the priests were clothed in noble and elegant language, no one can doubt. The people admired not only the wisdom, but the grace, which flowed from His lips; * the learned, like Nicodemus, conversed with Him respectfully; † and all wondered at the gifts, ordinarily of education, spontaneously springing from the mind of a reputed carpenter's son. ‡ But without repassing the ground trodden over in the first of the articles referred to, we will content ourselves with saying, that had the language or accent of our Saviour betrayed any symptoms of Galilean rudeness, the ridicule which might have been cast upon it would have been too keen and too useful a weapon, to have been refused by his unprincipled foes. The Jewish writers are unsparingly severe upon it. But when we come to contemplate our B. Redeemer retired from the crowd into the society of His disciples and familiar friends, we cannot but see Him descend into the familiar dialect of His own country; as senators in Venice, or nobles in Provence, would do when in the bosoms of their families. With Peter, whose speech in the priests' hall made him known for a Galilean, § he would converse in those homely phrases, and with those local tones, which formed the language of the more favoured

* Luke iv. 22.

† John iii. 2.

‡ Matt. xiii. 56.

§ Matt. xxvi. 43.

cottage, as of the surrounding dwellings, of Nazareth, and which He condescended to lisp in infancy, as if caught from the sweet lips of His humble Mother. For affectation must be removed, as much as coarseness, from our estimate of His character who chose to be poor among the poor.

And thus also we come to contemplate the frugal meal at which this heavenly conversation was held, as corresponding in its outer form and features. Rude furniture in an unadorned chamber, rough-hewn tables and stools, the wooden platter, and the earthenware beaker, are the preparation for a repast, of which the bread is not from Aser,* nor the wine from Engaddi. Yet what a banquet! Here it is that the parable is explained, and the want of faith censured; that contentions for precedence are checked, and deep lessons of charity and humility are taught; that, in fine, the mysteries of revelation are disclosed, and the gospel seed is dropped into warm and panting hearts.

Surely then, if the Church can claim the more mysterious teaching of adverse or curious crowds, as all directed for her improvement, she must have as fair a right to appropriate to herself that more intimate and direct instruction, which was addressed to those, whom she alone represents, and succeeds, on earth. And such is the teaching by actions and by words. To the first we shall confine ourselves in this paper, reserving the second to a future opportunity.

But though we have drawn a faint outline of our Lord's dealings with His Apostles and friends, by way of describing the scenes of familiar life in which we may find instruction, in so doing we have kept before us an ulterior view.

I. In fact, if "Christian" signifies a follower and disciple of Christ, one who looks up to his Master's example as a perfect model, there must, and will, be among those who bear that name, many that will gladly copy whatever He has been pleased to do. To all, this may not be given, any more than it is granted them to resemble Him in His ministry, or in His sufferings, or in His more spiritual prerogatives. But as His type is not to be found reproduced in any one of His disciples, as John came nearest to Him

* Gen. xlix, 20.

in love, Peter in elevation and headship, Paul in eloquence, James in prayer, Andrew in death; and as in later times His sacramental grace lives in His priesthood, His patience in His martyrs, His union of soul with God in His holy virgins; so may we expect to find in some class of His chosen imitators this love and choice of poverty, this denudation of worldly comfort, and neglect of bodily ease. Our B. Redeemer is indeed a fount of burning light, the very sun of the spiritual firmament in His Church; and the rays that are concentrated, with dazzling intensity in Him, diverge and are scattered over earth as they descend; and one is reflected back from one soul, and another from another, reproducing jointly the image of Himself; but each one brightly rendering back only one, though absorbing many more. Now if one of the virtues of our Lord was contempt of earthly things, and love necessarily of abjection, it must yet be reflected upon earth somewhere in His Church; and if this virtue be found only in one among contending parties, it surely will form a moral note, a seal of Christ not to be mistaken.

We imagined, for instance, just now, this heavenly teacher joining His disciples in their temperate repast, entertaining them meanwhile with that word, on which man lives, no less than upon bread.* Now let us descend eleven hundred years in time, and travel from Palestine to a more westerly region. There is a cleft in a mountain's side, down which, though most precipitous, and seemingly carved out by an ancient torrent, rarely a drop of water flows, into whose dismal avenue no songster of the grove is known to penetrate. Patched against the side of this gloomy glen, and rooted in its grey crags, is a dwelling, half built, half excavated, which, at the period alluded to, had just been constructed. The inmates are at meat. Just enter in. Their refectory is low, dark, and damp, for one part of it has its walls of rock. All else is in admirable keeping: the tables and forms are scarcely less rugged. And what is on the former does not fall much behind. A few herbs from the impracticable garden, seasoned poorly, bread of the coarsest, and drink of the sourest, form the provision. At this are seated young men and old, all simply clad, of grave aspect and modest demeanour. One alone is not engaged as the rest. He is seated

* Matt. iv. 4.

apart, and reads to them that eat. Let us listen to his words, which seem to rivet the attention of all, and give a dainty relish to their homely food. Is it from the "Romaunt of the Rose" that he is reading? Is he reciting scraps of minstrelsy, that tell of chivalrous deeds, or of some high-born dame on her ambling palfrey, escorted by a gallant knight? Something of the sort, forsooth; but sweeter, Oh! by far! From the Book of books he is reading, how in cold winter a gentle maiden rode from Nazareth to Bethlehem upon an ass, attended by a poor carpenter; and at her journey's end, lodged in a stable. At this simple tale, behold, he who presides puts away his frugal platter, and rises from his hard seat, trembling with emotion, his eyes glistening with tears, his hands clasped convulsively. What has caused this sudden outburst of grief? Why, he seems to himself a base poltroon, a dainty, delicate fellow, lodged gloriously, clothed luxuriously, fed sumptuously, the very rich glutton of the Gospel, when he compares himself with her, who, delicate, and pure as the lily bending over the snow-drop, adores the heavenly Infant who has come, in that hour, to share her cold and poverty. And so he crouches down in shame and humility on the clay-pavement of his refectory, and in a low wailing, broken with sobs, exclaims: "Woe is me! The Mother of my God seated on the ground, and I comfortably placed at table! My infant Saviour poor and destitute, and I enjoying an abundant meal!"

Now to the scripture read, this was then a commentary, and it must be allowed a practical one. It said, more plainly than the neatest print of modern fount could convey it, that if Jesus Christ chose poverty and discomfort for Himself and those whom He best loved, He cannot but be pleased with those who, out of dear love of Him, choose a similar state. It goes on to say, that even when we have done our best to copy, the divine original stands far above us, and beyond our reach, and there is room left for humility at seeing our distance. And so the holy St. Francis, one of whose many beautiful actions we have been narrating, as well as many of his companions, had been rich, but had become poor, nay, wretchedly poor, and mortified, and neglectful of self, and all for God's sake. Yes, though in a cavern, clad in a single tunic, girt with a cord, and feeding on commonest fare, he saw enough to make him weep, in the greater abasement of God made man.

A proud supercilious age will no doubt tell us, that St. Francis did not rightly read the Gospel. Was he wrong, then, in understanding from it, that our Saviour loved and chose poverty? Or was he wrong in believing it good to love and choose what *He* loved and chose? If the meal which we have described is not to be considered as approaching to the character and spirit of the repast enjoyed by the apostolic college, with their divine Head, then we will agree to go elsewhere to look for a parallel. Whither shall we go? To the workhouse, with its inflexible dietary? Or to the hospital, like St. Cross, with its stinted fare? But it is the voluntary imitation of the divine example, in the Church, that we are seeking; and not the compulsory fasts inflicted on others by the State or the Church. Perhaps when churchmen meet in hall—the nearest approach to the monastic refectory—for example, in one of our universities, may be expected the closest adaptation of necessary refection to the evangelical standard. On a fast-day, particularly of the Establishment's appointment, we may hope to see how well it reads the gospel injunctions. Beneath the well-carved, lofty roof-tree, beside the emblazoned oriel, amidst the portraits of the great and rich men, who have sanctified the hall before then, around tables well furnished—we will say no more—sit the ministers of a dispensation, which if it be of invisible and spiritual goods, neglects not the ponderable and the perceptible. Perhaps, after the duties of the hour are over, one of them will wipe his mouth, and proceed to evening lecture in the pulpit, there to assure his hearers that, among the superstitions of popery is that of embracing a life of poverty and abjection, voluntarily suffering privations, subjecting the body by austerity: all which comes of not studying the scriptures; as neither the example of our Lord, nor the writings of Paul, give the least warrant for such unnatural conduct. And he will instance, as proof, the grovelling Francis, who quite lost sight of his Saviour, by going on the path of poverty.

In the life of St. Gregory the Great, we read that he daily entertained, and served, at table twelve poor men, in honour of the twelve apostles; and that one day a thirteenth unbidden guest sat with them. "And none of them that were at meat durst ask Him: Who art Thou?"

knowing that it was the Lord.”* Now were it to please that same divine Being to visit thus, in visible form, the haunts of men, and seat Himself at table, where most congenial to His meek heart; we are simple enough to believe that He would be more naturally to be expected in that very refectory of St. Francis’s *Carceri*, yet existing in that cloven Appennine, near Asisi, where the same poverty and frugality are still practised, than in the midst of a clerical party, in the combination room of any University college.

It may perhaps be said, that our parallel is unfair. But we are driven to it, by the absence from the “pure and apostolic branch of the Church established in this country” of anything more likely, *a priori*, to bear analogy with our Saviour’s repasts among His apostles. And we cannot forbear remarking, how, in every Catholic community, the presence of Christ instructing His disciples, at their common table, is imitated by the reading of scripture during meals; a practice, we believe, confined to our “unscriptural” and “scripture-hating” Church.

But our main purpose hitherto has been to show, how this maligned, but only faithful Spouse, has alone read her Lord’s poverty as a practical lesson, has artlessly believed that it was not a chance but a choice, has unaffectedly deemed it a virtue, has found it a key to many otherwise locked-up treasures, a way rugged and steep over Calvary to Thabor. And this poverty of Christ, our Saviour, may be well put at the head of his actions, as ruling, modifying, and colouring them all, from His cradle to His cross.

It is not, of course, our intention, or we might properly say, our presumption, to go over even the principal actions of that life. We will only cull out a few, and we must premise that our selection will not be systematic; only we shall begin with the beginning, and choose classes or groups of actions, in preference to single acts. In the early period of the divine life on earth, we have necessarily to contemplate the influence which it had upon another person, inferior indeed by far, but nearer to Him of whom we speak than any other created being. A Catholic at once understands us to mean His Blessed Mother.

II. Now it has appeared to us, when contemplating the early scenes of the gospel history, that her place has been

* Jo. xxi. 12.

far from duly considered, with reference to questions controversially agitated. It is true that the Catholic attaches importance to all recorded concerning her in the gospel; and finds there proofs incontestable of her virtue, her dignity, her privileges, and her influence, or rather power. The protestant is, on the contrary, prone to depress, to extenuate, to disattach importance from, all that relates to her; nay, he seeks to overlook it all, as merely secondary, casual, and almost dangerous. Now it is surely important, and it can hardly fail to be interesting, to ascertain what place is appointed to her by the Word, and the Spirit, of God, in the twofold economy, of faith, and of grace. In the earlier part of gospel history we must look for our answer.

1. We shall perhaps a little weary our readers by the course of remarks through which we must beg to lead them. They will contain nothing new, and nothing very brilliant.

It is clear that the historical books of the New Testament present a twofold aspect, as trust-worthy, and as inspired, compositions. Their writers used every human industry and pains, to record what they believed and knew to be true; and the Divine Spirit superintended, guided, secured from smallest error, and sealed the work which Himself had suggested to the writer's mind. There were two excellent reasons, among others, for this mode of dealing. First, those books had to go forth and be examined by men who were unbelievers, and before whom their authors came merely as honest, accurate, and credible historians. They were to be received by Pagan and Jew, and later, by sceptic and sophist, antecedently to any recognition of their inspiration. They were to be submitted to all the tests of human ingenuity, and even malice; put on the rack; compared with every other sort of document; tried by geography, physics, history, morals; examined by every possible light, heathen, rabbinical, Gnostic, Jewish; tortured philologically in every member of every sentence. Then the character of each writer was to be investigated; when he lived and where; what were his means of knowing; what his right to speak; what his language, his dialect, his idioms, his peculiar turn of thought; what his object and purpose, and what his mode of attaining it; what his interest, his gain, his loss, his chances. In fact, men who were called upon to give up everything that human nature hugs, and evil passions stick to, on

the strength of certain most extraordinary facts related by what seemed very ordinary people, were not likely to do so upon a claim of inspiration, but would search into the evidence of the facts, through the credibility of their vouchers, with the sharp scrutiny of a repugnant mind. Now this inquiry must be exercised on the varied elements of a human truth. The earthly author must appear, if not in his infirmities, at least in his peculiarities, to lend a grasp to the eager searcher. Where there are no veins, no grain, no colour, no separable ingredients, no penetrable point, investigation is hopeless. Hence every defender of the Gospels, from the beginning of the Church till now, has laid hold of those coincidences with, or approximations to, other writers, which proved humanly the perfect veracity of the inspired writers; and even minute research has been employed, to discover apparently trifling corroborations of particular statements. Let the reader but look at the first sentence of Dr. Lardner's "*Credibility*," and he will see how an able Protestant vindicator of the New Testament undertakes what we have described. The same course is pursued by Catholics, enforcing the credibility of the gospel history against unbelievers.*

A second reason for this economy is that of its becomingness. The gift of inspiration could not be supposed to be bestowed on negligent or careless writers. We cannot well imagine a consciousness of inspiration (we do not speak of vision or revelation) in one who had witnessed facts, superseding all care or effort, accurately to remember what he had witnessed. He did his best to render himself worthy of the marvellous gift, by his own thoughtful and diligent application to the task. He wrote as conscientiously, and with as anxious a desire to give the truth, as though he had no guarantee against error.

The result is, consequently, as we have remarked, a double aspect under which the evangelical records present themselves. First, they will bear the strictest scrutiny as histories, antecedent to all proof of revelation; so as to compel the acknowledgment of the facts contained in them—facts which form the basis of christianity. And this secures moral certainty to one previously an unbe-

* Every course of theology will show this. E. g. Perrone, tom. i. cap. iv. pr. i. : tom. ix. par. ii. sect. i. c. i. pr. iii., where the usual arguments for credibility are brought forward.

liever. Secondly, they have on them the sacred and divine stamp of inspiration, of which no sufficient evidence can exist out of the Catholic Church; and this furnishes them with supernatural authority, making them be believed no longer with a human, but with a divine, faith. The one makes them credible, the other infallible; the one true, the other certain.

But the surest proof that the first character pervades the gospel history is, the appeal made by the writers themselves to the usual grounds of credibility. These are of two classes. St. John claims the rights of the first,—that of an eye and ear-witness. “That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life; (for the Life was manifested, and we have seen, and do bear witness, and declare unto you the Life eternal, which was with the Father, and hath appeared to us,) that which we have seen and have heard, we declare unto you.”* Again, of the mysterious flow of blood and water from Christ’s side. “And he that saw it hath given testimony; and his testimony is true.”† And at the close of his gospel: “This is the disciple that giveth testimony of these things, and hath written these things.”‡ St. Luke contents himself with being evidence of the second class, as the accurate recorder of events carefully collected from first witnesses. “Forasmuch as many have taken in hand, to set forth in order a narration of the things which have been accomplished among us, according as they have delivered them unto us, who from the beginning were eye-witnesses, and ministers of the word; it seemed good to me also, having diligently attained to all things from the beginning, to write to thee in order, most excellent Theophilus.”§

And, in fact, if we diligently peruse the Gospels, we shall perhaps be surprised to find, how few events are recorded, of which the knowledge could not have come from human testimony. The prayer in the garden, which was unwitnessed by man, and the first moments of the Resurrection, perhaps form the only exceptions; but they can, and may, be supposed to have been communicated by Him, whose testimony infinitely transcends that of man.

* 1 John i. 1.

† John xix. 33.

‡ John xxi. 24.

§ Luke i. 1-3.

We may seem to have made a long digression, or to have taken a circuitous path to our purpose. It is indeed so. But we have gained these two points: first, that the chain of evidence, whereby the great christian system is mainly sustained, must be unexceptionable as to strength, decision, and completeness, without a flaw or imperfection; and secondly, that the divine inspiration confirms and sanctions the solidity and fitness of every link. Hence arises the high position of evangelist in the order of saints. St. John is styled "the Evangelist," in preference to "the Apostle," because the first title is a distinctive beyond the second. And no small portion of the Apostles' glory consists in their having been chosen witnesses of our Blessed Lord's actions, to manifest them to the world; whence St. Paul hesitates not to say, that we are of God's household, because we are "built upon the foundation" (that is, the testimony) "of the Apostles and prophets."*

But whatever may have been the importance of the facts or events to which they were called to be witnesses, there was one of more importance than them all, one which is the very ground-work of the christian dispensation, without the certainty of which the entire system falls to pieces. This is the mystery of the Incarnation, as accomplished upon earth. To this God willed that there should be only one witness; of all its holiest details one sole evidence. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may stand,"† except the Word of words, the Incarnate Word. This must stand attested to the world for ever by only one witness,—and that was Mary the ever blessed. Who could tell that Gabriel came from heaven, and brought her, from the Eternal Father, message? Who, that she was alarmed at his greeting? Who, that she hesitated to accept the proposed prerogative of a divine maternity at its imagined price? Who, that he manifested the fulness of the gift, and the miraculous agency by which it had to be accomplished? Who, her virginal consent, and its concurrent effect, the Mystery of life, the Emanuel in existence, a God-man in being? Only she, the chosen, exclusive partaker, on earth, of the most hidden counsels of the Almighty.

Now, first, take away her contribution to the gospel testimony, efface her testimony to christianity, and you find

* Ephes. ii. 20.

† Matt. xviii. 16.

not simply a link broken, but the very fastening of the whole chain wanting; not merely a gap, or a break, made in the structure, but the foundation gone. In the laws of belief on testimony, what elsewhere appears unnatural is true. If you want to make a structure look unsafe, you represent it as a pyramid resting on its point. Yet where the number of believers increases at each generation, from the first source of evidence, it is clear, that a diagram representing this fact, and the unity of derivation of the truth believed, would present this very form. Now here the belief in the wonders wrought in the Incarnation, of ages and of the world, rests upon one point of testimony, a unit, a single voice—that of the B. Virgin Mary.

Again we say, cancel her testimony, and what becomes of all other witnesses? Had she not let out the secrets of her breast, or in higher truth, had not God's Spirit moved her, as He moved the Evangelists, not to collect indeed, but to scatter, not to enquire, but to teach; had He not thus made her the Evangelist of the Evangelists, and the Apostle to Apostles; had not that same divine influence, which overcame her first reluctance of purity, prevailed over her second unwillingness, from humility, (of which we shall treat later) and compelled her to speak; the whole tale of love, which fills the holiest of histories, would have wanted, not only its tenderest and most affecting beginning, but the very root from which its loveliness and beauty spring, to circulate through it all. We should have read with wonder the account of miracles most amazing, and discourses most admirable, and virtues most divine; but it would have been difficult for us to separate, in our minds, this narrative from what we attribute to prophets or patriarchs, had not the clear, and most sweet, and consoling record of our Lord's appearance on earth been preserved for us, so as totally to segregate Him from the very highest orders of holiness, and make Him even here "higher than the heavens." And let it be remarked too, that even the principal circumstances of our Saviour's Nativity and early life rest exclusively upon the same evidence. When St. Luke collected his narrative from those who had been witnesses from the beginning, Joseph was long departed, and so were Zachary and Elizabeth, as well as Simeon and Anna. She only who laid up

all that happened in her mother's heart,* survived, witness of the journey to Bethlehem and of the flight into Egypt, of the angelic messages which accompanied these events, and of the presentation in the temple. Who else had retained in memory the words so admirable, and so important to us, of Elizabeth and of Zachary; above all, that canticle of dearest interest to the Church for ever, her unfailing evening hymn, the *Magnificat*? It is a treasury, the mother's bosom, at once capacious and retentive, in which can be secured words and deeds that have passed from every other mind. And so when, after forty years, the early life of our Redeemer is enquired into, there remains one faithful and most loving witness, to give proof of what ennobled, ratified, and stamped with divine evidence, every action and every word of His after life. Mary alone supplied the testimony to His miraculous conception and birth, and to the fulfilment of the prophecies in her pure virginal being.

But we may go further. So completely had these wonderful occurrences been concealed, so well had "the secret of the King been hidden,"† that when our Lord came before the public, its uncontradicted opinion pronounced Him to be Joseph's son, "being, as it was supposed, the son of Joseph."‡ And the people hesitated not to say in His own very country, "Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren James, and Joseph, and Simon, and Jude; and his sisters are they not all with us?"§ And again they said, "Is not this Jesus the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? How then, saith he, I came down from heaven?"|| Here were valid elements of human evidence, a strong foundation for historical assertion. Had any one gone into the very country and neighbourhood where Jesus had lived, to enquire into His early history, he would have found concurrent testimony that He was "the carpenter's son." The espousals of Mary with him, would have been quoted, as well as their enrolment in Augustus's census. Public repute,—that is, the testimony of thousands, might have been powerfully alleged. And against all its authority what have we to oppose? The simple assertion of Mary. So

* Luke ii. 19, 51.

+ Tob. xii. 7.

† Luke iii. 23.

§ Mat. xiii. 55.

|| Jo. vi. 42.

high, so sacred, so undoubted is her word, that to the Christians of all ages it has sufficed to counterbalance every other source of information. Surely then, her place is the very first in the order of Gospel evidences, and so in the economy of faith.

Let us again consider, what gives her this position. When an apologist, as writers on the evidences are most unbecomingly called, wishes to establish the claims of the evangelists to our credit, antecedent to the proof of inspiration, he justly insists upon what they did and suffered, to demonstrate their sincerity. We are most rightly shown, how every interest was surrendered, every dearest affection sacrificed, prospects, comfort, home, friends, family; how every suffering was incurred, every hardship courted, from the discomfort of an uncertain life, to the extremity of certain death; and who, it is powerfully asked, would act thus without firm conviction, and on behalf of anything but truth? And further appeal is justly made to the wonders which they themselves wrought, and the supernatural gifts which they displayed, in attestation of their truthfulness. Now, all this being most true, let us see how it influences our idea of the character of God's blessed Mother. Long before the three first gospels were written, very long before the last of them was penned, the Apostles had given their testimony, to the whole world, "their sound had gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the end of the world." Some of them had even sealed their doctrine with their blood. And there may have been some who, like Thomas in India, or Bartholomew in Armenia, never used the written word, to teach Christianity. And no doubt each of them spoke as a witness of the Resurrection, and other miracles. But they were just as ready to die for the truth of much which they had not seen; for the certainty of the virginal conception of Mary, and the marvels of the Nativity. They indeed had divine internal conviction of all these facts; but they preached them to the heathen and Jewish world, as witnesses. They would claim therefore the same credit and authority, for what they taught on Mary's testimony, as for what they had witnessed with their own eyes. And if any one asked them what motives of credibility they could give for her witnessing, they would indeed neces-

* Ps. xviii. 5.

sarily be of a nature totally different from any other. To her were granted no miraculous power, no supernatural gifts. To her was not accorded the rougher evidence of apostolic trial and suffering. No prison, no rack, no sword, save that of grief, is her appointed lot. How could it have been otherwise? She lives in quiet; she dies in peace. What then was the corroboration of *her* testimony, which an apostle would allege? Her spotless innocence, her heroic fortitude, her unfailing sweetness, her peerless holiness; in one word her matchless virtue. But further, her participation in all the evidences of her Son's mission. Every prophecy which He uttered, every heavenly doctrine which He preached, every miracle which He wrought, every grace which He displayed, was witnessing to her, every time He called her His mother. Whatever proved to the world who He was, showed it equally what she was. Every work which demonstrated Him to be the Son of God, proved her irrefragably to be the Mother of God. "*Beatus venter qui te portavit, et ubera quæ suxisti,*"* was the natural expression of feeling regarding both. It was a contradiction of reason, and a blasphemy against God, to suppose that she was not worthy of her high dignity, her awful relationship, or rather her appointed office, in the scheme of man's Redemption.

Such was the ground of credibility accorded to her testimony; one superior far to what was given to any of the Apostles. Let us then imagine the "glorious choir" of these holy men, about to spread over the whole earth to preach the Gospel, and collecting together the great facts, which they must proclaim, as the basis of their doctrine, and to which they must bear witness, even by the shedding of their blood. There is as yet no written word of the New Law; and this is therefore the very first source of universal teaching. Each one comes to pour into the common fountain his jealously-guarded store, thence to well forth, and flow unfaillingly, as the stream of tradition through the Church—the life-bearing river of the earthly paradise. Some bring less, and some more: while those who have been born after time, into the faith, receive almost with jealousy what into their eager ears, by the more favoured ones, is poured. John and his brother and Peter attest the anticipation of celestial glory on Thabor.

* Luke xi. 27.

The first of these alone can recount, while others hang down their heads and blush, what took place on Calvary, and on its rood: and the last bears witness against himself, of his triple denial in the high priest's hall. Nicodemus has a hidden treasure which he brings out, in the mysterious conference that he held with Jesus; and Magdalen may be the only one to tell the history of her forgiveness. But when each one has contributed his all, miracles, and parables, and gracious words, and wisest discourse, and splendid acts, they have but furnished materials for a history of three years of a life of three-and-thirty. Where do the remaining thirty lie hidden? Who holds their annals? Who is the rich treasurer of that golden heap, of blessed words and acts divine? One, only one. Let her be entreated to enrich the world by participation of her recondite knowledge. She comes to pour, into the bright waters that flow from the apostolic fount, the virginal cruse which, Queen of wise virgins, she treasures in her bosom. Yea truly, and the lamp which *it* feeds cannot be extinguished. A few drops indeed only will she give; for by those thirty years it may be said, that she mainly was intended to profit; they were *her* school of perfection. But every single drop is most precious—is as a peerless and priceless pearl. “*Oleum effusum nomen tuum.*”* The very name of JESUS, that name of blessing and salvation, she makes known as a divine revelation to her, and with it all the promises of what He should, under it, accomplish, and the proclamation of what, by it, He was declared. While Apostles surrounded Him to witness His wonderful works, while multitudes pressed in admiration to listen to Him, she hung, at times, on the skirt of the crowd, or stood outside the door, the solicitous, because loving, mother. But the maternal heart naturally flies back to the days of infancy, which are there laid up in vivid recollection. The woman will most gladly remember the hour of her purest joy; when she rejoiced that a man was born into the world.† What then, if He was, the “Wonderful, God the Mighty.”‡ And such are the precious, and most soothing manifestations which Mary will make, for the comfort of devout souls, even to the end of the world. She will lay the very groundwork of the evangelical narrative. Whatever

* Cant. i. 2.

† John xvi. 21.

‡ Is. ix. 6.

gratitude the Church bears towards the collectors and preservers of our first sacred records, is due in signal manner to her. Whatever of credibility, authority, and truthfulness is warranted by Christian belief, to the witnesses of what constitutes the basis of faith, must be peculiarly extended to her. Nor may we doubt the justness of her title in the Church—*REGINA APOSTOLORUM*.

This our obligation is further enhanced by a consideration to which we have alluded, and which has often struck us in reflecting on a passage in the Gospel. May we be allowed to add, that its beauty, as well as its importance, seems to us to have been much overlooked. From *Mat. i. 18—24*, it is clear that the angel's visit to the B. Virgin was by her completely concealed. This would have seemed almost impossible. It was a subject for the purest, yet intensest, joy; for an exultation of spirit that would beam forth from every feature, would quiver on the lips, betray itself by involuntary gestures of bliss. Then to be so exalted, and not show consciousness of it; to be raised above every attainable dignity, to find oneself become the theme of prophecy, the fulfilment of types, the term of the Old Law, the dawn of the new day, the mother of the world's life, in one word, the Mother of God, and not, by look, or word, hint it; to be as calm, as simple, as natural, the next time she spoke with Joseph, as if nothing had occurred; this gives us a truer estimate of the beauty and perfection of her character, than almost anything else that is on record. And further, that naturally foreseeing or knowing, as time went on, Joseph's tormenting perplexity, she should have preferred to bear its pain—the most grievous possible to her pure and affectionate heart, to a manifestation of her lofty privileges, and heavenly maternity, proves both a humility without parallel, and a confidence in God's providence worthy of it. But now, is it rash to say, that, if even such strong motives as were here presented did not suffice to overcome her humble modesty, and induce her to manifest her hidden glory, there must have been a reason stronger still, to influence her, when afterwards she gave minute details of Gabriel's interview, and the circumstances of the divine Incarnation? And this will be supplied by the same power which impelled St. John, in extreme old age, to record his remembrances of our Lord's discourses; the Holy Spirit's prompting to a work important for our instruction, and so for our salvation.

And now we may ask, is there anything exaggerated, unnatural, or repugnant to God's word, in the view which we have taken of the B. Virgin's place in the economy of faith? We feel sure there is not. We have then only further to ask, is this her position one in accordance with Protestant ideas, or Protestant affections? Would it suit the pulpit or the pen of Anglican or Dissenter, Lutheran or Calvinist? Would it be tolerated even as a speculative thesis in a Protestant university, or be proposed as a theme for devout meditation by a high church director? Take the whole range of heretical feelings towards the Mother of the Incarnate Word, from brutish abhorrence, (we blush to write it,) to formal indifference, and see where her claims will fit in. But to a Catholic such a position is at once natural and acceptable. He greets with joy whatever tends to enhance her merits, or increase her praise. He recognises her as a being placed above his power of adequately doing justice to either. It is gratifying, therefore, and consoling to him to learn, even though it may not have struck him before, that the ever holy Virgin Mother of God holds a high, or the highest, place, in any relation which binds her, on the one side, to the merciful counsels of God, and, on the other, to those for whom they are decreed.

2. And now let us proceed to enquire, what place those early records of our dear Saviour's life assign to His Parent in the order of grace. That she was full of grace when she was chosen by God for that high dignity, we have an angel's word.* That the inpouring of all grace into the already full vessel, by the incarnation itself, made it overflow, who can doubt? We have only to examine what happened, on the first occasion of proof, to satisfy ourselves of this.

There must have been particular reasons, as we have before suggested, for the selection of any given Gospel history from the abundance withheld; and, therefore, it is no presumption to believe, that one of the most remarkable, and profitable events, succeeding the incarnation, was the visitation of Mary to Elizabeth. Simply read, it is a touching record. The humble condescension of that now sovereign lady towards her aged relative, in travelling into the mountains to congratulate with her, on her miraculous conception, and the lowliness of respect and

* Luke i. 28.

veneration with which her greeting was received, and the breaking out from Mary's holy lips, of her first and last recorded canticle and prophecy, render this meeting remarkable in the eyes of the most superficial reader. Catholic meditation will go deeper than this. Gabriel's was the first salutation of Mary, Elizabeth's the second; and in the Church's both are united and fit together, and are rivetted as naturally, as we are told the chains of Peter at Jerusalem and at Rome did, when brought into contact. "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb!" This might have been all spoken by one, so well do all its parts cohere. And what wonder? An archangel sent from God, and a matron filled with the Holy Ghost, are but different instruments moved by the same breath, and must sound in perfect harmony. And hence Elizabeth is the second, external witness of the incarnation, receiving knowledge of that marvellous mystery from the Spirit of God. What a full and overpowering sense of its grandeur, and of the dignity of Mary, do not her words convey? "Whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? and blessed art thou who hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord."* Suppose, three months before, it had been announced to Elizabeth that her relation Mary had come to see her, would it have appeared to her anything astonishing? She was the elder by many years, and her husband was a priest of high rank: could it have been thought a wonderful favour, an unexpected condescension, that the young maiden, betrothed to a carpenter, and their relation, should come to pay them both a visit? But Zachary, moreover, had been favoured by an angel's visit, a rare honour in those days, when the direct word of God had become precious, as in the time of Heli.† And let us observe, as we pass, that the respective positions of Zachary and Joseph, in relation to Elizabeth and Mary, are definitely distinguished by the difference of the two annunciations. In the first, the archangel Gabriel appears, and conveys the tidings of a son to the future father; in the second, he brings his message only to the immediate mother. But to return, Elizabeth, too, had been blest by a miraculous gift, of a child in her old age, of a child pre-

* Vo. 43—45.

† 1 Reg. iii. 1.

described by the greatest of the prophets. In the order of grace therefore, both had been signally ennobled. How much more sublime must the position of the B. Virgin have appeared to them, how much superior her rank, that her coming to them should have been, to their minds, as a royal visit, of which they could not, in any way, consider themselves worthy? Nor must it be forgotten that the expression of these sentiments proceeded not merely from a personal conviction, but from the Holy Spirit, who spake through Elizabeth. The words which she uses are worthy of special note. "Whence is this to me?" In other words, "What have I, or what am I, that such an honour should be conferred upon me? However favoured I may have been myself, however honoured by God's choice, and God's blessing, the distance between me and thee is so immense, that I cannot account for this act of kindness." Then how does she describe it? "That the mother of my Lord should come to me?" She was indeed the mother of the Precursor; Mary, of her, and his, Lord. Her son was to close the Old Testament, (for "until John was the law,"*) Mary's was to give and ratify the New; John was to be the sealer of prophecy, Jesus its fulfilment; John was the herald, Jesus the King. But the words "my Lord" recall to our minds a similar expression, where the two ideas of the Messiahship and the Godhead are united. "The Lord said to *my Lord*," as spoken by David, and explained in this sense by Christ Himself:† "*My Lord* and my God," as similarly applied by St. Thomas.‡ Elizabeth, then, the woman "just before God, walking in all the commandments and justifications of the Lord without blame;"§ Elizabeth, the mother of the "greatest who rose born of woman,"|| given to her miraculously; Elizabeth, in fine, the inspired of the Holy Ghost, here assigns to Mary a place immeasurably superior to her own: in virtue of her prerogative as the mother of the incarnate Word, the Saviour of the world, the only begotten of God the Father.

We may pause to ask with whose belief about the B. Virgin does this feeling of Elizabeth agree—with that of Catholics or with that of Protestants? The latter, as we

* Luke xvi. 16. † Ps. cix. 1. Luke xx. 42. ‡ Jo. xx. 28.

§ Luke i. 6. || Mat. xi. 11.

are told in a most important work just published,* consider her as "a good woman," perhaps a holy one. But with the exception of a few more ultra high-churchmen, none are prepared to exalt her so completely, by right of her prerogative, above every other order of sanctity, even that which the word of God has pronounced "without blame." In the Catholic system, on the contrary, no one will deny, that this superiority is not a matter of opinion, but one of universal belief; not a sentiment, but a doctrine. And it is assigned on the same ground as it is by Elizabeth, the incommunicable privilege of the divine maternity.

But all that we have said goes no further than allotting to the B. Virgin the highest place in the order of grace; whereas we have to enquire what is her relation to the economy, or dispensation of grace. For we have remarked, that the Visitation is a fair test of this. If any Catholic sentiment, respecting her, give particular offence to the Protestant mind, it is one which forms the basis of confidence in our devotion towards her: that it pleases God to make her the channel of great spiritual graces. In reality, there is nothing very unnatural in the idea, when one considers that it pleased Him to give, through her, to the world, the Grace of graces, the very Fountain of every good gift. While the ordinary laws of nature were so over-ruled, as that she alone should have a part in this god-like work, they were so preserved, as that her share should be real and complete. She was the only being ever created, from whom God at any time received or took anything. And it was that humanity thus derived in truth from her,† that, united with the divinity, in one person, but two natures, was the ransom of man, and the source of salvation and grace. After this, can it be wonderful, if by the same means are dispensed the fruit of that first and divine Gift? But let us see how it was in the Visitation.

Elizabeth thus addressed our Blessed Lady: "For behold, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in

* We have received, while writing the preceding paragraph, the Rev. J. B. Morris's most learned and interesting work, "JESUS the Son of Mary," in two volumes. We may probably save ourselves and our readers trouble, by referring to it as we proceed. We here refer to vol. i. p. 345.

† "Misit Deus Filium suum, factum ex muliere." Gal. iv. 4.

my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy." * It has been the unfailling tradition of the Church, attested, with perhaps one exception, by every Father, that, in that instant, the Baptist was cleansed from original sin, and sanctified in his mother's womb.† In fact, it would be repugnant to imagine consciousness of his Redeemer's presence so prematurely granted him, and a joyful recognition of Him made, without this boon. For the very knowledge, thus miraculously communicated, would imply conviction of sin, whereof He was the Redeemer; and this could only inflict pain, unless accompanied by immediate removal of what estranged one from the other. The joy attendant on the consciousness reveals that this took place.

St. John was thus purged and hallowed in the womb; this was a fruit of redemption, and, in fact, its essential result. To purchase for us forgiveness of sin, to reverse the original curse, and make us once more children of God, and heirs of His kingdom, were the great objects which brought down the Word from the bosom of His Father. Not only was this purification of John, before birth, a fruit of Redemption, but it may be well considered the first act of our Saviour's life, in application of His atonement. It was indeed meet that His very first recorded action, being yet unborn, should be the forgiveness of a sinner. It was no less becoming that this first deed of mercy and grace—the forerunner of so many similar ones, should be performed in favour of the Precursor; the theme of whose preaching, the burthen of whose prophetic song may well be supposed to have been taught him now: "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world!"

Now through whose instrumentality was this first act of graciousness performed, this first application of the fruits of redemption made? There was nothing to prevent its taking place silently. Jeremiah was not made aware till his mission commenced, that he had received consecration before birth.‡ But in this instance God was pleased to employ an outward agency, and we are told what it was.

* Luke i. 44.

† See the proofs collected in the work referred to, "Jesus the Son of Mary," vol. i. pp. 378.

‡ Jer. i. 5.

It was the voice, the word of His mother. As soon as the voice of her salutation sounded in Elizabeth's ears, so soon, and no sooner, does the act of mercy take place. Had that salutation been anticipated or delayed, by her will, the prophet's liberation would have come sooner or later. Her word of greeting was the sentence of his forgiveness. The pardon was our Lord's alone, the grace His, the love His; but the conveyance of them all was left to her; she transmitted pardon, grace, and love to the exulting prisoner.

This gives us then the place assigned, by the early records of our Lord's life, to His most blessed Mother, in the economy of grace. It makes her the dispenser of the very first grace which He bestowed after His incarnation; a grace of the most sublime order, in favour of his dearest saint, the friend of the bridegroom. Now let us take, in conjunction with this remarkable fact, another, and a parallel one. We mean the performance of Christ's first miracle at Cana. From St. John's account it is evident, that our Lord performed it in obedience to His Mother, and even anticipated His appointed hour for her sake: "My hour is not yet come." Heedless of this protest, she feels confident that He will grant her request, and orders the servants to make preparations for the miracle.* Again we have the same principle acted upon. The first temporal grace, though it required a miracle, and that miracle involved departure from a predetermined plan, was for her, at her request, through her means. The wine would never have been obtained, had she not interposed.

Our divine Master's actions, as we have before now remarked, were never purposeless. They give us principles and analogies which cannot deceive us. His first action especially, in a given case, may be supposed to lay down a rule. Thus we are told how He called His first disciples—Peter and Andrew, the sons of Zebedee, and Matthew. It was by a command to leave all and follow Him. We do not doubt, though not informed of it, that every other Apostle was called on the same terms. We find how He treated Magdalen, and the woman accused before Him; and nothing would induce us to believe that He ever showed Himself austere or unforgiving. Nay, one action of our Lord suffices to give a certain law. For

* John ii. 4, 5.

instance, could we doubt, after seeing His conduct at Cana, that had His blessed Mother, at any subsequent period of His life, asked Him for any other similar favour, or exercise of power, He would have refused it? The common sense of analogy forbids us to think so, with an *a fortiori* power; for it would have been much less to ask for a miracle when thousands were being performed, than to ask and obtain a first, and, in some sense, a premature, one.

Again this argument of analogy, or precedent, carries the Church always beyond this life. It is not necessary to enter upon any elaborate reasoning on this subject, but we may illustrate it by one or two examples. We assign to the Apostles their place in the celestial court, by that which they occupied, in relation to our Saviour, on earth. We do not compare their actions with those of others, and award relative merit accordingly. We do not consider whether St. Francis Xavier, or St. Boniface, may not have laboured more, or converted more to Christianity, than St. James, whom Herod slew, so early as the year 42.* We do not even give them rank by reason of their martyrdom; for St. John, who was not allowed to lay down his life for Christ, holds his pre-eminence as an Apostle far above all martyrs; nor would it make any difference in the place of any Apostle, could it be proved that he did not die for the faith. Why this? Because our Lord, by His mere choice of the twelve to be His companions, and by the high commission, and the powers which He bestowed on them, assigned them a position above every other class of saints, and this we believe to be continued to them in heaven. Again, Magdalen and Martha were sisters. The second preserved to the end of life an unblemished character, and is honoured by the Church among her holy virgins. She follows the Lamb in heaven whithersoever He goeth. Her sister has not this privilege; she is a saint only as a penitent. Yet the Church bestows upon Magdalen her higher honours, and gives to Martha an inferior reverence.† Wherefore the difference? Simply because on earth our

* Acts xii. 2.

† The Feast of St. Mary Magdalen is a greater double, that of St. Martha only a semi-double. To the first is also accorded the Nicene Creed in the Mass; which is not read in that of any other female saint except the B. Virgin.

Redeemer, by His conduct, gave her this rule. It was clear that He granted precedence to the ardent penitent, whose love and tears had blotted out every trace of guilt, before her more faultless, but less fervent, sister. It was really the parable of the Prodigal in action; the blameless son who had never left home, saw the best garment prepared, and the fatted calf killed, for his wandering, but rescued brother.

If then there be truth in all the foregoing remarks, we come to the following conclusions: That, firstly, it pleased our Saviour to make His dear Mother His instrument in the first conveyance of the highest grace, and of the first fruit of redemption, after He came on earth; secondly, and similarly, He made her the first cause and motive in the exercise of His beneficial miraculous powers, in favour of men; thirdly, His conduct being always a principle or rule, we may deduce, that on other similar occasions, He would have allowed her a similar privilege or right; and, fourthly, this argument of analogy does not end with His life, but gives the Church a just ground of belief and action, after both He and His Mother have been re-united in heaven. So far, then, from there being any strangeness, or impropriety, in considering the B. Virgin to be an ordinary channel of grace, and that of the highest order, such a view of her position seems borne out by our Lord's conduct, interpreted by the usual rules which we apply to it. This reasoning places our B. Lady, in the economy of grace, in the same position which we have seen her occupy in the economy of faith. She stands immediately next to her divine Son, above every other created being.

For if we compare her power even with that of the Apostles, we shall find it of a different, and a superior, character. They had in all fulness a double gift; the sacramental energy in its completest development, and a miraculous command over nature and its laws. The first was surely not comparable to the conveying directly saving virtue, from the Son of God in her womb, to the Precursor in Elizabeth's; thereby not only cleansing him from original sin, but probably arming him with immunity against actual transgression, sanctifying him for his high calling and spotless life. And who will surmise that it was a higher gift to hold the delegated power of working miracles from her Son, than to have obedience owned by Him who communicated it, and to possess the acknow-

ledged subjection of Himself and all His gifts? The meaning of the words, "Et erat subditus eis,"* came out to its full extent, in the act which closed the hidden life of Jesus, the miracle of Cana.

III. When we advance into the active life of the Word incarnate, every action speaks; and our difficulty is, out of so much that is admirable, what to choose as most excelling. We will take, therefore, as an illustration of our principles, a series of actions which, separately, may appear indifferent, but collectively afford a meaning too striking to be accidental, and yet only fitting into the Catholic system.

Our Lord selected His principal Apostles from among the fishermen of the Sea of Galilee. The particular call of four is especially described, of the brothers Peter, and Andrew,† and the two sons of Zebedee.‡ Thomas also and Nathanael, supposed to be the same as Bartholomew, were of the same profession.§ The reasons for this selection do not enter into our present subject; though they are not without their interest and importance. But the choice once made, it is evident that our Saviour associated Himself to His Apostles in their mode of life, and made use of it for His holiest purposes. A great part of the first year of His public life was passed on the borders of the Sea of Tiberias or Galilee; and He took advantage of His Apostles' skill, and familiarity with the coast, to move from place to place. The fourth, fifth, sixth, and eighth chapters of St. Mark will show how the fisherman's boat was almost His home.|| It was His place of sleep,¶ the pulpit from which He addressed the people,** His refuge in fatigue.†† Now, connected with this frequent use of the boat, are several remarkable passages of His life, which, apart from their miraculous character, present importantly instructive features. Indeed it may not be superfluous to remark, that in some of our blessed Redeemer's acts, the miracle may be considered as secondary: that is, we may contemplate the action independently of any miracle which accompanied it, and find that what was wonderful was only subservient to a lesson, inculcated by the action itself.

* "And He was subject to them."

† Matt. iv. 18.

‡ Ib. 21.

§ Jo. xxi. 2.

|| Mark iv. 35; v. 2, 18, 21; vi. 32, 54; viii. 10-14. ¶ Ib. iv. 38.

** Luke v. 3.

†† Mark vi. 32.

Perhaps the instances on which we are going to dilate will afford the best illustration of this principle.

That our Saviour Himself saw, and consequently designed, an analogy between the Apostle's and the fisherman's occupation, He Himself has deigned to inform us. "I will make you fishers of men,"* or "from henceforth thou shalt catch men,"† were His words, naturally suggestive of the parallel. But besides this very natural analogy, there were surely others, which must be considered most apt, in another view. What more like the Church, launched on the sea of this world, and, freighted with a heavenly burthen, borne forwards towards a sure harbour, than the vessel laden with Apostles, and bearing their Lord, lashed by the angry billows, and buffeted by the raging blast, tossed, shaken, distressed, almost broken, yet holding on her good course, and riding fearless over the wave, and through the storm? So natural is this comparison, that it has ceased to be one. The "nave," or "ship," of the material church is no longer so in simile; and it is scarcely an allegory to describe the visible, yet spiritual, Church, as a ship in which Christ is pilot, or as the Catholic would call it, as the bark of Peter. From the rude galley carved on the oldest monumental slabs in the catacombs, to Giotto's mosaic over the inner gate of St. Peter's, or Raffaele's miraculous draught of fishes, the symbol has been continued, till a very child in the Church can comprehend it.

But wherefore Peter's boat? This it is that we must see. If our blessed Saviour was pleased to retire into a vessel, and travel by it, it was not a chance one picked up on the shore, but one especially chosen by Himself to attend Him. "And He spoke to His disciples, that a small ship should wait upon Him, because of the multitude, lest they should throng Him."‡ What bark was this, so privileged, and so ennobled, scene too of such wonderful works? "They that go down to the sea in ships, doing business on the great waters; these have seen the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. He said the word, and there arose a storm of wind, and the waves thereof were lifted up. They were troubled, and reeled like a drunken man, and all their wisdom was swallowed up. And they cried to the Lord in their affliction, and He brought them out of their distresses. And He turned the

* Matt. iv. 19.

† Luke v. 10.

‡ Mark iii. 9.

storm into a breeze, and its waves were still. And they rejoiced because they were still ; and He brought them to the haven which they wished for."* All this was more literally fulfilled in the fisherman's skiff on Galilee's blue waters, than ever it was in the proud trader on its ocean path to Ophir.

There were two boats ever keeping company on that inland sea, and they are so mentioned together, that we can have no difficulty in determining to whom they belonged. When our Lord began to call His Apostles, the two vessels were close to one another ; He went but a few steps from Peter's, to find that of Zebedee and his sons.† At another time going to the lake, He "saw two ships standing by it, and going up into one of the ships that was Simon's, He desired him to draw back a little from the land, and sitting, He taught the multitudes out of the ship." The other ship was Zebedee's. For having given Simon a miraculous draught of fishes, "they beckoned to their partners, that were in the other ship, that they should come and help them." Simon then "fell down at Jesus' knees, saying : Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord. For he was wholly astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of fishes which they had taken. And so also were James and John, the sons of Zebedee, who were Simon's partners. And Jesus said to Simon, 'fear not, from henceforward thou shalt catch men.'"[†]

This remarkable passage leaves us no doubt on several interesting points. Two fishing boats keep company on the Sea of Galilee. They are consorts, fishing in company ; *paranze*, as they are still called on the Mediterranean. One belongs to Peter, the other to the zealous and loving brothers, the "Sons of thunder." But we are carefully told that Jesus selected the first. Such a detail was surely of no great consequence in itself ; and if specified must be so emphatically. It was Simon's boat that our Redeemer chose. Of what interest was this to Theophilus or the Greeks for whom St. Luke wrote, if Peter was no more than any other Apostle ? Surely the mention of such a circumstance implies that it was not by accident, but by choice, that his bark was taken for His use by our Lord. And for what purpose ?

* Ps. cvi. 23. † Matt. iv. 18-21. ‡ Luke v. 2-10.

First, to teach from. This favoured boat is the one from which the Divine master instructs the multitudes.

Secondly, to bestow on Peter the earnest of his future success, as the Apostle of Jew and of Gentile. It is impossible to misunderstand the meaning of the allegory performed, not merely spoken. Our heavenly Lord has Himself explained it. "From henceforward thou shalt catch men, as plentifully and as marvellously as, just now, thou hast caught fishes. Thou shalt cast thy net into the vast and dark depths of the earth, and thou shalt draw up in them safe, and lay up in thy bark, thousands, who shall bless the hour of thy capture." Nor is it possible to mistake the relative position of the parties in the scene. Peter is the chief, the actor; James and John are but his assistants, and subordinates in the work. He begins it, they follow it up; he receives the Lord's gift, the blessing, the miracle, they partake of His fulness, and are enriched from His store. His stock is superabundant, his measure well shaken and running over; and they come to share it, almost to relieve him of it, as it runs over into their bosoms. And hence it is carefully added, that to Simon were Christ's words of promise exclusively addressed.

Here we have a case where the miracle is absorbed in the action. The lesson is to us more important; for the miracle is only wrought as a means to convey it. But we have another miracle perfectly analagous to this, wrought at a very different period of our Lord's earthly existence; after His Resurrection. Between the two, Peter had given proof of his frailty, even of his dastardliness. John at the same time had shown himself faithful, even to the Cross. Peter, however, in company with him, his brother, and other disciples, expressed his intention of going a fishing. "They say to him, we come also with thee." Peter therefore is again at the head of the party, he is the captain of "the ship;" the rest are his mates and assistants, in other words, his crew. They toil for the night in vain; at morning, Jesus, unrecognised by them, stands on the beach, and bids them cast their net on the right side of the vessel. Their obedience is rewarded by a magnificent draught: and Peter throws himself into the sea, to reach his Master, whom John has detected. Once more it is in favour of Peter's boat and net, that the sea is compelled to give up its prey; and what makes the occurrence more personal and pointed is, that it is immediately followed by

his Lord's charge, to feed His sheep and lambs.* Here was the distinct fulfilment of the promise made after the first miraculous draught. Simon's humility was there rewarded by an assurance of future apostleship; Peter's penitent love is here crowned by elevation to its headship. On the first occasion, his virtuous timidity prompted him to throw himself on his knees, and entreat his Lord to depart from him a sinner; on the second his penitential ardour urged him to dash into the sea, and go straight to his forgiving Master. Thus completely is the fishing of Peter's boat, after the Resurrection, the counterpart of the same action before the denial.

Jesus then taught in Peter's ship, and gave to it the power of gathering into its nets, the multitude of the deep. But it was not always to be a calm with it; storms were to assail it, even in spite of His benign presence; storms so fierce, that they who manned it were to fear, that He had forgotten them, or had forgotten His power. "And behold a great tempest arose in the sea, so that the boat was covered with waves; but He was asleep." But He soon awoke at their call; and, reproving them for their want of faith, He "commanded the winds and the sea, and there came a great calm."† Again we may ask, whose ship was this, to which this divine favour was accorded, of stilling the storm, and smoothing the sea? It is not difficult to ascertain it. We are told that, "when Jesus was come into Peter's house, He saw his wife's mother lying, and sick of a fever; and He touched her hand, and the fever left her, and she arose and ministered to them." At evening multitudes come to be healed; "and Jesus seeing great multitudes about Him, gave orders to pass the water, and when he entered into the boat, His disciples followed Him."‡ It is from Peter's house that He steps into the vessel; who can doubt that it was that Apostle's? And we may observe, that our Lord acts as the master of the boat. He commands its services, as He afterwards did that of the ass for His entry into Jerusalem. "Tell him that the Lord hath need of it, and he will let it go."§ To Peter's boat is granted this further privilege, that storms may be permitted to assail it, but not to wreck it, nor even to shatter it. The waves may dash over it, and threaten to en-

* John xxi, 2-17.

† Matt. viii. 24.
§ Matt. xxi. 3.

‡ Matt. viii. 14-23.

gulf it, all may think it is about to perish, and Jesus may appear asleep, and heedless of their danger. But in good time, He wakens up, and His beaming eye is as the sun upon the billows, and His hand waves with a charm against the blast; and the rippling waters dance, rejoice, and sparkle in the light, and the soothing breeze glides playfully into the sail.

If the bark represent the Church of God, where *is* His Church? What is there that assumes the name, that has ever weathered a real storm, or rather that lives in the midst of tempests, with consciousness of a life that cannot fail, and of a vigour that cannot abate? Is it the stationary religion of the east, for ages water-logged and motionless, in waters dead and pestilent; neither battling with them, nor assailed by them, left in unrippling but fatal calm; originally too well framed to fall to pieces, but stripped of mast and sail, and rolling heavily with the dull swell and fall, of the element in which it happens to be embedded? For it has itself

“nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean.”*

Unhonoured by persecution, not bearing even the note of the world's hatred, the Christianity of Asia feeds its languid life, upon paynim toleration, without an aspiration of hope, or an effort of charity. It sends no missionary to distant regions to pluck the palm of martyrdom; it gives to the world no sisters of mercy, no brothers of Christian doctrine, no active clergy, no learned hierarchs, no studious monks, no zealous laity. It dreams on from age to age, achieving nothing great, and yielding nothing good; adding nothing to the knowledge or experience of the past, and opening no bright destiny to the prospect of the future. It is not worth a storm, the lazy, slumbering craft. Neither has it a net to cast abroad or to draw home. It is quite clear *this* is not Peter's boat.

Then what shall we say of a more splendid and well-laden vessel nearer home, which calls itself modestly a branch only of Christ's Church? Surely there is some stir, if not activity, about it; internal commotion, if not onward progress. Every modern improvement is there, to

* Coleridge.

hide defects, or to mend imperfections; all is trim, neat, and respectable, as on any other vessel belonging to the state. And it is splendidly manned, with skilful officers and a zealous crew, whose whole interest is in its prosperity. Abundance and comfort are provided for all on board. But it keeps carefully under the shelter of a safe shore, it tempts not the storm, it shuns the perils of the deep. Its sails and masts are not made for rude conflict with the wind and wave, it loves the smoother waters of vicinity to earth.

“Nil pietis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit: tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.”*

It has not the fisherman's blessing; it draws into its own compass nothing from without; it sends out quietly and decently, as a genteel angler might, not as depending on it, its well ordered tackle; but it pretends not even to gain, by it, increase. Yet of conflict and clamour it has enough. Within all is dissension, contention, strife. It is no wonder that it does not move. If its chief commander set the sails in one direction, his mate will trim them oppositely on another mast. If one rows forward, the other strikes backwards. And still more strange, there are those who applaud, and think their bark is going bravely on, because one out of twenty engaged in its direction, pulls alone against the rest. This surely was no more than the other, the ship to which it was said “Duc in altum,” go out into deep waters, and there face the billows, and throw into them the apostolic net. It is none of Peter's boat.

And moreover these, and others, have one complete disqualification: they profess *not* to be Peter's bark. They repudiate the connection; they are indignant at being supposed to have anything special to say to him. They have made their choice of another ship, or of many smaller craft, but they will take particular care that it be not his. Anything but that. Now St. Mark tells us, that when our blessed Lord went into the ship, where he slept during the storm, “there were other ships with Him,”† that is, keeping in His wake. What became of them during the tempest? We hear no more of them. Only one ship had

* Horace.

† Mark iv. 36.

Jesus on board, and only of it is the Gospel narrative. They may have put back to harbour, they may have been dispersed in the darkness; some may have been cast on shore. But we read of only one that reached its destination, because only one bore the sure Pilot, and the Queller of the storm; and that was Peter's.

But there remains one more instance, in what we may term the sea-faring part of our Saviour's mission, of its connection with St. Peter's prerogatives. We allude to the miracle of our Lord's walking on the waters, related succinctly by St. John,* and more fully by St. Matthew.† In the storm above described, Jesus was in the boat, but sleeping; here He was absent, but near. In the midst of the tempest He appears walking on the waters. The Apostles are terrified, and their Divine Master reassures them. There is one of them, however, bolder than the rest. As afterwards he casts himself into the sea to swim to his Lord, so now Peter claims the desperate evidence of walking to Him on the waters. It was a test worthy of himself; ever ardent, ever eager. "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee upon the waters. And he said: Come. And Peter going down out of the boat walked upon the waters, to come to Jesus." It was important, nevertheless, that he should be informed of the danger into which his ardent temperament would lead him. As later he would protest his readiness to die rather than deny his Lord, and yet would fail; so here it was expedient to show him, of how little avail would be his own strength where supernatural support was needed. For, "seeing the wind strong, he was afraid; and when he began to sink, he cried out, saying: Lord, save me. And immediately Jesus stretching forth His hand, took hold of him, and said to him: O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt? And when they were come up into the boat the wind ceased." Now here are several remarkable circumstances. Peter alone claims the right of walking upon the billows. It is not the ship that must support *him*; it is not because he is in it, that he does not perish. He has a power independent of it, so to speak; which no other Apostle has. The right hand of Jesus is directly his support, when fearless and alone he commits himself to the troubled waters. To doubt that, so supported, he has this marvellous prero-

* John vi. 19.

† Matt. xiv. 26.

gative, is to be of little faith. He is allowed partially to sink, that this reproof may be administered to him; and, through him, to us. And then, "when *they* came up into the boat, the wind ceased." For they go together hand in hand, Jesus and Peter, the Head sublime, invisible, and divine, and the Head inferior, visible, and earthly, of the Church—the hand of one is power, the other's is confidence; thus linked they give security. Both ascend the ship together, from which they seemed to have withdrawn their care, Master and pilot; and to their joint presence is attributed the calm. Can any one believe that there was no connection between our Saviour's act and Peter's? That the one was not performed for the sake of the other? Did Jesus defer accompanying His disciples, and follow them walking on the waters, and, instead of thus passing over the narrow sea, go on board their boat half way across only to astonish them? Is all that relates to Peter merely secondary? On the contrary, no one can read this passage, and doubt that the whole narrative is inserted mainly for the sake of the Apostle's share in it. It is clearly the *lesson* of the history.

Now let us come to our practical conclusions from all that we have here put together.

1. It is evident that our Saviour, during his mission in Galilee, wished, or rather ordered, that a boat should attend Him, from which He preached, and in which He sailed. And though His beloved disciple had one at His disposal, He gave preference to that of Peter.

2. Three classes of miracles are recorded, as taking place in connection with the boat and its occupation: two miraculous draughts of fishes, two quellings of storms, and our Lord and Peter walking on the water.

3. Every one of these is wrought in favour of this Apostle or his bark; and the discourses preceding or following these relate to him.

In the first draught of fishes, as we have seen, he is ordered to go into the deep and cast his net; and after his successful obedience, the promise is made to him that he shall take men. In other words, our Saviour shows that the material action was symbolical of a spiritual one; and the miracle wrought was a proof or guarantee of the truth of the promise. It was as though our Lord had said: "In the same wonderful manner, by the same power,

to the same extent, and as surely as you have this day taken such an unwonted netfull of fishes, you shall in due time haul from the depths of sin, misery, and ignorance, the souls of men." In the second, it is Peter who has led forth the Apostles to their work, and again a miraculous capture rewards him, upon obeying the same command. So completely was it his, that when "Jesus saith to them, Bring hither of the fishes which you have now caught, Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land;"* a net which, though overladen, was not allowed to break. The other Apostles had brought the net to the shore, but it required the presence of Peter to draw it upon land. And in what did this miracle end? In nothing but the fulfilment of the assurance, given him after the earlier corresponding miracle. Our Lord here met his disciples, apparently for only one purpose, to invest Peter, before them, with the dignity of supreme Pastor. The only discourse that follows, is the thrice-repeated commission to feed the flock; and as if to show that all was then ended, Jesus leads his now inducted Vicar away from the rest, for confidential discourse, by adding, "Follow me." So individual was this call, that when Peter would have had his, and Christ's, loved one to join him, he was checked and refused by the words: "What is it to thee? follow thou me."† It seems impossible to reject the analogy between the two passages, and not to consider one as the complement of the other. In both, Peter is the distinct end of the miracle, both wrought in his favour, and introductory to his privileges.

In the two cases of stilling the storm, the same connection with the Prince of the Apostles is to be found. In his boat our Lord appears to slumber, and awakes to reproach His followers generally, for want of faith, or confidence in Him, and for fear that the vessel could founder, in which He was pleased to abide. In the second instance He seems to them to be further off, to be out of the ship, and the storm goes on, till He and Peter have shown themselves on board.

Finally, not to repeat what has been so lately described, Peter is taught to tread fearlessly the waters alone; and is reproved, in particular, for want of confidence in his powers to do so, in the very words addressed to all the

* John xxi. 10.

† John xxi. 19-22.

Apostles in the first storm. As though it were said to him: "If the others showed weakness, in doubting of their safety in the boat, thou dost the same, in hesitating about thy security independent of it. Besides the assuring presence of Jesus in the ship, thou hast His right hand supporting thee, in personal safety, over the abyss. This can no more swallow up thee, than it." And this assurance is confirmed to him by the miracle.

We certainly do not mean to deny, that our Lord may, in the course of His Galilean mission, have entered other barks, besides Peter's. But this we claim as proved, that the Holy Spirit has been pleased to select for our special instruction, out of no matter how many, those occurrences in which St. Peter is specially concerned. A Protestant will say: this is merely accidental and secondary; what matters it if the boat were his, or anybody else's, the miracles and lessons were independent of this consideration. Now a Catholic has too much reverence to treat inspired writings so. With us there is no chance, no accident, in what God does, or says. We cannot consider it a mere result of blind chance, that every evangelist should have given us narratives of our Lord's "going down to the sea in ships," and yet have, in every specific instance, been careful to let us know that Peter's was the chosen bark. Moreover, we cannot consider it accidental, that every single miracle wrought on board, should have been connected with him. If it was matter of indifference whose the boat was which Jesus took, if no lesson depended on it, why are we distinctly told, that there were two boats, and that he selected one, which was Simon's?

All this is unimportant to a Protestant because it bears on nothing in his system. When even he may be disposed to allow, that the ship tossed by the storm was an emblem of the Church, and Jesus subduing the war of elements no unfit symbol of His ruling presence in her, he will not see any connection with the destinies of the vessel, in the presence of Peter. He gives no definite meaning to those clear and most dogmatic passages, in which supremacy is bestowed on him. And so all the beauty and interest of a minute application of each detail, which we have drawn, perhaps tediously, forth, is lost upon him.

But the Catholic has begun by taking in their literal force, those passages in which Peter is as closely bound with the constitution of the Church, as the foundation is

with a building. The safety of one is the security of the other. He becomes an essential, not an accidental part, a primary, not a secondary element, in its formation. The Church of Peter is also the Church of Christ, because the fold of Christ is likewise the fold of Peter. These principles laid down, in obedience to other positive teachings of Christ, all the narratives which we have analysed have a consistent meaning, as well as a definite object. They not only cohere most admirably, but they complete, and illustrate, most beautifully, the constitution of the Church.

According to this view, the Church is but one; for though there may be other, and stately looking ships, launched upon the ocean, there is necessarily only one in which Jesus is pleased to abide: and that is Peter's. To it alone is given assurance of safety, whatever storms may assail it; for in it alone is He, whom winds and waves obey. All are safe who are embarked in it, none who are without it. To it alone is committed the work, not only of mastering, but still more of gaining, the world. It is not a rich argosy laden with treasure, nor a lofty galley rowed by captives, nor a fierce war-ship, bristling with instruments of destruction, but a fisherman's craft, intent on filling itself with living spoil, snatched from the gulf of destruction. Now when the Catholic reads all this described in allegory, by our Saviour's actions on the sea, and notes how exactly it fits his theory of the Church, whereof Peter is the head, his faith is strengthened and his heart consoled. For he discovers a purpose in every detail, in every word; and sees that each has been registered for his sake. These lesser coincidences serve to confirm a belief, based upon direct teaching; they fill up the picture, they add to it colour and life. If the Catholic view is right, and if Peter was meant to occupy in the Church of Christ, the place which it assigns him, then every smallest particle of these narratives has its significativeness, and was studiously recorded for an important purpose. Remove him from it, and there is no intended meaning in the details of their histories; or rather, we reverently say it, they are calculated to confirm, what the Protestant must consider, an erroneous system.

And not only is the Catholic strengthened in his dogmatic convictions by these corroborative, and supplementary, arguments, but he derives from them most comforting assurances. It is no fancy-picture that comes

before him, when he thinks of the tempest-tossed fisherman's bark. He looks at its trials and its triumphs through the very mist of ages. Afar, as if leaving the distant coast, its first harbour, he beholds it steering straight for the very port of the earth's capital, in serenest confidence. It is not long before the gates of hell let forth, a blast more fearful than Æolus could command from his cavern of storms. The abyss is upheaved, and the might of earth sweeps over it, to destroy the daring invader.

"Ponto nox incubat atra

Intonuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus æther :

Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem."*

But death from such a tempest has charms for the valiant crew. On, the fearless little bark holds its course ; now it is almost lost to sight in the war of persecuting elements, now it crests nobly the topmost wave, till we find it safe riding in smooth water. Peter has been acknowledged the spiritual conqueror of Rome. Yet he must not rest. After the Resurrection he said, "I go a fishing," and this is his occupation, and his delight, till the end of time. What a glorious employment it has been to him ! How his heart rejoiced, much more than on taking a hundred and fifty-three large fishes, when Patrick drew in his net on Erin's coast, or Augustin on England's, or Boniface in Germany's deep streams, and brought into the ample ship their willing inhabitants ! Nor was this calm and peaceful pastime for him. High in the regions of the North commenced a swelling surge, which broke, in successive waves, over the toiling bark. Hun, Vandal, Goth, and Lombard, in rapid course followed each other, and seemed to overwhelm it in their turn. And still the fisherman went on ; while his tempest-tight skiff shook off the cataract of waters, he plied his net in its very depths, and carried from them their living prey. And now again came the calm, and the ocean seemed still. But soon the storm began again. The rude assault of a rough, indocile age, of the world of an iron chivalry, broke loose, again and again, against the charmed ship of Peter. For centuries the conflict lasted, and the gallant vessel held on its course, dashing the spray from its prow. Then came a trial, forgotten for ages—since Arius and Nestorius divided the

* Æneid i,

Church. Mutiny on board, insubordination, rebellion. Treacherous crews, from its own decks, man a hostile fleet; its own skill and prowess, learnt within it, are turned against it. Able foes, armed with all the powers of earth, threaten her destruction, and swear implacable hatred. And still the noble vessel fears them not, but goes undaunted on her errand. She sees them tossed to and fro by every wind, sailing apart, without compass to guide them, quarrelling with one another, and only combined when they agree to assail her; and she notes how they have not been able to bear away with them the grace of her noblest functions; no shred of the Apostolic net has been allowed to be filched from her. She alone bears aloft the Cross as her banner; she alone boasts that Peter, in his successor, sits at her helm; nay, she alone dares proclaim that she has Jesus Christ Himself on board, as He was on the fisherman's craft on the sea of Galilee. Such is the Catholic's review of the past, and in it he reads the assurance of the future. When, a year ago, this country was agitated from end to end, in opposition to Catholic progress; when the Government, the Parliament, the Establishment, the Press, the aristocracy, seemed combined to thwart the purely ecclesiastical action of the Church; when all that clamour, eloquence, insolence, and calumny, addresses, speeches, meetings, essays, and journalism could do, to raise a storm, was unsparingly and perseveringly carried on for months, to overwhelm the new hierarchy; in what did we place our hopes, nay, our assurance, that peace would return, and the Church would be justified, by results, in the wise measure which she had taken? Not merely in the knowledge that such a step had been long and wisely considered, not in the high estimate which we had formed, of the virtues and gifts of the Supreme Pastor from whom it proceeded. But knowing that the Letters Apostolic which he issued were given under "the Fisherman's Ring," we could not be of little faith, or doubt that what thus was declared to be the solemn act of Peter, partook in the promises made to him, and the assurances given, that his bark should not be crushed by the tempests of earth. And so when pontiff after pontiff, like the sixth, the seventh, or the ninth, Pius, seemed borne apart from the vessel which he guided, to experience, in his own person, the whole violence of the

storm, and walk alone over the troubled and treacherous waters, never did the Catholic doubt, that the powerful right hand, in which the Psalmist trusted, and which was stretched forth to Peter, would support them, and guide them, and bring them safe back, if necessary, to the faithful friends from whom, in body, they had been torn. "Exenim illuc manus Tua deducet me, et tenebit me dextera Tua."

IV. We will now briefly bring together a few passages, which refer to a point of secondary importance, but not devoid of interest. Among the puzzling inconsistencies of Protestantism is its Sabbatarian theory. After protesting, in every possible way, against tradition, and Church authority, the Protestant accepts, without a murmur, the change of the Jewish Sabbath into the Christian Sunday, of which the only voucher is tradition, and the only foundation ecclesiastical authority. Having thus admitted perhaps the greatest stretch of this power and of that testimony that exists, he begins to forget that any change has been made, and applies to the new day of rest, all the burthens and restrictions of the old. He tries to overlook that it is the first, and not the last, day of the week; nay, if he become more solemn in his speech, through increased rigour of religious notions, he rejects the profane name of "Sunday," and studiously and emphatically styles it "*the Sabbath*." These two terms have become positively watch-words; a Catholic never uses the latter. "Sunday" sounds to his ears as a day of radiance and joy; as a day of smiles at home, and laughing peals of gladness in the air; as a day of cheerful service to Him who loves a cheerful giver, in canticles and hymns, and noble offices of prayer. But "Sabbath" rings with Puritanism in the ears, and gives the idea of drawling sounds, and sour looks, of bitter theology and domestic gloom. There is no balminess, no sweetness in the name. It belongs to a dispensation that is dead, and to obligations which the law of love has abated, or abolished. But singularly enough, that religious system which affects to put all its faith in Christ, and to loath the Law and its works, by a judicial blindness, clings to its very deadeast branches, and tries to find there its most nutritious fruit. Having reduced all its practical worship to the compass of one day, it makes that a mere superstition; it condenses, only to corrupt.

What makes this strange infatuation still more amazing

is, that in the New Testament, it is so clearly attributed, as a characteristic, to the Pharisee. A simple-minded reader of the Gospel would naturally ask, who defended Sabbatarian strictness, our Lord, or His enemies? Who there represent the strait-laced party? It is impossible to hesitate in answering.

Not less than seven times in the Gospel history, He lays down His doctrine of the Sabbath, in opposition to Pharisaical objections. Surely He must have considered this an important question of moral and ecclesiastical observance, so to expound it. But applying our often repeated rule, we must conclude, that, supposing our Redeemer to have never spoken besides on the subject, there was a particular reason for recording so many different inculcations of one idea. If, on the other hand, we maintain that He much oftener argued the point, we must still conclude, that a strong motive led to so many repetitions of the same subject, in a record so limited as the Gospel. In other words, the selection of this topic seven times, in picking out the materials of that sacred history from a mass left behind, proves it to be one on which the spirit of God was pleased, that we should accurately know the divine doctrine in the New Law. It shows an earnestness in guarding Christianity against a particular theory; and we may safely conclude, against one sure to be taught. We must therefore take actual, not imaginary, systems; and judge which among them our Saviour taught, and which he excluded. Without entering into the details of each case, we will analyse the evidence before us, and reduce it to distinct heads.

1. First therefore we will remark, that all the Gospels give more than one instance, of attack upon our Lord for laxity on Sabbath observance. St. Matthew and St. Mark give two cases; St. Luke gives four, two being the same as those evangelists record; and St. John three, perfectly distinct ones. This concurrence of the inspired writers on a secondary topic is very striking.

2d. Of these cases, three directly accompany in the performance of miracles, three are indirectly connected with miraculous works, and one relates to an ordinary occurrence.

3d. We will proceed with the first class. A withered hand

is cured in the synagogue.* This is done with previous attention called to the fact of its being the Sabbath day; the Pharisees put the question whether it be lawful to heal on that day; and Jesus first defends the propriety of doing it, and then confirms His assertion by the miraculous cure. A man sick with dropsy comes into the house of a Pharisee, where He is a guest. It is again the Sabbath, and His enemies "watch Him." He, this time, puts the very question to them which, on the former occasion, they had put to Him; "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?" Again He argues the point, and performs a miracle to prove His doctrine.† A woman bowed down by an ailment of eighteen years' duration is in the synagogue on the Sabbath; she does not ask to be relieved; but Jesus calls her: and lays His blessed hands upon her, and she is made straight. "The ruler of the synagogue (being angry that Jesus had healed on the Sabbath) answering said to the multitude," (that is, not liking to address our Lord, with whom, in reality, he was displeased, reproved Him through the people, "saying, Six days there are wherein ye ought to work, in these therefore come and be healed, and not on the Sabbath day."† Again our Lord replies, vindicating what He had done, and beginning His answer by the significant words: "Ye hypocrites!"

The next instance is also one in which the attack is first made through the subject of the miracle. Jesus cured a man at the pool of Bethsaida, saying to him: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." He obeyed; "and it was the Sabbath that day." Immediately he was told, "It is the Sabbath, it is not lawful for thee to take up thy bed." Upon discovering that Jesus had given him the command, the Jews transfer their hatred to Him. "Therefore did the Jews persecute Jesus, because he did these things on the Sabbath." And when He again defended Himself, saying, that as His Father worked until now, so He worked; that is, that as His Father, on the Sabbath, went on with His beneficent work of Providence, so did He, who had the same power; the Jews only redoubled their hatred. "Hereupon therefore the Jews sought the more to kill Him, because He did not only break the Sabbath, but

* Matt. xii. 10; Mark iii. 2; Luke vi. 6.

† Luke xiv. 1.

‡ Luke xiii. 10.

also said God was His Father, making Himself equal to God.”*

After this discourse, our blessed Lord left Jerusalem, where it took place, and taught in Galilee; on His return to the holy city, he again returned to this subject, in the following singular terms: “One work I have done, and ye all wonder. Therefore Moses gave you circumcision—and on the Sabbath day you circumcise a man. If a man receive circumcision on the Sabbath day, that the law of Moses may not be broken, are you angry at me, because I have healed the whole man on the Sabbath day?”† Now, no miracle has preceded this speech, in the Gospel narrative; and as we can hardly suppose the allusion to be made to the miracle wrought at a former visit, nor could that be called “one work,” for many signs had been wrought between, we are naturally led to suppose, that St. John, or rather the divine Spirit, considered the record of this instruction more important than that of the miracle. The latter was therefore omitted, and the former preserved.

Again the Pharisaical spirit is roused, when Jesus performs one of the most severely tested of His miracles, the cure of the man born blind. He might at once have restored his sight by a word or touch. He preferred performing the cure, by what might be called a mechanical, or manual, labour. He made clay, and therewith anointed the man’s eyes. “Now it was the Sabbath, when Jesus made clay, and opened his eyes.” This is sufficient ground with the Pharisees for rejecting the miracle. “This man is not of God, who keepeth not the Sabbath.”‡

One more instance remains, wholly unconnected with any miraculous operation; yet three evangelists have recorded it. The incident is trifling, but its instruction very great. The Apostles going through a corn-field on the Sabbath, pluck the ripe ears, rub them in their hands, and eat the grains. This mechanical operation is construed by the Pharisees into a breach of the Law, and reproved as such. Our Redeemer defends them, in the same manner as He had defended Himself.§ What gives particular interest to this case is, that each evangelist who records it, proceeds immediately to the narrative of the cure of the withered

* John v. 1. † John vii. 22. ‡ John ix. 14.

§ Matt. xii. 1; Mark ii. 23; Luke vi. 1.

hand, as though our Lord wrought this miracle expressly to confirm His vindication of the Apostles.

4. From all these facts we conclude, that in seven cases, two views of Sabbath observance were discussed between our Saviour and the Jews; and that in every one, He represents and upholds the lenient and moderate side, they the intolerant and oppressive. Now, a similar discrepancy exists at the present day, between Catholics and Protestants, and there can be no doubt which party corresponds to each of the former disputants. It may be said that zeal for the Sabbath was carried to excess by the Jews, in every one of these instances, far beyond what the most infatuated Sabbatarian nowadays would require. We are not so sure of that. We need not go back to the days of wild puritanical fanaticism, for instances of extreme rigour on this subject. We need not travel to old Banbury for the well-known enforcement on feline propensities, of Sabbath observance, by making a solemn example of the cat that presumed to mouse on the Sunday. But we recollect not many years ago a case of death from starvation at a large town in the West of England, because the society from which relief was sought, rigidly refused to grant it on the Lord's day. Still more recently a well-known instance was publicly quoted, of a lady of high rank, who in vain implored conveyance by railway in Scotland, to pay the last offices of affection to a dying relation, though empty mail trains passed to and fro. And we know that a similar refusal was made to a Catholic ecclesiastic of high dignity in the same country, when it was the only means of bearing the last rights of religion to a departing parishioner. Now here is Sabbatical observance preferred to charity; in one instance, though death might be, and was, the consequence. This is carrying the principle to the full Pharisaic standard. "Come and be healed on week-days." In fact, what would any of the four who were purposely cured on the Sabbath, have lost by waiting till next morning? After eighteen, and thirty-eight years' infirmity, one day more would not have been a heavy addition: the dropsical patient could still walk, and therefore could not be in any danger; and the withered hand could not be much needed on the Jewish Sabbath. Had our Lord said, in these cases: "to-morrow come and I will heal you, for this is the Sabbath," He would have spoken words with which Exeter Hall would have rung, and given

a text to be stereotyped by tract dealers, and engraved for children's copies. But He says exactly the contrary always; and we find the upholders of the Sabbatical superstition, they who pretend to look to our Saviour for everything, carefully overlooking His teaching on the subject, suppressing His words, and running to the law of fear, and its abolished rigours, nay to its exaggerated traditions among the Jews, for the pattern of their observance.

5. On the other hand, they tax Papists, particularly on the Continent, with being habitual Sabbath breakers. We condemn utterly every violation that is contrary to the laws of the Church; all traffic, public works, shop-keeping, and unnecessary business. But we reprove no less the other extreme, which forms the Protestant principle. Rest was not meant to be idleness, and no Christian festival was intended to be gloomy. One cannot fail to be struck by the strong language employed by our Redeemer, when He denounced the rule of Sabbath observance, which our modern reformers have selected, "Ye hypocrites!" And the charge of this hateful vice is fully justified by what we read in the passages referred to. The poor disciples pluck some ears of corn, "being hungry," and eat them. The Pharisees immediately cry out, "Behold Thy disciples do that which is not lawful to do on the Sabbath days."* And then we find, that "when Jesus went into the house of one of the chief of the Pharisees, *on the Sabbath day to eat bread*, they watched Him."† Now, is not this exactly the case with our modern Sabbatarians? they always have one law of observance for the rich, and another for the poor. The one must not pluck an ear of corn on the Sabbath, without the rich man's reprehending him, and then going home to his luxurious dinner with his friends. It used to be proposed to suppress all Sunday cooking in public bakeries, where alone the poor could have a warm meal prepared, on their only day of rest; but no Sir Andrew ever dreamt of shutting off the steam of the boiler, or putting a break on the smoke-jack, of aristocratic kitchens. There is something hypocritically profane in the spectacle, described as taking place on a Sunday at fashionable Scotch kirks, of some twenty carriages at the door, with their human appurtenances, waiting, for devout listeners to a discourse against Sunday

* Matt. xi. 2.

† Luke xiv. 1.

travelling! Nor have we ever heard that the eloquent Boanerges ever whispered a wee word of reproof to the gentle folks, for their zeal to lay the burthens of the law, only on the already overburthened shoulders of the poor. Depend upon it, he never called them "hypocrites," though that is Scripture.

6. However inconsistent was the Pharisee's theory of having a good dinner himself, while he was horrified at a hungry poor man's rubbing the wheat ears in his hand, to eat them, our dear Lord, who looked to our instruction, did not hesitate to dine with him on that day. And He justified His conduct by the cure of the dropsical man, who possibly presented himself with the connivance of the host; for he, with his friends, were "watching" our Lord before the cure. He did not, however, despise Jewish prejudices merely to this extent. He braved hatred and persecution, for His views and practice regarding the Sabbath. St. Luke tells us, that the Scribes and Pharisees on account of His healing on the Sabbath-day, "were filled with madness, and they talked to one another, what they might do to Jesus."* St. Matthew explains, that this consultation was, "how they might destroy Jesus."† St. John informs us, that "therefore did the Jews persecute Jesus, because He did these things on the Sabbath."‡ This contempt for the prejudices of the bigot Jews, this braving of their hatred and persecution, for the sake of a principle on such a subject, at once stamps the view of those men with the note of reprobation and wickedness. One so meek as Jesus, who had come to "fulfil all justice," who asserted boldly, and with divine truth, that "not a jot nor tittle of the Law should pass away," who attended to every legal obligation, from His twelfth year to the eve of His death, who would "not bruise the broken reed, nor extinguish the smoking flax," so tender was His tread to be on earth; one, in fine, who was come to purchase the soul of the most cynical Pharisee at as dear a rate as that of His holy Mother, must have considered that an evil principle, which He crushed so unmercifully seven times, and which to uproot, he braved the fury and hatred of the dominant party in church and state. Hence the Catholic moralist well understands the term *scandalum pharisaicum* as

* Luke vi. 11.

† Matt. xii. 14.

‡ John v. 16.

opposed to the *scandalum pusillorum*,* the first of which may safely be despised ; but the latter, never.

7. Finally our Lord, whose example so clearly sustains the temperate and Christian views of the Catholic Church on this ritual question, lays down principles conformable to His practice, which form the basis of this Church's conduct. "The Son of Man is the Lord also of the Sabbath ; the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." These two aphorisms contain the whole of our doctrine and of our discipline on the subject. He who declared Himself Lord of the Sabbath, also said to His Apostles : "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth ; as My Father hath sent me, so I also send you."† Within the compass of this delegated power came the Sabbath ; and the Catholic at once acquiesces in the transfer of its obligations, by the Apostles, to the Sunday. And if the Sabbath was made to serve man, whereas man, was not created to be the slave of the Sabbath,—man's true interests are to be the standard, whereby the Church will ever regulate her precepts respecting it. Moroseness and debauchery are equally alien from her thoughts : nor could the spouse of Christ have devised a mode of spending it, which makes its morning dull, and its evening dissipated. It could not have crammed into it the spiritual duties of the six other days, and so made it an iron yoke. It could not have sanctified it, by excluding from it the performance of even charitable works. It could not have consecrated it to stupidity and sloth, by withdrawing from it all innocent recreation and refreshing cheerfulness. All this would not have been considering or treating the Sabbath as made for man. This can only be the case where it promotes his happiness ; where it instructs his mind, applies rightly his intellect, tones his feelings, by a gentle sway, to wholesome kindness, raises his thoughts by a noble and beautiful worship, improves his social and domestic relations by a more virtuous intercourse, invigorates his frame by seasonable repose, mingled with temperate recreation ; and, in fine, makes him live one day of every seven of his life, under the chastening discipline of religion, but still more under the sweet influence of God's countenance, felt to be more present, more benign,

* "Pharisaical scandal," and "scandal of Christ's little ones."

† Matt. xxviii. 18 ; John xx. 21.

more radiant than on other days, with an eye more watchful, indeed, over evil, but more open to our better deeds. This is the Lord's Day of the New Law; this is the Sunday, on which the glory of the spiritual firmament reigns supreme.

V. We opened our essay with the transactions of our blessed Saviour's infancy, and we will close it with the last actions of His life. We promise to be very concise.

Here, as in the noblest tragedy, action becomes equivalent to suffering, and our Redeemer may be said to do for man, whatever man does against Him. Now, to our minds, there is nothing more decisive of the respective claims of Catholic and Protestant to be the religion of the New Testament, than the manner in which they treat its most solemn portion, that which records the final act of redemption. The very essence of modern Protestantism is to treat this greatest act as a mere abstraction. The mind is concentrated on the sole apprehension of an accomplished atonement, and its instrumentality by death. By a process eminently selfish, the price and its purchase are transferred to the individual soul appropriated by it, and are viewed extraneously to Him whose they really are. There is no contemplation in the Protestant view, it is one of mere self-application. To contrast it with the Catholic idea, and so illustrate both, perhaps a simple parable may be useful.

Let us imagine to ourselves two spendthrifts, for whose debts a loving father has given bond; the day of reckoning comes, and the surety comes willingly to pay the ransom. One son stands by, grateful indeed, but cold and calculating. He looks not at the huge sum that is counted out, but is eagerly waiting for the last coin to be told, and then exultingly cries out, "I am free," and goes his way. But there is another beside him, who watches with the intensest gaze every particle of the precious offering, because he knows what it has cost his father to procure it. In every piece he recognises the fruit of some privation undergone, or some cruel humiliation endured. On one he reads his father's hunger, on another his abject toil. He remembers, as one portion of the store is brought out, that it was gained at the expense of calumny and hatred from friends; and when another is produced, that it was earned by the loss of those most dear to him. At every instalment he looks into his dear parent's countenance,

and sees its manly sorrow, and its varying emotions, as these same recollections pass over his heart; and though the smile of love is on his lips, as the last golden drachma falls from his hand, at thought of what he has achieved for his children, even this is but more heart-rending to the tender one of the two, and he almost loses all sense of his own liberation, in the anguish inflicted by its price. He thinks not of himself, for love is not selfish. He goes not away, singing, "I am ransomed, I am free," but he rushes to his father's feet, exclaiming, "Thou hast purchased me, I am thine!"

Such we believe to be the true difference between the Protestant and the Catholic modes of looking at our Saviour's passion. The one looks at it with an acquisitive eye, the other with the eye of love. To the Protestant it would have been the same if the simple act of death had been recorded, and its preliminary and accompanying sufferings had been suppressed. Not one emotion would have been lost to him, any more than, in his system, any advantage. What does the cruel agony in Gethsemani give him? It does not redeem him. What does he gain by the welts and gashes of the Roman scourges? They do not ransom him. What profits him the mock coronation, and its insulting homage? It does not save him. And then what can Mary and John do for him at the cross's foot? He declares he does not care for them. What matters it to him if the seamless garment be diced for, or rent? It bears no deep mystery of faith to him. No; only let him secure that moment when the last breath passes over the Victim's lips, and it is enough—for it is the atonement.

Yet all that we have briefly enumerated was suffered for our sakes, and recorded for our profit. Although the last piece completed our ransom, all that preceded it composed the sum. For surely our divine Redeemer did nought in vain, nor aught superfluously. He was generous, indeed, but not wasteful. The Catholic, therefore, treasures up in his heart every smallest gift of love, where the smallest is immense. From this minuteness of Catholic preception springs a sense of reality, an approximation of feeling, which makes that not merely vivid, but present, which is separated from us by ages. On the other side is a mere hazy and vague generality, merging in a conception of the mind, instead of a real fact. And from this unreality easily springs up a lurking infidelity, that saps the founda-

tion of Christianity. The mind comes to think it unnecessary to trouble itself about details, so long as the one apprehended truth is certain. "Christ died for us, no matter how," is the whole needful dogma of an evangelical mind.

But there is another view from which the Protestant eye habitually shrinks, but one which the Catholic boldly contemplates; it is that which completes the circle, by joining the beginning and the end of the Gospel together, steadily uniting the incarnation and the death. The first of these great mysteries receives but little prominence in modern Protestantism, because it lacks the daring of faith, to believe that He who died was the Word incarnate. And it is this feebleness of belief that leads to that vagueness and generalization in doctrine, which we have described. Say to a Protestant, "God was struck in the face; God was scourged; God was crowned with thorns," and he dares not trust himself to look upon the doctrine. The eagle eye that can gaze upon the sun belongs not to his system; it is but a craven bird. He feels himself unable to grasp the awful mystery. If he deny the divinity of our Lord, his atonement is gone. But he dares not contemplate the dogma through its various applications, and he shrinks from such phrases as we have given with a misgiving terror. They sound shocking and almost profane. And thus he is driven to suppress in his thoughts those detailed sequels of the incarnation, and dwell upon only obscure perceptions of two doctrines, which he has not heart to firmly combine. Socinianism thus becomes the refuge of a vacillating attempt at faith.

The Catholic Church is a stranger to this wavering. She pursues one doctrine through all the mazes of the other, and combines the two inextricably. The Infant and the Victim are equal realities, nay, a unity, beginning in God, and in God ending; God throughout, in feebleness as in might, in obscurity and in brightness, in suffering and in glory. Nothing in Him is little, nothing unworthy; the fool's garment on Him is as sacred as the snow-bright vesture of Thabor; the scourge of cords in His uplifted hand is as powerful as the thunderbolt; the first lisping of His infant tongue as wisdomful as His sermon on the mount, a bruise upon His flesh as beautiful to angels' eyes, as adorable to man's soul, as His first smiling radiance shed upon his virgin mother. Thus does the

Church believe, thus realise her faith. She alone understands the true doctrine of her Saviour's death, as He Himself expounded it; for none other has learnt this lesson from His actions, that love is an essential condition of forgiveness as well as faith, and love it is that will linger over every detail of love.

ART. IV.—*The History of the Church of Rome, to the end of the Episcopate of Damasus, A.D. 384.* By EDWARD JOHN SHEPHERD, A.M., Rector of Luddesdown. 8vo. London: Longmans, 1851.

“DO you think,” said Pere Hardouin, to a friend who remonstrated with him on some of those historical paradoxes, which have made his name so notorious; “do you think that I have been rising all my life at four o’clock in the morning, merely to say what every one has been saying before me?” It would be too much to expect the same significant avowal from every imitator of Pere Hardouin; but there can be no doubt that the love of new and startling views is one of the most dangerous temptations which beset the path of the antiquarian; and that for each fresh investigator the danger increases in the exact proportion of the industry and research which have been bestowed upon the subject by his predecessors in the career of investigation.

And certainly, if the mantle of the learned but eccentric Jesuit still remains on earth, we cannot help suspecting that, by some strange caprice of fortune, it has fallen upon the shoulders of the Rector of Luddesdown. The imputation of such an affinity, we fear, will be distasteful to the religious prejudices which his book betrays; but it is impossible to read even a single section, without recognizing it as an emanation of the same paradoxical school. The scepticism which Pere Hardouin carried into the study of classical antiquity, Mr. Shepherd has indulged, with even more reckless audacity, in the investigation of the histori-

cal records of primitive Christianity. There is no opinion too firmly established, or too universally received, to be proof against his daring criticism: no fact is too clearly demonstrated to withstand his suspicious scrutiny: the Christian history is, in his view, but a vast field of doubt and uncertainty; and his only rule of criticism appears to be, to question, or rather to deny, the genuineness, or, at least, the authority, of everything which, before his time, had passed under the denomination of authentic history, and, in his own phrase, "had floated down its broad stream, if not unsuspected, yet, as far as he knew, unchallenged." (Preface.) Pere Hardouin held that, except the works of Cicero, and a few of those of Pliny, Horace, and Virgil, all the so-called "classics," are forgeries of the monks of the middle ages. The *Æneid* of Virgil he believed to be a religious allegory of the thirteenth century. He looked upon the Odes of Horace as an emanation of the same school, and held the *Lalage* of that witty poet to be but a mystical impersonation of the Christian religion. Mr. Shepherd applies just as reckless a hand to the entire fabric of early patristic literature. There is scarcely a record of the first ages which he does not pronounce to be either wholly spurious, or, at least, interpolated; many of them he even represents as the fruits of an extensive and systematic scheme of forgery, and as composed or modified for the purpose of supporting each other; and he applies this indiscriminating scepticism not alone to the genuineness of the writings of the period, but to the reality of the characters and the truth of the events of its reputed history. Thus he "has his doubts" about the visit of St. Polycarp to Rome, in the time of Anicetus (p. 12); he "doubts" the letter of Dionysius of Corinth to Soter, (p. 17.) and the letter of Dionysius of Alexandria, preserved by Eusebius (p. 29); he "entertains a suspicion of the truth" of the reference of the Donatist controversy to Constantine (p. 38); he thinks that the statement of Pope Sylvester's sending legates to Arles and to Nice, "may be doubted" (p. 50); he "is not clear" as to the exile of Liberius (p. 90); nor as to his recall (*ibid*); he "questions whether any of the documents connected with it are genuine" (p. 99); he holds "that the very existence of the council of Alexandria, [on the accession of Julian,] is doubtful" (p. 103); and declares that "there is scarcely an event in the pontificate of Damasus, on which any reliance

can be placed" (p. 106)! In truth, if there ever has been, since the days of the renowned Governor of New Amsterdam, surnamed "THE DOUBTER," an individual who may legitimately succeed to the honours of the title, Mr. Shepherd may fairly claim to be the man!

There is one very important difference, however, between the system of doubting adopted by Mr. Shepherd, and that of his illustrious predecessor. It is recorded of "Walter the Doubter," that he could never "make up his mind on any doubtful point." Now Mr. Shepherd appears to doubt solely for the purpose of deciding the point on which his doubt is expressed; and his decisions never fail to run all in the same direction; that is to say, *against* the authenticity of any work, or the truthfulness of any statement, which he may happen to have called into question. Thus he declares Eusebius's history of Polycarp's visit to Rome to be, "as a whole, incredible." (p. 210.) He holds the history of the controversy of Pope Victor with the Asiatics, and the Pope's threatened excommunication of the latter, to be a pure fabrication. (p. 27.) The similar excommunication issued by Pope Stephen, and, indeed, the whole controversy in which it originated, he holds to be "equally fabulous." (p. 28.) He rejects, as spurious, the whole series of the "so-called Cyprianic Letters, and thinks it "extremely doubtful whether there ever was such a person as Cyprian at all." (p. 185.) He rejects with contempt the alleged charge of heterodoxy made to Pope Dionysius of Rome, against his namesake, the patriarch of Alexandria. (p. 32.) He considers, in like manner, the Spanish appeals to Rome; the reference of the case of Marcian of Arles to Pope Cornelius; the Donatist trial at Rome; the Council of Arles; the Council of Laodicea; and above all, that of Sardica, to be mere "Roman fabrications." In the same spirit, and with the same view, he disbelieves the entire history of the flight of Athanasius to Rome; the letter of the Eusebian party to Pope Julius; Julius's reply to them, and his authoritative decision in the merits of the case of Athanasius; the similar appeal of Marcellus of Ancyra, and his restoration to his see by the judgment of Rome; and, in a word, all the hitherto received details of the history of the life and times of Athanasius, and of the later Arian controversy.

But there is one opinion, which, more than all the rest of Mr. Shepherd's book taken together, may illustrate the

wholesale scepticism that pervades it. With all his anti-Roman tendencies, he abandons, without a struggle, what have been the traditionary strongholds of the enemies of Roman supremacy, whenever the maintenance of their genuineness would clash with the sceptical theory which it is the main object of his work to uphold. We have already seen him sacrifice, without a sigh, the angry and intemperate invectives of Firmilian and Cyprian. He relinquishes, with equal indifference, the fierce and arrogant rejoinder made to Pope Julius by the Arian antagonists of Athanasius (225); and, most wonderful of all, he discards, as an idle tale, the long-cherished history of the fall of Pope Liberius, and rejects as spurious, every single historical document upon which it is ordinarily believed to rest! These histories he holds, like all the rest, to have been fabricated for the purpose of sustaining and extending the ambitious pretensions of Rome; and lest it should appear strange that a clever fabricator should have gone to the trouble to invent records so ill-calculated to forward his views for the aggrandisement of Rome, "as those which represent the Roman bishop as insulted, despised, set at defiance, weakly betraying the cause of truth, and lapsing into a hideous heresy, he coolly avers that all this but shows the craft and ingenuity of the fabricator, who threw in all these seemingly unpalatable adjuncts in order "to render the forgery less suspicious!" (p. 144.)

What we have said may suffice to supply some idea of the lengths to which, as regards the facts of history, this strange writer has carried his wild and reckless scepticism. Considered, therefore, as a historical composition, or tested according to any recognised principles of historical authority, we need hardly say that his work is almost beyond the pale of sober or serious criticism. But we cannot help, nevertheless, regarding it as one of the most remarkable, though unconscious, tributes to the self-evidence of the claims of Rome, which has ever been laid at her feet by a reluctant enemy. We shall make no apology, therefore, for dwelling at some length upon its general argument. For the simple truth is, that, *in order to bear out the anti-Roman position which he assumes, Mr. Shepherd is compelled to discard almost everything in the shape of history which has come down to us from those times!* Not content with this wholesale scepticism regarding the writings of the first three centuries, of which we have

already submitted a few passing specimens, he unhesitatingly rejects the authority of the professed historians of the fourth century, whenever they clash with his preconceived theory. Eusebius's history, he holds, is corrupted throughout;* his Life of Constantine is the work of a nameless fabricator (p. 39); Socrates and Sozomen are utterly beneath the consideration of any enlightened reader (p. 69); Theodoret's name is assumed by a Roman forger, as his evidence in favour of Roman supremacy might be expected to carry immediate conviction, (p. 69;) the *Historical Tracts* of Athanasius (223); the *Chronicle* of Eusebius; St. Jerome *De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis*; Lactantius *De Mortibus Persecutorum*; St. Basil *De Spiritu Sancto*; the *Historical Fragments* of St. Hilary, St. Basil's Letters, St. Gregory Nazianzen's Autobiographical Poem, and, indeed, everything which can be called the history, or materials illustrating the history, of the fourth century, is set down as having originated in the same monster manufactory of falsehood, or, at least, as having been, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, unscrupulously *doctored* under its influence and direction! It is difficult to know how to deal with such a writer; and it requires no little effort to avoid regarding the entire book in the light of a good-humoured satire upon the art of historical criticism, perhaps designed to work its cure by demonstrating its absurdity.

And yet, if we may believe the profession of the preface, Mr. Shepherd has, in this first publication, but expressed *a portion* of the historical doubts which he privately entertains! He "has not thought it expedient to state *every* suspicion that has arisen in his mind" (p. viii.); he has been "desirous to preserve *as much as he could*, of the small remains of history which we possess," and has, therefore, felt himself justified "even in cases where he entertained doubts, to speak at times without imputation of doubt, respecting some things which pass unquestioned in history." (p. ix.) If this be indeed so, we tremble for the result of any further revision of the history of the period which Mr. Shepherd may chance to undertake. And we cannot help recommending our readers to make the most

* See pp. 160, 180, 186, 198, 215, 222, 253, &c., &c.

of the small remnant of the history of those times which he has been good enough to spare them for a little longer. If, during the interval between this and his second edition, his views enlarge in the same ratio, we can hardly hope that we shall be permitted to retain our belief in the fact of the establishment of Christianity under Constantine, or even in the existence of the great council of Nice itself!

It is difficult, indeed, to avoid suspecting that the very novelty and startling character of these views, have had a secret attraction for this eccentric writer. He is evidently not insensible to the glory of being, or fancying himself to be, the first to call in question what has passed "unchallenged" through the scrutiny of all former critics. And yet we fear that, from the specimens of his capacity here exhibited, the learned reader will hardly be disposed to recognize his claim to sit in judgment, and to pronounce definitively, upon the labours of all the mighty men whose verdict he would thus unceremoniously set aside. It is sufficiently plain, from his preface, that his studies of antiquity are of a very recent date. He has not even the poor excuse for eccentricity alleged by Pere Hardouin, of having "risen all his life at four o'clock in the morning;" and it may be fairly questioned whether Tillemont, Mabillon, Coustant, Ceillier, Baluzzi, and their fellow-labourers, are to be quietly set aside by a writer who, according to his own showing, has not devoted to the enquiry as many months as they had given years.

We are sorry to add, that Mr. Shepherd's book illustrates but too plainly the common belief, that dogmatism and presumption are generally allied with incompetency. Mr. Shepherd has undertaken to pronounce definitively upon almost all the great questions in the critical history of the primitive Church, without knowing one word of what the great masters of the subject have written or decided, and in very many cases seemingly even without knowing that the question on which he presumes to decide had ever been opened for doubt, or at least for discussion. It would be tedious to enumerate the examples of this strange union of ignorance and assumption with which his book is charged; but there is one which may place the matter beyond all doubt. We have already alluded to his speculations as to the spuriousness of the letters of St. Cyprian and Firmilian in the controversy upon the bap-

tism of heretics. In all that he has written upon this subject, he proceeds upon the supposition that these writings had hitherto "floated down the stream of history unsupported, or, at least as far as he knew, unchallenged." (pref. v.) Now certainly this is a degree of ignorance which we could hardly have conceived in any one presuming to write upon the subject at all, much less in one who undertakes to decide it with the authority of a master. It is plain that Mr. Shepherd's scanty reading must have lain among the minor Protestant controversialists, who, as a matter of course, clung too fondly to Firmilian's abuse of the Roman bishop, to entertain, or, at least, to repeat, the doubts expressed as to the authenticity of the letter. If he had looked into almost any Catholic authority upon the question, he would have found that the authenticity of these letters had long been "suspected;" and if he had only referred to any of those by whom the question has been expressly treated, he would find that the genuineness of the letters had been directly challenged, not alone, as he had casually learned, by "one Raymund Missorius," but by many others, even as far back as the time of the celebrated Christian Lupus.* Besides the learned Franciscan, whom he thus vaguely names, another member of the same order, Father Marcellinus Molkenbuhr, published two lengthened and elaborate dissertations on the subject.† Another essay to the same effect was published by the Jesuit Father Tournemine.‡ Morcelli, in the *Africa Christiana*,§ maintains the same view; as also the more modern historian, Alber, both in his *Ecclesiastical History*,|| and moreover in a

* See his Dissertation on Tertullian, *De Prescriptione*.

† Munster, in 1790 and 1793. The first is printed by Lumper in his *Historia Theolog. Critica*. vol. xii. p. 796 and seq.

‡ See the *Memoires de Trevoux*, 1734. § Vol. ii. p. 138.

|| Vol. i. 211, and following pages.

It is an interesting evidence as well of the candour of Catholic historians and critics, as of their confidence in the truth of their cause, that although these letters of Cyprian and Firmilian have been for centuries the stronghold of the anti-papal theory, the opinion of their spuriousness has been received with little favour among them. On the contrary, its most strenuous opponents have been Catholics, as Sbaralea, Cotta, Lumper, Palma, and many others. These too, have, as may be supposed, escaped the notice of Mr. Shepherd.

special Dissertation. That Mr. Shepherd should not have examined the arguments of these writers, and the answers of those who have defended the authenticity of the letters against them, will doubtless appear strange enough, even to the unlearned reader; but that he should not even be aware of the fact that *they had written on the subject at all*, or that *any doubt* had ever been suggested by any writer, until some unnamed correspondent vaguely "informed him of a note of Mr. Poole, in his 'Cyprian and his Times,' in which he mentions a Raymund Missorius, who attributed the letters to the Donatists" is, we submit, a degree of ignorance utterly inconceivable in one who holds himself privileged to lay down the law with all but infallible authority, not alone on this, but on every other conceivable point in the critical history of early patrology! The very "Manuals" of Church History would have supplied him with at least so much information. One of the most compendious of the entire, that of Gieseler, enumerates, in a brief note, almost all the writers to whom we have referred above!

We should not have space to particularize the other examples of Mr. Shepherd's haste and inaccuracy which we have observed in turning over his pages. We might overlook, for instance, the silly conjectures which he indulges as the semi-arian heresy (p. 73); the absurdities into which his love of paradox betrays him about Pope Liberius (90-1); his confounding Felix the anti-Pope elected in opposition to Liberius, with Felix the martyr (94); and many similar blunders. But some of his mistakes are of such a character as almost to appear incredible in one who has any pretensions to the reputation of an ecclesiastical scholar. Will it be believed, for instance, that after the lengthened and well-known discussions which have taken place on the subject of the Paschal controversy, after the learned and conclusive labours of Ussher, Prideaux, Smith, Bingham, and so many others, a scholar can at this day be found so ignorant of all that has passed upon the question, as still to think that the British Churches agreed in practice with the Asiatic Quarto-decimans, and to found thereon an argument for the oriental origin of British Christianity? Mr. Shepherd puts this repeatedly forward with all the complacency of ignorance (pp. 18, 56, &c.) as though no one had ever doubted the statement! Yet this is the writer who under-

takes to remodel the whole scheme of primitive Christian history!

Indeed the origin and tendency of all Mr. Shepherd's critical speculations are sufficiently apparent from the brief words of preface by which his book is introduced. A few years ago, he informs us, thinking that there were sufficient materials to give a far more intimate knowledge of the Roman Church than the general reader then possessed, it occurred to him to endeavour to collect and arrange them. He had no object in view, he declares, beyond "a desire to represent the truth." *What this truth was, however, he had already made up his mind.* "Feeling assured, ON OTHER GROUNDS," he writes, "that Roman pretensions *could have no sound foundation*, he thought that a *true and simple statement* of historical facts would *show their fallacious origin.*" He commenced his enquiry, therefore, according to his own avowal, with this foregone conclusion. He had "*viewed the controversy*," he admits, "*through a Protestant glass of the present day*," (p. 5.) and with this view firmly fixed before his eyes, he set about the investigation of the historical question; satisfied that no other *could be* disclosed by genuine history, and, in good truth, resolved to find this and no other, in the records of the primitive times.

Unluckily for the framers of foregone conclusions, it sometimes happens that the premises fail to substantiate what they themselves are predetermined to deduce. Mr. Shepherd, satisfied "upon other grounds" that the Roman claim of supremacy "*could have no sound foundation*," never dreamed that it could be possible that "history should not support Scripture and common sense in rejecting them." What must have been Mr. Shepherd's amazement at the first result of his patristic researches! Taking the records of the early Church, such as they have been hitherto received, he is not long in discovering expressions on the subject of Roman rights which he cannot help suspecting will, "in spite of all the twistings of commentators, be more fashionable at Rome than at Canterbury" (p. 139.) He finds, for instance, a distinct acknowledgment that "there was an authority invested in Pope Cornelius to enter upon the question whether Cyprian was true bishop of Carthage" (p. 141). He finds that "nothing of importance passed in Africa but it was immediately notified to Rome; that synodal decrees passed there were all sent for approval;

that their (African) sentences of excommunication were immediately forwarded to Rome; that appeals were frequently made from African decisions, and more or less listened to; and that if not listened to, it was from no want of authority in the Roman Prelate, but from his own judgment and information that they were rejected." (p. 145). He sees the Roman Prelate connected with Peter, sitting on the same chair with him, and deriving his authority through him" (Ibid.) And he is "surprised by some mysterious expressions, importing that, at that early period, the notion was maintained, that there was properly only one bishop of the Catholic Church, and that the Bishop of Rome was that one" (p. 145.) He finds the same appeals and the same interference in Spain (p. 147.) He discovers a still more signal illustration of the Papal power in Gaul (p. 148-9); and another, reported from various quarters, in Asia Minor" (p. 150). At another point he discovers "the same active intercourse and proceedings taking place between Rome and Alexandria, as are going on between Rome and Carthage (p. 150); he finds the prelate of that great see "consulting the Roman Prelate, and communicating information;" in short, he sees that "Alexandria is another Carthage, another offshoot of Rome!" (p. 151.)

But to cap the climax of his amazement, he meets a letter which goes far beyond all the previous claims. The writer of this letter is the Bishop of Rome; the parties to whom it is addressed are "the primate of Cappadocia, the primate of the east, the bishop of Constantinople, and other oriental prelates;" and the purport of the letter was to complain that they had not obeyed the writer's summons, and met at Rome to confront the primate of Alexandria, who had some charge to make against them! (p. 247.) "What a magnificent conception!" exclaims Mr. Shepherd, in the fulness of his wonder, "worthy of Rome's palmiest days—the bishops of Egypt, Antioch. and Constantinople, pleading in person before the bishop of Rome on his own judgment seat! It had not been realized, not even in the plenitude of their power, by a Gregory or an Innocent, and yet in Rome's very cradle it had almost come to pass!" (p. 247.)

These, no doubt, were rather startling discoveries for one who had come to the enquiry, "satisfied that Roman pretensions *could* have no sound foundation:" discoveries

rather calculated to cast a shade upon that "Protestant glass," through which he had hitherto been "viewing the controversy!"

It is worth while to take in detail his sketch of the several cases, or at least, of the most important of them. He devotes a large space to the well-known case of St. Cyprian and the African church. The following is the result of his study of the letters of Cyprian and his correspondents in the course of that celebrated controversy with which his name is connected in history.

"If we grant to the Cyprianic letters the dates which have been hitherto assigned to them, we may say that the fifty-fifth contains the first mention of the chair of Peter as applied to Rome. There is no attribution in any Ante-Nicene writings which I have seen of any chair to any Apostle, except in these writings of Cyprian, in which the Roman chair is assigned to Peter.

"The fifty-seventh is a synodal letter from Africa to Cornelius, telling him of a council which they had held, and the decree which they had made, and which they hope he will approve.

"The fifty-ninth is an important letter. A rival bishop of Carthage is introduced (nay there are two); but one is introduced as sending his legate to Cornelius. The legate is said to have been a man of most atrocious character, as most of Cyprian's opponents are, and to have been excommunicated by a council at Carthage. The pseudo-bishop had been consecrated by a party of African bishops, all of whom, either for crimes or heresy, had been excommunicated at Carthage, and one of them also at Rome. The new bishop, therefore, does not seem to have begun his career under good auspices. The first thing, however, that he does, and rather a bold one it would seem, but still it only the more shows its necessity, is to send his legate to Cornelius to announce his election. At first the legate is said to have been repelled, and Cornelius writes to tell Cyprian so; but by a second letter, which arrived also by the same messenger, an acolyte (these letters contain the first announcement of this officer, and he would appear to be no novelty), it would seem that Cornelius had by strong menaces and threats been afterwards induced, if not to receive his letter, yet to do something which was in some measure an acknowledgment of the new bishop. Cyprian in this letter replies, but instead of saying, what right have you to interfere in an African quarrel, or to receive any letters from Carthage except from me, he expresses great distress at Cornelius's conduct, and enters upon a proof that he is the true bishop of Carthage, vindicating his conduct from some charges which are represented as having been made against him, and in return traducing his opponents, whose character should have prevented Cornelius from attending to their statements; all

which implies that *there was an authority vested in Cornelius to enter upon the question*, whether Cyprian was true bishop of Carthage, only in this case the infamy of his opponents was so well known, while Cyprian's position was so fully acknowledged, that Cornelius was not justified in paying the least attention to the complaint. Such appears to me to be the meaning of this letter.

"We may infer from it, too, that every act of the African Church was notified to Rome. We are told, moreover, that Cyprian had sent the names of all the orthodox bishops to Cornelius, that he might know to whom to write, and in a previous letter we hear of an African prelate writing to Cornelius." (pp. 139-141.)

He passes on to the letters which date within the pontificate of Stephen.

"The second series of the Cyprianic letters is supposed to have sprung from a controversy in the days of Stephen, bishop of Rome, on the question whether heretics, on coming over to the Church, should be baptized. Cyprian is represented as maintaining the affirmative, and Stephen the negative.

"There is first a report of a letter which turns out to have been written by Stephen; also of a letter from Stephen to Cyprian; but neither are seen; only a sentence or two is bestowed upon us. This interference of Stephen is represented as having caused much tumult in Africa. Many Synods were held, and one synodal letter is sent to Stephen, containing two decrees which they had made. These are, in reality, the forty-fifth and forty-sixth of the Apostolical Canons. Although Cyprian maintains his right of private judgment in his diocese, still there are *angry insinuations about a bishop of bishops*, and expressions like the following are now and then seen.

"Reason, and not custom, should prevail. Peter [in whose chair Stephen was sitting], whom the Lord chose first, and on whom he built his Church, when Paul was disputing with him afterwards on circumcision, did not claim more than he ought, or arrogantly take upon himself to say that he was the primate, and that he ought to be obeyed by more recent apostles; nor did he despise Paul because he had been previously a persecutor, but he yielded to truth and reason, setting us an example."*

"But the important letter of this controversy is one from Firmilian, bishop of Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, a man second to none of his day. It is represented that he is of the same opinion with Cyprian on this subject, and that Cyprian had sent a deacon to him, all the way from Carthage, with a letter; and this, the seventy-fifth in the Cyprianic series, is his reply. It reads exactly as if it was one of Cyprian's, but the writer, I suppose, intends to

* Epist. 71.

account for that by saying, that he had read over Cyprian's letter so often that he had got it by heart, and that there was no harm in saying the same thing twice over. Moreover, as Cyprian's deacon was in such haste to return home, owing to the approach of winter (after a journey from Africa to Cappadocia, the rest of a day or two might have been thought not unreasonable), he really could only say what first came into his head. But he adds some facts very much, indeed, to the purpose, namely, that Stephen had boasted of the place of his bishopric, of his succession from Peter, on whom the Church was built, and that *Stephen had excommunicated him and crowds of Churches about him.* And although he is as distinguished a professor as Cyprian of the art of abuse, and does not spare Stephen, yet it appears from this letter, that *Stephen had sat on Peter's chair, and had excommunicated him.*" (pp. 142-4.)

The letter alluded to in this passage is the celebrated letter of Firmilian, on the tone and language of which Protestant controversialists have relied from time immemorial, as evidence that the position of the Bishop of Rome in the early church could not possibly have been what it is represented by the Roman writers to have actually been. Nevertheless, even in this letter, so long the great bulwark of anti-Papal principles, Mr. Shepherd is driven to recognise a confirmation of these obnoxious claims. We shall see, hereafter, that he gets rid of the difficulty in a very summary way, by declaring the whole letter a crafty forgery of the latin Pontiffs. It may appear strange, to be sure, that if they went to the trouble of forging at all, they should have managed so clumsily as to furnish what is certainly one of the most plausible arguments against the very claims which the fabrication was designed to support. But Mr. Shepherd coolly dismisses the objection by assuming, that "the abuse was thrown in to make the letter look less suspicious." (p. 144.)

We must pass on, however, to the case of the Spanish church.

"It appears from this letter, that two Spanish bishops had been tried and deposed by Spanish synods for very atrocious crimes, and that two successors had been canonically elected into their places; that certainly one of the deposed prelates (most probably both) had appealed to Stephen, that he had sent them back with letters ordering their restoration, and that they had returned to Spain, and, ousting the new bishops, had resumed their episcopal functions.

"It appears, also, that the Spanish Church was thrown into

great confusion by this interference, and had written to the African Church to know what they should do, and had sent their letter apparently by the new bishops. Cyprian writes a synodal reply, in which he says that they had done very right, that Stephen, through ignorance of the facts, had done very wrong, and that they must resist the invasion, and there the information stops.

"But quite enough is learnt. It is seen that the Spanish bishops went all the way from Spain (one from Merida, and the other from Leon and Astorga, opposite extremities) to the Roman prelate, complaining of the Spanish synodal decision; that he overruled it without even a new trial, or hearing the Spanish Church; that the deposed bishops, on the strength of his letter, had turned out their successors, and resumed their duties, and that the Spanish Church knew not how to act.

"Stephen is blamed, but *no doubt is uttered as to his right to interfere*. There would have been no blame if its exercise had been justified by circumstances." (pp. 146-7.)

The case of Gaul is still more important.

"Marcian, bishop of Arles, had adopted Novatian's tenets. This had given offence to Faustinus, bishop of Lyons, and his suffragans; and they had sent a synodal letter to Stephen, giving him the information, and apparently desiring that he would procure his deposition. For some cause not stated, Stephen is said to have taken no notice of it. They, therefore, wrote once and again to Cyprian, saying that they had told Stephen, but he had paid no attention to their letter, and, I suppose, urging Cyprian also to write to him. The letter of Cyprian to Stephen is preserved, in which, having told him that it is the duty of all bishops to interfere, he urges him to send a very plain and peremptory letter to the province and people of Arles, *as well excommunicating Marcian, as ordering them to appoint a successor*, and then begs him to let him know who is appointed.

Whether Stephen did write is not said. But Stephen (we are to understand) was applied to for such a letter by both Faustinus and Cyprian, and, therefore, obviously considered by them as *having a special right to exercise that sort of interference*." (pp. 148-9.)

We must observe in passing, that Mr. Shepherd has not done full justice to the letter of Cyprian. He represents Cyprian as simply calling on Cornelius to "excommunicate Marcian, and *order them*, (the people of Arles,) *to appoint another*." What Cyprian really calls on Cornelius to do, is *to appoint a substitute himself by his own letter, and therefore by his own authority; "quibus (literis), abstento*

Marciano, alius in locum ejus substituatur."* This is the full mediæval claim of the Papacy.

All these examples, however, lie within the limits of the Western Church. And it must have jarred still more on Mr. Shepherd's preconceived notions, to have found such a case as the following, which is not only beyond the ordinary jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, but even concerns the jurisdiction of another patriarch, and in fact implies the subjection of that patriarch to the Roman Bishop.

"Athanasius states that some bishops residing in the Pentapolis had, in the days of Dionysius, so imbibed the tenets of Sabellius, that the Son of God was scarcely preached in the Churches. When this had come to the ears of Dionysius, he sent and exhorted the heretics to relinquish their heresies. This they refused to do. He then felt it his duty to write a book against them. It might have been thought that, as archbishop of the province, he had a readier and more conclusive mode of stopping the further propagation of such teaching. However, in the work which he composed, in order to refute their Sabellian notions, he pointed out the humanity of the Saviour, and showed that it was not the Father, but the Son, who had become incarnate for our salvation. This letter, when read by some of the Pentapolitans, seemed to them to savour of heresy; and not only to distinguish the Persons, but the substance also, of the Father and the Son. And 'without,' Athanasius says, 'going to Dionysius to ask him to explain his meaning, they set off immediately to Rome to the other Dionysius, and laid an accusation against his Alexandrian namesake.' Dionysius of Rome summoned a council, and laid the matter before it. The council was highly indignant, and the Roman prelate wrote to his Alexandrian namesake to inform him of the accusation made against him, and of the synod's opinion. He also published a work against not only his tenets, but those of Sabellius also. When this letter reached the Alexandrian Dionysius, he was greatly shocked, and immediately wrote an apologetic letter to his Roman namesake.

"This is the story, and it is easy to see the object of it. It was intended to show that persons living within the diocese of Alexandria, suspecting their bishop's orthodoxy, went instantly to Rome, and laid an accusation against him; and that the Alexandrian prelate had to exculpate himself to the Roman prelate. We have already seen attempts to assert this superiority with reference to Africa, Gaul, Spain, and Asia Minor. The Alexandrian prelate is now brought within the same circle. Hitherto he has been introduced as asking advice and communicating information. Now he is a criminal." (pp. 190-1.)

* See the passage in the *Library of the Fathers*. III. P. II. 217.

Equally decisive, in his eyes, is the received account of the proceedings of Pope Victor in the Paschal controversy. It rests upon the authority of Eusebius in his *Ecclesiastical History*. Mr. Shepherd condenses the account given by Eusebius, as follows:—

“The Christians of all Asia, as it is termed by him, broke their paschal fast on the fourteenth day of the moon, whatever day of the week it might be, while the rest of Christendom never heeded the fourteenth day, but carried on their fast to the Sunday.

“A controversy is said to have arisen on this difference of usage, and synods to have been everywhere held to determine it, and, among other places, in Palestine, Rome, Pontus, Gaul, and Osroene. Nothing, therefore, more universal can well be imagined. The synodal letters of these councils are represented as being extant in the days of Eusebius, besides some letters from individuals, and they all decreed that on the Sunday, and on no other day in the week, should the paschal fast terminate. It is then said, that all these synods having made this decree, sent it everywhere. The letter, however, which conveyed the Roman decree, and which was written by Victor the bishop, and sent, it would seem, to Polycrates, bishop of Ephesus, conveyed much more than their opinion. It was a word and a blow. In plain terms they were told to meet together in council and change their doings; if they did not do so, and adopt the usages of the other Churches, they should all be excommunicated.” (pp. 198-9.)

After transcribing the letters of Polycrates and Irenæus, he proceeds with the following remarkable commentary:—

“If the reader reflects upon this account, it will strike him as not the least extraordinary part of it, that neither Irenæus nor Polycrates express any doubt as to the power or authority of the Roman bishop to interfere abroad. Irenæus respectfully remonstrates; Polycrates says, ‘who cares;’ but the illegality of any such proceedings is never even hinted at. The prelate could issue his mandate, only there might be then, as now, persons who would disregard it. And yet it is so opposed to everything that can be guessed at about the Church at that time, that it is, at the first glance, incredible. It appears, however, in the ‘*Ecclesiastical History*’ of Eusebius.” (p. 202.)

It would carry us beyond the limits of our prescribed space to enter into the detail of Mr. Shepherd’s account of the case of Athanasius, such as he finds it in the account of the affair which the historians and other writers of the fourth century have given. We can only condense the leading points of it.

Soon after Athanasius's recall from exile upon the death of Constantine, his old enemies began to intrigue anew against him. One of their earliest steps was "to send legates, and accuse him to the three emperors, and to Julius, Bishop of Rome." (p. 238.) Athanasius, as soon as he was apprised of this, sent legates to Rome upon his own part; and on their arrival, put the emissaries of the Arian party so completely to shame that they fled from the city in confusion. One of the objects which they had sought to obtain, was that Julius should grant letters of communion to Pistus, the new bishop who had been elected by their party at Alexandria, in the room of Athanasius, whom they sought to depose; and on this point also the delegates of Athanasius addressed a remonstrance to him,—a very significant evidence, that with regard to malversating bishops, the usage which we have seen in Gaul in the case of Marcian, bishop of Arles, was equally recognized, at least in extraordinary circumstances, by the great Churches of the East also. But further, the legates of the Arian party "asked Julius to call a council, and pledged themselves to attend it" (289); and "even when they returned home a letter of similar import was sent to Julius from the oriental prelates, not only *requesting him to call a council, but, if he liked, to be himself the judge.*" (289.)

Events, however, were meanwhile precipitated at Alexandria. Without waiting for the assembling of the council which they had asked Julius to call, the Arian prelates met at Antioch, deposed Athanasius, and elected Gregory of Cappadocia in his place. Athanasius, compelled to yield to their violence, "*fled to Rome and laid his case before the Church,*" (289.) Julius now resolved to act vigorously, and to "summon the Orientals to meet and explain the charges brought against them." Two Roman Presbyters were sent with the summons; but the Arian party anticipating the issue, declined to attend, on the ground of the insufficiency of the notice, and of the political troubles of the times, which made it impossible for them to leave their sees. Mr. Shepherd, by the way, urges, as a suspicious circumstance, this very shortness of the notice, inasmuch as though Athanasius had not left Alexandria till Easter, the council was called to meet at Rome before Christmas. But it never occurs to him, that if the notice were really so short as to present any seeming difficulty, this very im-

probability is the best evidence of the genuineness of the history. No forger would have committed himself to so palpable an improbability.

The letter in which the answer of the Orientals was contained is not preserved. It was an insolent and sarcastic rejoinder, denying the right of Western Councils to reverse Oriental decisions. Julius waited nearly twelve months, in the hope of their being induced to relent; but at length, "when Athanasius had been eighteen months at Rome, and no Orientals came, he summoned the council; they proceeded to take the Egyptian evidence for Athanasius; it completely refuted the allegations of the Oriental legates against him. He was therefore acquitted, and they gave him their communion," (240.)

At the desire of the Council, Julius wrote a letter to the Oriental Bishops, which is still preserved. We must allow Mr. Shepherd to explain, in his own words, the purport of this most important document. It is hardly an anticipation of what we shall have to notice hereafter, to say, that he regards the letter, and indeed whole history, as a fabrication; and it may be necessary to bear this in mind, in order to understand some of the commentaries by which the narrative is interrupted. The whole of the writer's prepossessions against "*Roman pretensions*," is observable in almost every sentence, and of course adds materially to the value of his evidence.

"However absurd the idea may be of the Eastern primates going to Rome to submit their conduct to the examination of Julius, it is most strenuously insisted upon in the letter, that he expected they would have come. No doubt was to be entertained upon that point. And although they had taken offence at his summons, and amid the terms of respect with which they addressed him, had allowed sarcastic expressions to appear, still it was their canonical duty to have come at his bidding. Indeed, so little could he doubt but they would come, that he had kept their letter a whole year by him, mentioning its contents to no one, that the feelings of the brethren at Rome might not be hurt at learning their disobedience. This is exceedingly startling intelligence, and made still more so, by our being informed that their necessary attendance was in accordance with a canon of the Nicene Council. He says—'The bishops assembled in the great synod of Nicæa permitted, not without the will of God, the decision of a former council to be reviewed by a later, in order that the judges, having before their eyes the probability of a revision, might examine with all carefulness, and the accused might have confidence that their case had been decided

according to justice, and not from any hostile feeling in the minds of former judges.'

"The foundation is thus laid of the object of this letter: a former synodal sentence can be revised, and that by the authority of a canon of the Nicene Council. Of course it is a direct falsehood as respects the sentence of a provincial synod.

"Julius is then made to say that this is an ancient practice, and an established custom. But the Nicene Council was held only seventeen years before the supposed date of this letter, and therefore, except the writer forgot himself at the moment, and spoke of the Nicene Council as from the next century, when he may have been writing, he must allude to the authority of revision as an established part of the canon law. But, previous to the accession of Constantine, there is no evidence of the revision of any provincial sentence, which is what is meant here, by the prelates of another province. Nor, indeed, had there been after that event, except in the single case of the Roman decision of Miltiades on the Donatist schism, which was reviewed by the Synod of Arles; and the allusion to that council in this letter makes me not the less suspicious of the Arles Council, although it was a revision of a Roman sentence. But these proceedings—both at Rome and Arles—if real, were uncanonical; both were contrary to canon law. So that it may be said there had not been known, at the time when this letter is supposed to have been written, any instance of a revision of a synodal sentence, and yet this writer calls it an ancient practice in the Church, confirmed by councils.

"Having thus laid his foundation in falsehood, the next step in the letter is to affirm that, even if the Orientals had not desired a synod, and that he had urged it with a view to harass them on account of the complaints of their suffering brethren, such a proposal would have been reasonable and just. It would have been in accordance to ecclesiastical usage, and pleasing to God.

"It is here advanced that he, even when a revision was not agreed on by both parties, could, on the complaint of one of them, bring the cause before him. This too, he says, was ecclesiastical. He does not say in accordance with canon law, but that is implied. It was ecclesiastical usage. Of course this is another falsehood. At the same time he has not yet said that this power of revising rested with him alone, as bishop of Rome; he has only laid it down generally.

"As he proceeds, he pretends to doubt that they really thought all bishops of equal authority; he treats their expressions as if they had been only angry and passionate declamations, but he states no rule of distinction.

"And towards the close he openly states that Athanasius and Marcellus, according to the canons of the Church, should not have been proceeded against without writing to the West, as they were

bishops, and moreover bishops not of common, but of Apostolical, Churches.

"It is here implied that no Oriental bishop could be deposed without previously making a reference to the West, that is, to Rome, as he represents the Western Church, which is another falsehood.

"And he adds that it was more particularly important that they should have written to them concerning the Alexandrian Church. 'Do you not know that such was the custom to write to us first, and so from hence the sentence to be delivered? If there has been any suspicion against the bishop of that city, you ought to have written to the Church here.' But in the present instance they, without having made the Roman Church acquainted with the facts, but having done what they liked, desired that the Roman Church, which had never condemned Athanasius, should join in their decision. Such was not the order of Paul, such was not the tradition of the Fathers.

"Here is an allusion to the forgery about the two Dionysiiuses already noticed, and which was no doubt written by the man that wrote this letter.

"And then peeps out the forger barefaced. 'I beseech you gladly bear with me. The things I write are for the public good. What we have received from the blessed Peter the apostle, that I made known to you, and I would not have written, as *I think that these things are publicly known to all men*, if what has happened had not disturbed us.' " (pp. 251-5.)

It is sufficiently plain from several incidental observations in this and other passages, which we have cited, that Mr. Shepherd unhesitatingly pronounces the history of the Athanasian case to be a pure fiction, and that in what we have cited from him, he is only giving the case as it stands in the, (in his view, corrupt) historical narrative, which has alone come down to us. We must complain, however, that, even in this view of the question, Mr. Shepherd has been guilty of a gross suppression in the particular instance of Pope Julius' interference. He altogether conceals the fact, that, in the letter which he is represented as addressing to the Arian accusers of Athanasius, and in the claims and pretensions embodied in that letter, the only historians of the period whom we have, represent him as merely acting in accordance with the recognised rights of his see; that Socrates declares that "the ecclesiastical canon prohibits the sanctioning of such decrees, (as that by which the Arians had deposed Athanasius,) without the

sentence of the Roman Bishop;”* that Sozomen in like manner avows, that there “was a law, founded upon the dignity of his priesthood, which pronounces those acts invalid which were done against the sentence of the Roman Bishop;”† that Epiphanius, in the *Historia Tripartita*, reiterates the same principle; that Theodoret, in relating Julius’ citation of Athanasius, and his accusers to Rome, represents him but as “acting in accordance with the ecclesiastical law;”‡ and that so notorious was this law or usage, that even the pagan writer Ammanus Marcellinus, relates in so many words, that “although the emperor knew the deposition and banishment of Athanasius to have been accomplished (at Alexandria), yet in his unremitting hostility to him, he was exceedingly desirous that the sentence should be confirmed by that authority by which the bishops of the *Eternal City* are pre-eminent.”§

Surely these are items in the statement of the case important enough to deserve at least a passing notice. In Mr. Shepherd’s view, of course, they would not alter its real bearings. *He* would find no difficulty in scouting these, and a dozen similar testimonies, as equally spurious with the document which they are, in his opinion, intended to support; but as it would cost him so little thus to reject them from his estimate of the case—as he can dispose, by a simple stroke of his pen, of Socrates, Sozomen, Theodoret, and even the Father of Ecclesiastical History himself—he has the less excuse for passing them over. If it be not more difficult to forge half-a-dozen authorities than a single one such as that on which he rests the case, it would at least exhibit in a more striking light the daring, the ingenuity, and the industry of these wholesale fabricators.

Such then is the picture of Papal pretensions in the four first centuries, which the existing and hitherto recognised records of the early history present, even when viewed, as in Mr. Shepherd’s case, “through a Protestant glass of the present day.” We have now to see how Mr. Shepherd proceeds to deal with this *prima-facie* evidence.

* Lib. ii. 23, p. 234. † Lib. iii. 9, p. 445. ‡ Lib. ii. 4.

§ Amm. Marcell. opp. LXV. vii. p. 70, Gronovius’ Ed. Leyden, 1693.

The reader will have gathered from what has been already said, that he disposes of it by a most summary process, declaring it to be all fabricated, tampered with, mutilated, modified, and, by every other conceivable variety of literary dishonesty, adapted, so as to sustain the groundless pretensions of modern Rome! Even those portions of it which are most discreditable to these very pretensions, and which the duller champions of Protestantism have hitherto been gulled into regarding as precious fragments of anticipated anti-Papalism—the protests of Polycrates, and Cyprian, and Firmilian, and Eusebius of Nicomedia, and Gregory of Cappadocia, and Meletius, and the rest; even these are to him but the more hidden lines of that web of fraud and falsehood, with which the craft and ambition of Rome has interwoven her system! It matters not that all the eminent critics of this and every former age, Protestant as well as Catholic, Gallican* as well as Ultramontane—Papalists and Febro-nians—the Ceilliers, the Mabillons, the Dupins, the Caves, the Valois, the Saviles, the Fells, the Pearsons, the Coustant, even the Hardouins themselves, have agreed in receiving these records as true and unadulterated. All this is of no weight in the present enquiry. Mr. Shepherd has discovered new lights, to which every eye before his had been insensible, and his single verdict is to set all the rest aside at once and for ever!

Such is literally the modest assumption on which Mr. Shepherd's book proceeds!

We wish it were in our power to follow him through all the several chapters of the early history which he has selected for the display of this indiscriminating scepticism; but we need hardly say, that as the doubt conveyed in a single sentence, or even a single phrase, may require whole pages for its solution, we might easily occupy volumes in the refutation of the dogmatism, unsubstantial as it, for the most part, is, with which his book is filled. But we

* It is true that the bigoted Gallican Launoi (*De Duob. Dionys.* 77-117) questions the authority of St. Cyprian's Letter (68th or 67th) on Marcian of Arles. But his doubts are discarded as utterly groundless by the rest of the Gallican school, even by Dupin, ultra Gallican as he was (i. 125), and at greater length by Tillemont (iv. 22), who adduces the evidences of several Protestant critics in support of its authenticity. Indeed this is perfectly certain.

shall at least be able to illustrate so much of the principles by which Mr. Shepherd's criticisms are guided, as will show to what degree of credit they are in general entitled.

Once for all, then, we may say, that so monstrous an example of the sophism "begging the question," as his book presents, it has never been our fate to encounter. It is a mass of *assumptions* from the beginning to the end. We have already seen that the author commenced his investigation of the historical evidences of the claims of the Papacy, "fully satisfied *upon other grounds* that they *could* have no solid foundation;" and, from the first page to the last, of his volume, he has kept this conviction steadily before his eyes. That any fact, any statement, any narrative, of these early times, should appear to support the modern claims of Rome, is quite enough, in his eyes, to settle the question of the authenticity of such statement or narrative. It becomes *ipso facto*, by a regularly graduated scale,—“suspicious,” “startling,” “absurd,” “incredible,” “monstrous,” “surpassing all belief!” That Irenæus and Polycrates, for instance, in writing on the Paschal controversy, should not call in question the authority of Pope Victor to interfere therein, he declares, “extraordinary” (202), and “at the first glance, incredible” (*ibid.*); Victor's alleged excommunication of the Asiatic Churches, is in his eyes “a deed of such extraordinary and monstrous character, as to exceed all belief” (198); the fact of the right of Pope Stephen to interfere in the affairs of the Church of Spain, being supposed in the letter of Cyprian on the subject, is quite sufficient to make him regard the whole account of the case as “suspicious” (147); that the clergy of Carthage should have been in the habit of consulting Rome on anything that troubled them, is “curious” (137); that the bishops of the Council of Arles should send their decrees to the Roman Bishop, in order that he, “by reason of his greater jurisdiction, should make them known throughout Christendom,” renders the very existence of the council more than problematical (225); the idea of the eastern primates, in the affair of Athanasius, going to Rome to submit their conduct to the judgment of Julius, is “absurd” (251); that the history of Socrates, simply because of the picture which it gives of the relations of Rome to the Eastern Church, should be “the composition of an Oriental prelate of A.D. 450,” is “incredible” (69); that

Theodosius should, as he does in his well-known edict, have referred the Eastern Bishops to Rome for their creed, would have been "an insult" (114); and, to sum up all, every such statement as these, and every document supporting such statement; *must be* a fabrication, for "*there can be no doubt that truth has recorded nothing whatsoever of the earlier centuries of the history of Rome!*" (71.)

In one word, this investigation of the evidence in favour of the Papal supremacy proceeds on the express supposition, that *no such evidence can possibly exist*; that "*history must support common sense and Scripture, in rejecting it*" (pref.); and that the very idea of its favouring the belief of a doctrine so unscriptural, and in itself so untenable, *must be* fatal to the credibility of any statement, no matter what its extrinsic verisimilitude may chance to be. On this principle, any document which supposes or implies it, must be regarded as a modern fabrication. A work which contains any incidental allusion to it, must be believed, though undoubtedly genuine in the main, to have been so far tampered with for the purpose of sustaining the fraud: a history, in itself of admitted authenticity, if it should seem to favour the belief in any portion of its narrative, is clearly so far falsified. Even where the statement is at first sight unfavourable to the claim, and in fact has been immemorially appealed to by its antagonists as fatal to the very idea of such claim, this must be regarded but as a more refined and skilful fabrication, devised for the sole purpose of disguising the real fraud. Firmilian's scornful disregard of Pope Stephen is as certainly, though far more covertly, the work of the forger, as the abject and slavish submission of Dionysius. The disgraceful recreancy of Liberius, is but a more subtle disguise, assumed by the same master in the art of falsehood, who has placed Julius on the pinnacle of authoritative orthodoxy, and represented him as the irresponsible arbiter of faith and communion, alike to the East and the West!

Accordingly, Mr. Shepherd considers it quite enough that he should point out "improbabilities," "suspicious circumstances," "curious facts," "remarkable coincidences," or indulge in any other of the traditional forms of inuendo, in order to set aside, without further ceremony, even the best authenticated and most undoubted facts and documents of history. He appears to have but little idea

of the use which might be made, and what *de facto* has been made, of these principles of criticism. We should be very curious to see him discuss, upon the principles upon which his own enquiry into Papal history is based, any single chapter in Strauss' book upon the Gospel Narrative. He would be likely to find some inuendoes upon probabilities, circumstances, facts, and coincidences, quite as plausible, and infinitely more vital in their results, than those which he so ostentatiously parades in his strictures upon the histories on which "Romanists rely."

As a specimen of his mode of dealing with historical evidence, we must content ourselves with the first of his Proofs and Illustrations, viz. :—that upon Cyprian and the so-called Cyprianic Letters; and even with this we must deal very summarily. It will have appeared from the passages which we have already extracted, that the principles of the writers of the correspondence which has hitherto gone under the name of Cyprian, were of a character, to use Mr. Shepherd's phrase, "more fashionable at Rome than at Canterbury." Indeed, there is hardly an essential point in the claim of supremacy which they do not either establish or presuppose. Mr. Shepherd gets rid of all this very simply, by declaring that the whole correspondence is a modern fabrication. And the arguments by which he attempts to sustain this position are so ludicrously inconclusive, that we should feel some difficulty about wearying our readers with any reference to them, were it not that they may show once for all what is the character of the entire performance. They are, in fact, a series of assumptions, from the first to the last. We should premise that with the exception of a few doubts expressed by one or two such sceptical critics as Rigault, Rivet, or Launoï, regarding a few particulars, the whole body of modern critics, even down to such writers as Bayle, Gibbon, and Dodwell, are agreed as to the genuineness and perfectly truthful character of this correspondence. The letters are cited by almost every ancient writer who refers to the period, by Eusebius both in his History and in the Chronicle, by St. Jerome in his Ecclesiastical Writers, and his Dialogue against Lucifer of Cagliari, and by Pacian of Barcelona.

Against this authority Mr. Shepherd's difficulties are of two kinds, intrinsic and extrinsic. We shall take them in succession.

I. His first argument to prove the fabrication of this correspondence is, that whereas up to the date at which it is laid, there is "no trace of any intercourse between the Bishops of Rome and Carthage," yet, during the period over which this correspondence extends, as if by the lifting up of a curtain, the two churches are seen in the closest intimacy; nothing is done at either see, especially at Carthage, without an instant communication of it to the other, there being this difference between them, that Rome speaks like a superior and Carthage like an inferior" (127).

Now it is strange enough that Mr. Shepherd himself supplies, in the very same paragraph, a perfectly satisfactory solution of this difficulty, in the fact which he alleges, that during this period of silence "we know scarcely anything of either church." Might it not have occurred to him, as rather hard to expect, that whereas nothing is known of either church, history should inform us of the connection which subsists between them? But, besides, will any one suppose that such intercourse as is found to have subsisted during those troubled years, must always have been maintained, even in times of comparative calm and peace? Where are there, in the earlier history of Carthage, events of such magnitude, and contests of such interest, as those "upon the lapsed" and "on rebaptizing heretics?" When Mr. Shepherd shows, that, at any previous period, such controversies had been in agitation at Carthage, without any reference to Rome, there may be some value in the contrast which he seeks to establish. But until he shall have done this, it is of no weight whatsoever.

II. He further argues, as evidence of the suspicious character of this correspondence, that from its date forward, the curtain drops again, and throughout the rest of the third and the whole of the fourth century, there is no farther trace of any such connection between Rome and Africa. When we read this astounding statement, we were disposed at first sight to believe that he had forgotten the memorable Donatist controversy, which was repeatedly referred to Rome under two successive pontificates; that this reference was made by the Emperor Constantine himself soon after his conversion to Christianity; that the whole affair is circumstantially related by Eusebius, in his history; and that St. Augustine recognises the fitness and

canonical propriety of the reference to the Roman Pontiff, while he declares the appeal made to the emperor on the part of the Donatists, to be irregular. But we discovered, on a little further examination, that Mr. Shepherd was aware of all this, and of a great deal more, which less far-seeing minds might suppose to be satisfactory evidence; but that he holds all this to be barefaced forgery; that he disbelieves this whole story of the Donatist appeal; denies the existence of the Council of Rome under Melchisedes; and still more vehemently rejects the history of the Council of Arles in the following year! It is by a wholesale procedure such as this that he supports his statements as to cessation of intercourse between Rome and Africa! It is difficult to know to what class of evidence one should appeal, in dealing with an adversary of principles like these.

In truth Mr. Shepherd's attempt to point out intrinsic incongruities and improbabilities in the statements contained in this correspondence, (pp. 130-3,) if it has any force at all, resolves itself into a disbelief of the entire controversy on the subject of the Lapsed. And yet if it be permitted to call this into question, where is the fact in history of which we can obtain certainty? It is told circumstantially by the only professed historian of the period whose writings have come down to us. It has left its traces in the discipline of the Church, as well as in her doctrinal statements. It is intimately and inseparably connected with the history and the very existence of the Novatian heresy; and even the Donatist schism itself, although it afterwards assumed a different form, had its origin in the principles which this controversy tended to develope. We may judge of the difficulties of a position which can only be maintained by such a sacrifice of probability.

It is really painful to observe the petty circumstances on which he fastens, in order to create an impression against the genuineness of these letters. It would have been a "monstrous breach of order," he contends, for the clergy of Rome to have addressed the clergy of Carthage upon the question of the Lapsed, without taking any notice of their bishops, (134,) although the letter to which they reply was written not by the bishop alone, nor by the bishop in conjunction with the clergy, but by the clergy of Carthage alone. Novatian's letter is set down as "unreal," because it "magnifies the Roman Church," and

because it refers to certain letters which had been sent into Sicily, "without stating to whom they were directed." (pp. 133-6.) The letter of the Roman clergy to Cyprian, one of the clearest and most satisfactory expositions of the true principles that should regulate the dealings of the Church with the Lapsed, which it would be possible to desire, is declared to be "unnatural" and "unreal," because it occupies "four pages without a fact!" It is represented as improbable that the Roman clergy would blame Cyprian for flying from the persecution at Carthage, whereas they speak of foreign bishops who were at Rome and at Carthage at the very same time. "Why," it is asked, "should the Roman clergy have been so angry with Cyprian for a temporary concealment in the neighbourhood of his people, and so friendly with these, foreign and Italian, who had entirely deserted their flocks?" The fact being, that the bishops of whom there is question had assembled for the purpose of holding a council, and so far from flying from danger, (the charge made against Cyprian,) had actually braved it in its very strongholds.

Such are, substantially, the intrinsic improbabilities on account of which we are called on to reject the authority of the ancient historians, and the verdict of all modern critics, of every conceivable shade of opinion!

II. But this is as nothing when compared with Mr. Shepherd's mode of dealing with the extrinsic arguments in favour of the genuineness of the correspondence.

"These letters," he tells us, "are noticed previous to the fifth century, in a professed translation of Eusebius's 'Chronicle,' by Jerome, in Jerome's book on 'Ecclesiastical Writers,' in a dialogue stated to be written by Jerome against the disciples of Lucifer, bishop of Calari, and in a work which goes under the name of Pacian."

One might suppose that, when the documents in question are merely a few letters, in array of authority like this, (even though it was complete, which it is not, for it omits Eusebius's History,) should be sufficient to satisfy any reasonable enquirer. But this is nothing in Mr. Shepherd's eyes. He disposes of them all without the smallest ceremony: they are *all*, he declares, *either spurious or interpolated*, in all their statements about Cyprian which bear upon the Papacy.

(1) The Chronicle* of Eusebius, he maintains, is interpolated. His proof is rather a strange one. *It says too much about Cyprian*, he holds, to be genuine. By a number of earlier citations from the Chronicle in which Pope Victor and his connexion with the Paschal controversy, are brought prominently forward, and which Mr. S. endeavours to show were ingrafted upon the original for the purpose of establishing the claim of Roman supremacy, he infers that the similar references to Cyprian were intended to subserve the same ambitious designs. But, unluckily, for all this assumption, he has no proof whatsoever to offer, and, on the contrary, it rather unfortunately happens, even by his own admission (177,) that this designing interpolator has omitted the material point of the whole story of Victor—the only point on which the Roman claim could really be made to rest—*his attempted excommunication of the Asiatics!*

(2) His argument against the purity of the present text of St. Jerome's Ecclesiastical Writers, is nothing more than a series of the like silly assumptions. The notices of Cyprian cannot, he holds, be genuine, because they are too frequently and too prominently introduced; inasmuch as besides a special article on Cyprian himself, there are also allusions, to him under the heads of Pontius, of Dionysius of Alexandria, and of Novatian! Is it possible to carry this reckless absurdity farther? Nothing could be more natural than each and every one of these references to Cyprian.

(1) Pontius, the first of the writers referred to, was the Deacon and bosom friend of Cyprian, and actually composed his Life. Mr. Shepherd, of course, declares this Life to be "manifestly spurious" (164.) But there is no second opinion among critics upon the subject of its

* In the course of his argument he alludes to the alleged Armenian translation of the Chronicle, published by Cardinal Mai, and, as usual, expresses strong doubts as to its being a translation at all. It is plain, however, that he has not the smallest knowledge of the subject, and is not even aware that since Cardinal Mai's *Latin version* of the Armenian translation, the original Armenian text has actually been published by the Mechpitarists at San Lazaro, in two vols., 4to.

authenticity. Even Gibbon regards it as a genuine and most interesting historical record.*

(2) Dionysius of Alexandria was himself engaged in the very same controversy on rebaptizing heretics, which forms the leading topic of the more important portion of Cyprian's correspondence; and therefore nothing could be more natural than to connect them together.

Mr. Shepherd, however, alleges, what would be, if true, a very serious difficulty, viz., that Jerome's statement is at variance with that of the Church History of Eusebius (164.) But what is the fact? We are bound to suppose that Mr. Shepherd cannot possibly even have looked at the book to which he so boldly refers. Eusebius most explicitly declares that this very Dionysius wrote to Stephen "the first of his epistles on baptism, as there was no little controversy whether those turning from any heresy whatever, should be purified by baptism;"† thus confirming, in the clearest terms, the collateral evidence of Jerome in the Ecclesiastical Writers.

(3) So far is the reference to Cyprian, under the head of Novatian, from being suspicious, that, on the contrary, we should have considered the omission of such reference far more extraordinary. Was Mr. Shepherd aware, that according to the most probable opinion, Novatian himself is the author of one, at least, of the letters in the correspondence? Does he forget that the most strenuous efforts were made by him and his followers to obtain the support of the rigorist party in Africa; that he was, in truth, almost as much mixed up with the African controversy on the Lapsed, as with the Roman; and that Cyprian was the heart and soul of the opposition maintained in both Churches, against his harsh and cruel policy towards the fallen? Surely it would be inconceivable that the mention of Novatian should not have elicited the name of his great and successful antagonist; and the terms in which he is alluded to in the Ecclesiastical Writers, are precisely those which would have occurred to any one acquainted with the circumstances of the controversy.

And when it is recollected that St. Cyprian was, up to the time at which St. Jerome wrote, almost the only, or, at least, the most important, representative of the Christian literature of the West, it will be at once understood that a

* Vol. i. 560.

† VII. ii. p. 248, Cruse's Translation.

western critic would naturally not alone seize every opportunity that might offer itself, but even seek out studiously, and create other opportunities of indulging the pride of a fellow provincial, by the exhibition of the merits of so distinguished a bishop and so powerful a writer.

The objections against the authenticity of the Dialogue against the Luciferians, are of the same frivolous and arbitrary character, consisting chiefly of alleged improbabilities in the narrative of events which it supplies. It would carry us far beyond our limits to enter into this profitless discussion, and, indeed, the reader may sufficiently estimate the nature of the arguments on which Mr. Shepherd relies, when we inform him that Mr. Shepherd carries his scepticism as far as to doubt, and even deny, the existence of any schism originated by Lucifer of Cagliari (pp. 165-6.) Why there is not a fact in the history of the western Church, of the fourth century, more satisfactorily established; nor were the traces of its influence entirely removed for nearly a century after the death of the prelate with whom it had its origin.

We are tempted to present, as a closing specimen of his principles of criticism, the arguments by which he attempts to get rid of the last testimony to the genuineness of the Cyprianic Letters, that of Pacian, Bishop of Barcelona.

"On the titlepage is the name of Pacian; and on referring to Jerome, who is here perhaps unpolluted, we read:—'Pacian, bishop of Barcelona, in the Pyrenees, celebrated for his chastity and eloquence, for his way of life and speech, wrote several small works, one called *Κέρβος*, and another against the Novatians. He is already dead, in extreme old age, in the reign of Theodosius;' that is, within twelve years of the time Jerome was writing.

"The work to which I am alluding is said to be this book against the Novatians. But I have learnt to believe, and I think the reader will be convinced also, if he has the patience to weigh my proofs, that attention is to be paid to the titles of the books which Jerome quotes. My impression is, that he has seen every book which he mentions, except in cases where he distinctly tells us that he had not; and that he, whatever may have been the case with his interpolator, was very exact in transcribing the titles. But the book in question has no such title as 'against the Novatians;' it is intitled, 'Three Letters to Sympronian.' There is nothing to show that the writer was Pacian, nor where he lived, nor to whom he was writing; and the internal evidence is, that the writer was an African. It is a very absurd story that introduces the Cyprian documents. The parties are strangers, or almost so, and live thirty

days' journey apart; and Sympronian, whom Pacian addresses as 'my lord,' 'most illustrious lord,' and then 'brother,' sends a messenger with his letters to Pacian, telling him that no one throughout the whole world had convinced him of the error of his opinions, but yet seeking to argue with Pacian. As it turns out, however, (and if this letter is a specimen of his usual method of conducting a controversy, there is not much wonder that he had yet been unanswered,) he had forgotten, although he had sent a man a month's journey with his letter, to state distinctly what his opinions were. So Pacian, in the first letter, argues as if his correspondent was a Montanist, introducing Cyprian however; and, after a few observations, says he would have entered more at large into the subject, only (as usual) the servant was waiting. This is a very significant excuse, as it prevades so many of these suspicious documents. But as a thirty days' journey lay between him and his correspondent (although Pacian carefully conceals the place of Sympronian's residence, calling it 'the city,') it might have been thought that the messenger could have waited a day longer. At the same time, if the messenger had waited for the first letter as long as it would seem he had to wait for the second, forty days, he might have some reason for being in a great hurry at last.

"The second and third letters are evidently intended to bolster up the Cyprian letters, by quoting the peculiar facts contained in them, such as the name, character, and proceedings of Novatus, the African presbyter, under pretence of warding off the attacks of a Novatian. It is impossible that Pacian's character for learning could have induced a stranger to send so far to hear the truth from his lips. A man who proves that 'Catholic' means, 'as the more learned think, 'obedience to all the commands,' that is, 'of God,' by the text, 'For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous,' is not likely to have been the subject of fame, or to have received Jerome's panegyric. The allusion to the Apollinarians as well-known heretics, classing them among the Phrygians and Novatians, of itself is a fair presumption that Pacian was not the author of the letters. He died in extreme old age, about the time when that heresy was first condemned in the East, its birthplace; and it is very unlikely, even if the heresy had penetrated the Pyrenees, that a man of his years, and he does not write like an old man, would have been at that time writing a book, or if he had been, and had noticed the new heresy, that he would not have said something about its peculiar tenets," (pp. 173-5.)

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in this criticism, is the admission with which it opens, that *possibly this citation from Jerome may be genuine*. This is a great deal from Mr. Shepherd.

His conjecture, therefore, is, that although Pacian wrote some work against the Novatians, it was not that which we now have under his name.

Now we need only say, that there is hardly a single point in all the critical history of the fourth century, less susceptible of doubt than the identity of Pacian's work against the Novatians, and that which is still preserved. Tillemont, one of the most calm and dispassionate of critics, pronounces it "one of the noblest monuments of the doctrine of the Church, and of the erudition and piety of the author."* Mr. Shepherd's only direct objection that the work which we possess is not entitled *Against the Novatians*, is either a very foolish or a very dishonest one. Like almost all the controversial or didactic works of the age, (both sacred and profane,) it is in three letters addressed to Sempronianus, a Novatian nobleman, who had consulted Pacian on the doctrines of Novatianism. But although addressed to him in the form of letters, it is professedly, from the beginning to the end, an argument against Novatianism; and *the third letter is, in fact, a formal reply to a Novatian tract, which Sempronianus had sent to Pacian for examination*. The conjectural improbabilities as to the time at which the book was written do not deserve to be taken into account for a moment against the positive testimonies which we actually possess; but, even as conjectures, they cannot be sustained. To take the most prominent of these as an example, Mr. Shepherd objects, that as Pacian, according to St. Jerome, died under Theodosius, it is improbable he could have spoken of the Apollinarians "as well-known heretics." Now there is not the slightest difficulty in the matter. St. Jerome's book was written in 392,† three years before the death of Theodosius. Pacian may have died, therefore, at any time between 379 and 392. Now even taking the earliest of these dates, the Apollinarians were already, for a considerable time, "well-known heretics." Their principles had been public for years before, and the heresy itself was formally condemned in 377. And, in fact, so far from presenting any difficulty as to the time at which the tract may be supposed to have been written, it should rather be taken as a confirmation of its ordinarily received date. What is more natural than

* VIII. 227.

* Tillemont, VIII. 228.

that a writer should take, as the first illustration which presented itself to his thoughts, the example of a recent and popular heresy, which was then actually under discussion, and, as such, more likely to occur both to his own mind and that of his correspondent?

We have already observed that in enumerating (p. 152) the extrinsic evidences of the genuineness of these letters, Mr. Shepherd omits to mention the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius. Now the forty-third chapter of the seventh book of this history contains a very explicit mention of the most important portion of the correspondence. "There are also," we read, "epistles of Cornelius, bishop of Rome, addressed to Fabius, bishop of Antioch, which show the transactions of the council of Rome, and also the opinions of all those in Italy and Africa, and the regions there. *Others there are, also written in the Roman tongue, from Cyprian, and the bishops with him in Africa.*"*

It is true that Mr. Shepherd alludes to this passage in a subsequent page (160,) but it is only to throw discredit upon its authenticity, the principal argument against it being, that "*Cyprian has no title given to him,*" which, he assures us, is contrary to the invariable practice of the genuine Eusebius! Unluckily for Mr. Shepherd's point, (even if it were worth considering for a single moment,) *the genuine Eusebius* does give Cyprian his title, calling him "*Cyprian, and the bishops with him in Africa;*" although Mr. Shepherd has found it expedient to suppress this title in the reference which he makes to Eusebius, (which is cited with inverted commas,) changing the phrase "*Cyprian, and the bishops with him in Africa,*" into simple "*Cyprian and the Africans*" (160.) We own we should have expected more caution from so inveterate an enemy of forgery!

Such is a very imperfect description of the process by which Mr. Shepherd disposes of historical authorities, when they stand in the way of his favourite views. In the case of the Letters of Cyprian, he begins by discrediting them altogether in themselves, because they present a view of the relations between Rome and the other churches which, "upon other grounds he is satisfied" must be false, and to which, looking, as he does, "through a Protestant glass," he has deliberately shut his eyes. Under this assumption, he

* p. 341 Cruse's Tran.

discovers a number of petty improbabilities, seeming inconsistencies in the narrative, difficulties of time, space, or circumstances, which he dignifies into the name of "intrinsic proofs and illustrations." He finds this statement to be "suspicious;" that circumstance "curious;" another "incredible;" and pronounces the entire result to be "unnatural," "unreal," and to bear convincing evidence of the forger's hand. This point once satisfactorily established, all the rest is easy. The extrinsic evidence presents no difficulty; the judgment of the entire critical world, Catholic, Protestant, and unbelieving, he sets aside as unworthy of consideration, or rather ignores altogether; and it is not a little amusing, that as far as we can at present recollect, there is hardly a single allusion from the beginning to the end of the volume to any one great name in the annals of criticism, even in confirmation of the views which he is desirous to sustain. The testimonies of contemporary or nearly contemporary writers, are but, in his eyes, so many additional threads in the web of forgery, which he easily disentangles by the same process. Eusebius's History, he declares, is manifestly interpolated. His Chronicle is confessedly imperfect, and does not profess to be more than a translation; this translation has plainly been tampered with; Jerome's "Ecclesiastical Writers" presents evident traces of the same hand; Pontius the Deacon's Life of Cyprian is a manifestly spurious work; the Dialogue against the Luciferian Schismatics is a clumsy fabrication; and in truth there never was such a schism at all; and as for Pacian's "Letters to Sempronianus," it is a manifest anachronism to imagine that they could have been composed by him; and it is equally manifest, from their very contents, that the writer was the same who has left us so much of his other handiwork in the Cyprianic correspondence, and whose sole object in drawing up these letters was to support, by collateral evidence, the monstrous fraud of which he had then laid the foundation!

In all this, too, Mr. Shepherd's contempt for the authority of history with regard to facts, is equally chivalrous. He never lets "a fact" stand for a moment in his way. He has as little difficulty in sacrificing the existence of a heresy, a schism, a council, a controversy, as he finds in denying the genuineness of a book. He regards the whole story of the Paschal controversy under Victor, which the benighted throng of common historians look upon as hav-

ing supplied materials which agitated the Church for more than two centuries, as a pure "fabrication;"—the alleged fact itself being merely a Romanist peg, whereon to hang their "monstrous claim" to interference in the affairs of foreign churches. For the similar contest under Stephen, on Rebaptizing, he discovers a similar origin. The dispute about the Lapsed, he would represent as equally unreal. The whole Donatist appeal to Constantine, to Melchiades, and to Sylvester, is, on his showing, a complete fiction; so also are the councils of Rome and Arles, which are alleged to have been held for its adjustment; so is the great council of Sardica and the seceding and rival Arian council of Philippopolis, so are the later councils of Milan and Rimini, at least in all the received details of their history; and strangest of all, the history of Liberius is utterly irreconcilable, not alone with known facts, but even with probability itself!

Like most paradoxical theorists, too, Mr. Shepherd reasons at different times upon the most different, and indeed, most contradictory principles. At one time he argues against the genuineness of a document, from the fact of its not being mentioned by some contemporary, or nearly contemporary writer, for example by Eusebius, or by St. Jerome. At another time he urges the fact of a book's being noticed by those writers at all, as a suspicious, and perhaps fatal circumstance. One time too little is said of a book or of a fact to be compatible with its authenticity; another time the, as he calls it, too-marked and prominent notice which it receives, can only be explained on the supposition of fraud and design!

And thus, for example, in the case of the Letters of St. Cyprian, his theory of their spuriousness involves the following process:—

1. The long series of letters to and from Cyprian, and a great variety of correspondents at Rome, at Carthage, in Asia, in Gaul, in Spain, must have been compiled by this industrious forger, or knot of forgers, fully two centuries after their alleged date. And the reader need but look into these letters, and observe the minute and close details of persons, doubts, and opinions, with which they are filled, in order to form an idea of the ingenuity requisite for such a fabrication.

2. The forger, in order to sustain this fundamental fraud, must have systematically falsified the whole groundwork

of the history of the period. He must have invented the account of the contest about the Lapsed; the letters of communion granted by the martyrs; the scandals and re-criminations of Novatian and his opponents, and a thousand minute circumstances of them all. Above all, he must have invented the whole history of the Re-baptizing controversy.

3. He must have tampered with the History of Eusebius in numberless places, not only by introducing allusions whereby to strengthen and support his fraud, but what is far more difficult, by suppressing or modifying every statement inconsistent with its credibility.

4. He must have repeated the same process in the Latin translation of the History, by Ruffinus.

5. He must have dealt still more summarily with St. Jerome's Ecclesiastical Writers;—which in fact, to judge from Mr. Shepherd's account, has been "doctored" in almost every article, for the purpose of lending its authority to Cyprian.

6. He must have gone to the still more extraordinary length of first fabricating a book, Pontius's Life of Cyprian, for the mere purpose of inserting in Jerome's Ecclesiastical Writers an article upon it, into which a notice of these letters was to be introduced;—and this although the Life itself gives no support to them!

7. He must not only have fabricated Jerome's so-called "Dialogue against the Luciferians," but he must even have invented the whole story of the Luciferian schism, in order to be able to write against it!

8. He must have forged a "most improbable" correspondence between Pacian and Sempronianus, in order to pass it off upon the world as the "Book against the Novatians" of this author described by Jerome in his Ecclesiastical Writers; and yet must have done this so clumsily and imperfectly, as to leave it even still doubtful whether this can possibly be the book to which Jerome refers!

These are but a few of the more prominent assumptions involved in Mr. Shepherd's theory. There are besides a thousand nameless, partly expressed, partly implied, prejudgments of the case, which it would be too long to enumerate, but which every reader at all acquainted with the subject, will easily discover. And what we

have shown of the case of the Cyprianic Letters, is equally true of that of all the rest, and perhaps in some more strikingly so, than in that of St. Cyprian.

It is time to draw these observations to a close. But there is one ground of objection to the authenticity of a fact which is so exceedingly unusual, that we cannot pass it over. After all that we have seen on the subject of the interpolation of St. Jerome's Ecclesiastical, and the translation of Eusebius's Chronicle, will the reader believe, that the silence of the "interpolated" books, regarding a statement otherwise supported, is urged as a reason for disbelieving that statement? If we had not the passage actually under our eyes at this moment, we could hardly venture to think it possible. But if any one will take the trouble of turning to page 192, he will find Mr. Shepherd seriously urging against the truth of the alleged accusation preferred to Pope Dionysius against his namesake of Alexandria, the fact of *the silence of those interpolated books, and even of the portion of them which he holds to be interpolated, regarding this accusation!* In other words the story about Dionysius of Alexandria is a fabrication, because we do not find any trace of it in the fabricated Chronicle of Eusebius, or the interpolated Ecclesiastical Writers of Jerome!

But we should never have done were we to pursue to the end the numberless wild and extravagant assumptions with which this strange book is filled. Indeed it is, from the first page to the last, a declaration of war against every recognised law of history and criticism. No amount of authority is sufficient to shelter against his scepticism any work which may run counter to his views. He rejects the story of Dionysius of Alexandria, just referred to, although attested by the Historical Tracts of St. Athanasius, and by St. Basil's work "On the Holy Spirit," both of which he unhesitatingly pronounces to be forgeries. With equal intrepidity he sets aside a host of authorities, upon the later history of the fourth century—Athanasius, Epiphanius, Gregory of Nazianzum, Jerome, Hilary, and the historians Socrates, Sozomen, and Theodoret; and we may safely assert, that there is hardly a single work of that period, the authority of which is not either actually questioned, or at least is not liable to the very same difficulties which he has urged as reasons for rejecting those testimonies which we have seen him discard.

So extravagant, indeed, are the principles upon which they proceed, that it may be doubted whether we have not dealt too seriously with these assumptions. But Mr. Shepherd is only an exaggerated specimen of a school which has been making some progress in our later historical literature. As a type of a class, although in some respects an extravagant one, we have deemed it expedient to devote a few pages to an exposure of his inconsistencies. And there is at least one useful deduction to be derived from this lengthened exposition of his view of the early history of the Papacy. His work will at least make it plain, that if what the whole world, until enlightened by Mr. Shepherd, has hitherto received as genuine history, be indeed deserving of the name, the modern claims of the Papacy are fully borne out by the picture which it discloses; and that in order to dislodge the See of Rome from the pre-eminence over the churches which history assigns to it, every recognised principle of criticism must be reversed; the greatest names of old must be dislodged from the position which they have traditionally occupied, and the whole array of the venerated monuments of ancient learning must be discarded as a clumsy work of the dishonest and unscrupulous fabricator, and the still more unscrupulous suborner of forgery.

ART. V.—*Returns: Ecclesiastical Commission; and Archbishoprics and Bishoprics.* Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed, 16 June, 1851.

IN the annals of man, events sometimes become so associated with the date of their occurrence, as to give the latter an individuality, which it were otherwise difficult to conceive of a space of time. Our French neighbours, especially, have a great predilection for this association of events and dates; and they recall to mind all the great crimes and phases of their first revolution, as well as the

historical deeds of more recent times, by the bare mention of the day on which they took place. When we, in this country, resort to a similar practice, we are content to refer to [the year simply. Thus, the revolution which drove the Stuarts from the throne is inseparably connected with the year 1688; and the two futile attempts to replace them upon it, are compendiously cited as the '15 and '45. Thus, also, the year 1829 will always be known among us as the year of Catholic emancipation; 1832, as that of parliamentary reform; and 1845, of the railway mania. Thus, also, will the past year become a popular era; and although it will often be connected in the minds of many with the glories of the great Exhibition, we may venture to predict that it will be better known in history as the year of the bishops.

Its dawn found the nation raving in high fever about bishops. The executive of the State opened the session of the legislature with urgent demands for protection against a blow said to have been aimed by a Bishop against the prerogative of the crown and the liberties of the people. That Bishop, it appears, had appointed other Bishops to superintend his flock in this country. His spiritual supremacy over that flock was, it is true, universally admitted as a fact, and recognised as a right. His power to create Bishops was not disputed; and it logically followed that his authority to circumscribe within certain local limits the exercise of their episcopal functions could not be called into question. Had he, indeed, but advanced one step further, and coined respectable polysyllabic appellatives ending in "us" or "os," for the several districts into which he parcelled out his spiritual empire, his aggression would have been no aggression; the British Lion would have lain dormant, and the British Parliament would not have retrograded a century. But, *Dix aliter visum*. His Holiness preferred Saxon to Greek or Roman names for his English bishoprics, and he convulsed the country.

"It is thy name that is mine enemy!"

With the Archbishopric of Melipotamus, good John Bull would have had no quarrel; but alas! it was styled Westminster, and thereupon the knavish few taught, and the foolish many believed that the crown was insulted, the national church attacked, and the enslavement of the people com-

passed. Who shall henceforth say that there is no magic in words? Who shall henceforth believe that

"Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title?"

The division of the country into spiritual districts was spoken of as though the work had been performed with spade and pickaxe; the promulgation of the new ecclesiastical constitution was regarded as tantamount to an abrogation of the "glorious" one; and the establishment of the newly appointed prelates was thought as fatal to the peace of our hamlets, as if these were delivered over to the horrors of a military occupation. The people of Great Britain had not been in such a pother since the time of the change of the calendar from the old to the new style; when popular indignation ran so high against the minister who effected the alteration, that he could not appear in public without being assailed with cries of "give us back our eleven days," which the exasperated multitude insisted they had lost by the measure. The "Papal Aggression" mania will add a singular chapter to the already bulky history of popular delusions and religious animosities; but it will find its way down to history without our help; and we refer to it to show that it alone would have sufficed to give an episcopal celebrity to the year which has just closed.

The Bishops of the Established Church, however, may fairly claim to share this honour. They did not, it is true, frighten an entire nation out of its propriety, by conjuring up gaunt spectres of invasion, conquest, and slavery. They were satisfied with filling a humbler character on the world's stage. They did the comic part of the business, and treated the world to some amusement, after the more serious drama of the ecclesiastical titles. Their contribution however, to the illustration of their distinguished order, was not as well calculated as that of their rivals, to arrest general attention; and as it might possibly sink to the bottom of that stream which carries men's deeds to posterity, if a hand were not stretched forth to support it, we willingly plunge to their assistance. For although no violent admirers of the Established Church, we do not object to render it a service, when in doing so we advance the true interests of every persuasion.

Although it was not until 1836 that the Legislature took

up the question of Church Reform,—which means, in this iron age, not the amendment of the doctrines, or the improvement of the discipline of the church, but the regulation of its revenues,—the scandalous misapplication of enormous funds which had been originally intended, and might be usefully applied, for far different purposes, had long before been the subject of popular complaint and remonstrance. It was believed that the Anglican bishops were in the receipt of immense revenues; and the best friends of the Establishment, if they did not join with those who dissented from her creed, in demanding that her wealth should, like all other national resources, be applied to national purposes, advocated at least a more equitable, and a more useful distribution of it. Such proposals, however, had long been met,—as proposals of reform are very commonly met by the partizans of abuses,—with vituperation. They were stigmatized as impious and dishonest. Any interference with the property of the Church was an attack on religion. The income of a bishop was as sacred as an article of faith. Curiosity to know its amount, or a wish to divert any portion of it from the pockets of his successors into other channels, could spring only from a mind deficient in religious principle. If argument was stooped to, it started from that fruitful source of fallacy, metaphor. The Church became, like the Bank of England, an old lady; and like all other old ladies, she had a right to do what she liked with her own. The nation had no concern with, or interest in, her property, and had no more right to interfere with her distribution of it, than to dictate to any individual how he should spend his money. To advise her was impertinent, to remonstrate with her was unwarrantable, to undertake the management of her funds, and to apply them to the advancement of religion and morality, were sacrilege and plunder. But these weapons, however efficacious they have hitherto proved against a radical reform of the temporalities and government of the Established Church, did not succeed in preserving all her pecuniary corruptions intact. One of the earliest fruits of the Reform Act was the appointment of a commission to inquire, among other things, into the revenues of the dioceses of England and Wales. The commissioners, in the prosecution of their inquiry, addressed a series of questions to the incumbents touching the amount of their gross receipts from their various sources of income, and the necessary

outgoings which reduced the gross, to the net income; and from the returns which were made in answer to those questions, the average net annual income of the Archbishops and Bishops during the years 1829-1835, appeared to be as follows:—

That of

	As Estimated by the Incumbents.			As Estimated by the Commissioners.		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
The Abp. of Canterbury	21,863	13	3	22,365	10	2
The Abp. of York	11,437	17	2	11,725	6	11
The Bishop of London	13,890	17	5	15,045	0	11
Durham	19,813	16	4	22,185	8	8
Winchester	10,372	9	5	10,654	3	7
St. Asaph { 5,990 17 11 }	10,661	12	3	9,968	17	5
and Bangor { 4,070 14 4 }						
Bath and Wells	5,940	11	11	6,011	0	2
Carlisle	2,613	9	4	2,592	4	11
Chester	2,910	3	1	3,022	15	10
Chichester	3,587	10	8	3,560	10	8
St. David's	2,820	9	10	2,915	2	4
Ely	8,120	13	11	9,597	6	1
Exeter	2,794	1	0	1,571	10	9*
Gloucester { 2,137 7 11 }	4,222	7	3	4,304	2	3
and Bristol { 2,084 19 4 }						
Hereford	2,658	17	2	2,797	18	0
Lichfield	4,311	8	8	3,660	10	11
Lincoln	3,680	16	1	3,747	10	10
Llandaff	1,450	6	1	1,043	14	10
Norwich	4,465	15	2	4,517	8	1
Oxford	1,630	9	5	1,505	4	5
Peterborough	3,384	17	5	3,363	15	9
Rochester	2,195	17	2	2,180	8	7
Salisbury	5,826	1	11	6,012	8	0
Worcester	7,309	4	6	7,301	13	1

* This Bishop returned as part of his episcopal income, the following items, which were omitted by the commissioners in framing their estimate of the income of the see.

Net proceeds from the rectory of Shobrooke	£277	2	10
Ditto, Treasurership	210	10	5
Ditto, Residentiaryship annexed to Treasurership	735	7	1

It may be mentioned, in passing, that the public have not very generally had sufficient faith in the disinterestedness and veracity of the spiritual bench, to attach implicit credence to the accuracy of their returns. The profound mystery in which the wealth of the Church had been long and obstinately shrouded undoubtedly gave much exaggeration to the popular estimate of its amount. On the other hand, the bishops trembling in the presence of a dreaded and impending reform, had cogent reasons for desiring to make their incomes appear as low as possible; and the popular mind was sceptical enough to doubt whether they would allow their material interests to suffer through any over-chivalrous love of truth, or abstract sense of right. It was remarked, indeed, that the late Archbishop of Canterbury had not always been consistent in the accounts which he had given, or authorized his agents to give, of the income of his see; having represented it, when he wanted to borrow money, higher, by many thousand pounds, than he subsequently returned it to the commissioners. The stationary state of the London revenue, also, notwithstanding the daily growing city of palaces, extending over the Paddington estate, was the subject of much comment; and those who acquitted the bishop of the fashionable fraud of cooking his accounts, found it more difficult to rescue him from the imputation of neglecting the management of the diocesan property. Whether this incredulity was well founded, or the bishops were unduly distrusted, are questions which we had not the means of answering. The truth may possibly lie between the black book and the blue one; but, for our part, we shall side with the bishops, and shall willingly assume the correctness of the episcopal figures.

The reader, on casting his eye over the above table, will probably be struck by the circumstance that, in most cases, the bishops estimated their net revenues lower than did the commissioners, who, like ourselves, assumed the perfect accuracy of their returns, and based their calculations upon them. This their lordships had effected by deducting some strange items from their gross receipts. Thus the late Archbishop of Canterbury returned, under "heads of expenditure," which he proposed to deduct from the gross, in estimating net, receipts, the expenses which he incurred in holding "confirmations, visitations," &c., his annual contribution to the library at Lambeth Palace,

his fire insurances, and the repairs of his palaces. The late Archbishop of York, in addition to the costs of "confirmations, consecrations," &c., deemed himself entitled to deduct from his gross revenue, certain "accustomable annual payments to various institutions and schools in the diocese." The bishops sailed in the wake of their superiors, and their returns presented similar items of deduction. The Bishop of Ely, especially, distinguished himself for the boldness of his method of separating net from gross revenue. His list of deductions included, besides the archiepiscopal claims on behalf of visitations, confirmations, &c., the costs of a "housekeeper at Ely Palace; "dinner at courts leet, and four dinners to lay clerks of Ely Cathedral;" "subscriptions to schools, charities, building churches," &c.; "repairs of palace at Ely, and Ely house, London, and insurance;" "taxes on ditto, exclusive of personal taxes"—conscientious prelate!—"and water rent," "sewer rate," and some other equally modest items. The commissioners, albeit not very hostile to the bench, thought that in estimating the net revenue of a bishop, the expenses of his visitations, consecrations, and confirmations, his contributions to diocesan charities, the wages of his servants, the repairs of his houses, &c., &c., ought not to be deducted from his gross receipts; and their disallowance of those and some other claims, accounts, in most cases, for the difference between their and the bishops' estimates of the episcopal net incomes. This act of severity probably kept out of the next septennial returns the expenses incurred by their lordships in supporting the dignity of their stations, such as their outlay in coaches, shovel hats, aprons, and lawn sleeves, to say nothing of the heavy cost of keeping the *vescove* and the *vescovine* in suitable splendour, expenses which undoubtedly had as fair a claim to deduction as any of the disallowed items.*

* These deductions remind us that shortly after the passing of the Reform Act, a proposal was made by a celebrated Canon residentiary to a friend of ours, to become his curate at a rectory which entitled the curate to the highest legal salary. The proposal was something like the following—Curacy £200 a-year, but the curate to allow, on account, these items.

Lodgings of Curate at Rectory during the Canon's absence,	£90
Board and board wages of a man-servant, who was to wear the Canon's livery,...	£50
Subscriptions in the Canon's name to the county hospital, &c.,	£20

The table suggests other reflections, arising from the absolute magnitude and relative disproportion of the incomes assigned to the Anglican prelates. It is well known that to secure efficient servants in some branches of the public service, it is necessary to pay largely. Thus, as a judge of learning and talent can only be found in the ranks of a profession in which those qualities command a high price, no salary which is much below his yearly profits can tempt a successful lawyer to abandon his practice for public employment. In other words, some of the most essential qualifications of a good judge are such as the public can secure by purchase only. The position, also, of a judge, and the nature of the duties which he has to perform, are additional reasons for giving him a high salary; for if he were not placed, not merely beyond the reach, but beyond even the suspicion of corruption, justice would be poisoned at its source. These considerations, however, have no application whatever to the Church. Indeed, the very dross which preserves the purity of the ermine, dims the lustre of the mitre. The above table proves clearly enough that large salaries do not procure, and do not in the slightest degree tend to procure, good bishops. Experience, indeed, was not needed to prove this. Piety and humility are among the first virtues which should adorn a Christian prelate; but they have never yet been purchased with gold. Avarice and rapacity, worldliness and covetousness, pride and ambition, on the other hand, have never yet been eradicated by wealth, but have rather thriven upon it. Learning in all that appertains to divinity, such as a knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, and of the sacred, patristic and modern theological writings, ought undoubtedly to adorn the chiefs of a Christian hierarchy; but such qualifications, even if they were as much in demand as they ought to be, might be procured at a trifling cost; for the profit which they bring to those who possess them, is not of a pecuniary character. It needs, in a word, no great worldly prizes to secure a good bishop. He is found best among those "who need but little here below, nor need that little long." It was not surprising, therefore, to find that the See of Exeter could obtain quite as much zeal, piety, and learning for its £1,500 a-year, as York or Canterbury could acquire with their tens or twenties of thousands. Nor would it have been very absurd to conclude

that the services of a Howley or a Harcourt would be liberally remunerated with the salary which was sufficient to command those of a Philpotts!

The commissioners, however, did not arrive at this conclusion. They joined, indeed, in the general condemnation of the larger episcopal salaries; but they, at the same time, lighted upon the notable discovery, that the Anglican successors of the Galilean fishermen could not efficiently discharge their duties with less than £4,000 a-year. They, therefore, recommended that the less fortunate prelates should no longer be suffered to languish in the shameful poverty in which they were shivering; but that a fund should be created by charging the wealthier sees with "such fixed annual sums as should, after due inquiry, be determined upon, *so as to leave an annual average income*" to

The Archbishop of Canterbury	of	£15,000
The Archbishop of York	10,000
The Bishop of London	10,000
The Bishop of Durham	8,000
The Bishop of Winchester	7,000
The Bishop of Ely	5,500
The Bishop of St. Asaph and Bangor	5,200
The Bishop of Worcester	5,000
The Bishop of Bath and Wells	5,000

And that out of that fund the incomes of the other bishops should be raised to not less than £4,000, nor more than £5,000. Vested interests, however, were respected; and it was therefore suggested that the proposed alterations should not affect the revenues of any bishop who was in possession on the fourth of March, 1836, without his consent. These recommendations met with the approval of Parliament, and by the 6 and 7 W. IV. c. 77, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners were appointed and incorporated, and they were empowered to prepare schemes for carrying their plan into effect, which schemes, when ratified by orders in council, were to have the effect of law. The commissioners were the two Archbishops, the Bishops of London, Lincoln, and Gloucester, the Earl of Harrowby, Mr. H. Hobhouse, Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, and five cabinet ministers. In 1840 the constitution of the board was changed; its members were increased to fifty in num-

ber, of whom thirty were Churchmen, (including all the bishops,) and twenty were laymen.

The reader will of course expect to be furnished, at the outset, with a list of those just men who voluntarily stripped themselves of the excess of their actual revenues over the incomes which they, as well as the legislature, have declared to be sufficient for the bishops of the sees they now occupy. Instances are not wanting in our day, of pecuniary sacrifices made with pure motives and for lofty ends; and it is not unreasonable to ask whether among the wealthy prelates of England there have not been found two or three, at least, to reduce their incomes to the limits which they have assigned for their successors. Those limits are not very narrow, and the sacrifice would have involved nothing more than some of the pomps and vanities which the Church Catechism teaches them to renounce. But, alas! we can give no such list: for, reader, there are no such bishops. Not even one such just man was to be found upon the spiritual bench. It may be very true that they often preach unto others the worthlessness of worldly wealth; but to practise as well as to preach contempt for riches is a double duty which, they may think, religion does not require of them, or political economy sanction; and as they are bound to do the one, they may be entitled, in their opinion, to throw, by a judicious division of labour, the burden of the other upon their hearers.

The negotiations and correspondence which ensued between the board and the bishops upon the subject of their incomes appear in the returns which Sir Benjamin Hall moved for in June, 1850, but which were not laid upon the table of the House of Commons until June, 1851. It is not now necessary to inquire into the cause of this delay; but if it be attributable in any measure to a fear on the part of the commissioners, that the publication of the episcopal transactions might not tend to elevate the reverend bench in the public estimation, the delay was intelligible enough. Certainly such a fear, if it existed, was well founded. The warmest admirer of the Establishment, the most strenuous zealot of the right divine of the Anglican episcopacy, the staunchest supporter of all institutions because they exist, will rise with sorrow from the perusal of these returns, unless, indeed, it be part of his creed that bishops may act and feel as less holy men may not,—unless he be of opinion that the love of money and the jealousy

of a neighbour should be among the moral attributes, and the arts of overreaching and sharp practice, among the intellectual accomplishments of an Anglican prelate. Of anything approaching to self-denial or self-sacrifice, of a preference of the Church's advancement to their own interests,—of any act or feeling, in short, which springs from a purer source, than the lowest species of self-love, the correspondence of the bishops with the commissioners exhibits not a trace. It shows that they were endowed with a lively sense of the pecuniary interest of themselves and their order; and that they displayed, when pounds, shillings, and pence were in issue, quite as eager a solicitude for those treasures which are laid up where moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break in and steal, as for any which they might hoard in a world secure against such ravages. The blue book is, in short, a faithful picture of the struggles of the wealthy prelates under the process of shearing, and of the scrambles of the poorer ones for the spoil.

Take, for instance, the case of the Bishop of Durham, better known as the author of Maltby's *Thesaurus*, of which he also published an abridgment. It affords a curious example, first, of episcopal proficiency in negotiation, and next, of episcopal morality.

The See of Durham, when Dr. Maltby was elevated to it, was within the clutches of the new act. The commissioners were about to impose upon it, in compliance with the provisions of the statute, such a charge as they should determine upon due inquiry, to be sufficient to leave the new bishop neither more nor less than a net income of £8,000 a-year. They had estimated, from the returns of the preceding incumbent, the average net income of the diocese at £22,185, 8s. 8d., and if that estimate were assumed to be correct, the amount of the charge would have been £14,185, 8s. 8d. Dr. Maltby, however, did not like this alarming sum, and he determined, therefore, to assist the commissioners in the "due inquiry," which they were required to make respecting the amount of the charge. That a bishop should have under-estimated his income in returning it to the commissioners, was probable enough, but that he should have over-rated it was neither very probable nor very credible. Dr. Maltby, however, had some hundreds at stake, at the very least, and he undertook to prove this arduous proposition to the satisfaction of the board. His first step for that purpose was to send them a "sup-

plementary statement of the average amount of certain outgoings and charities at Auckland castle, &c., heretofore annually paid by the Bishop of Durham," which "outgoing and charities" had been, it was suggested, most unaccountably omitted in the late bishop's return to the commissioners.

The first three sets of items comprised in this "supplementary account," consist of payments for repairs, (£1,412 2s. 5d.), agencies, (£1,179, 18s. 6d.), and taxes and cesses, (£251, 14s. 6d.); and respecting them no other comment is necessary, than that which we find appended to the account in the following words:—

"The three first totals for repairs, agencies, and taxes, minus £128, 1s., are comprehended under their respective heads, in the seven years' returns of the preceding bishop, (No. 1, § 10), and must therefore be deducted from the total of this supplementary statement. (Secretary.)"

The following items, which are immediately succeeded, in amusing juxtaposition, by one of fifteen pounds for the chapel at Auckland Castle, also figure in the supplementary account.

PARKS, MANORS, AND MOORS.

	£	s.	d.
Auckland park and gamekeeper	101	0	6
Merrington gamekeeper	58	6	6
Two permanent watchers at Auckland	78	0	0
Weardale gamekeeper	80	0	0
Two permanent watchers on the moors	80	0	0
Additional watchers during the grouse season ...	172	15	0
Sundry extra expenses attending this department	40	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£610	2	0

Whether the last item covered the cost of the cold fowls, whisky and dog biscuit, without which no orthodox sportsman ventures forth on the 12th of August, or whether it was devoted exclusively to "Pigou's highly glazed" and Ely's cartridges, are questions upon which the "supplementary account" leaves the human race in painful uncertainty. To those who are more familiar than we pretend to be with the different streams of expenditure into which the incomes of English prelates flow, six hundred and ten pounds may perhaps appear no extravagant outlay for the maintenance of episcopal preserves and kennels; but they

will probably think, with the ecclesiastical commissioners, that those expenses are not more essential to the discharge of the episcopal functions, and are not fitter subjects of deduction from a bishop's gross receipts, than the costs of his visitations and consecrations.

Having failed to show that the past income had been over-estimated, the bishop next addressed himself to proving that the future revenues were likely to suffer; and for this purpose he put into requisition the services of his secretary, Mr. Douglas Gresley. In a letter which the latter addressed to his employer, and which was duly forwarded to the commissioners, it was shown that "the probable amount of the income of the see of Durham during the current year, from February last (1836), to February 1837," would not exceed £11,740, 2s. 3d. The matter to be ascertained, unfortunately, was not what might probably be the amount which should be actually received in hand between two days, but what was the average net annual income produced by the possessions of the see, taking one year with another. Mr. Gresley's letter, therefore, was to say the least of it, wholly beside the question. And so thought the commissioners; for we find their secretary, Mr. C. K. Murray, a couple of months afterwards, transmitting to the bishop, for his consideration, certain "calculations of the average revenues of the See of Durham, made from returns, and other communications received from Mr. Douglas Gresley," and informing his Lordship, that the commissioners, assuming Mr. Gresley's calculations to be correct, estimated the gross annual income of the see at not less than £23,800.—(Returns, p. 29.) In the same letter Mr. Murray observed that the payments which the returns of 1836 claimed to deduct from gross receipts, must be reduced by four items, amounting to £2,371, 12s. 4d. for repairs, agencies, and taxes; and that the net income, so far from having been over-estimated by the late bishop, would appear to be £21,605 6s. 10d., from which, if the Parliamentary income of £8000 were subtracted, £13,605, 6s. 10d. would remain to be paid to the commissioners. He did not conclude without announcing, that the sporting outgoings and charities, which had been so carefully enumerated in the supplementary account, could not be allowed as deductions.

The bishop, however, was not to be thus defeated. He demanded further investigation, and it was granted. Mr.

Gresley was examined upon interrogatories, and the summary of the information derived from him through that means gave the bishop an advantage of some £170 over Mr. Murray's estimate. The committee, however, attached little importance to Mr. Gresley and his calculations. Notwithstanding his evidence, they resolved "that the annual amount to be contributed from the property and revenues of the see, so as to leave the bishop an average annual income of £8,000, should be fixed at 14,000! Matters looked unpromising, and a man of average constancy might, under similar circumstances, have been forgiven for abandoning even a better cause. But the bishop resolved to die hard, and his secretary was once more brought upon the field to restore the episcopal fortunes. Another examination followed. Mr. Gresley was asked about the fines payable upon the renewal of leases of lead mines; about the average price of lead; about agents and their fees, and surveyors and their salaries; about the effect of railways upon the price of coals; *de omnibus rebus*, in a word, *et quibusdam aliis*. But the committee were inexorable. They resolved that "nothing had transpired during this examination calculated to vary their previous opinion as to the amount of the contribution to be made by the Bishop of Durham, nor to occasion any fear that the bishop would be put to any serious inconvenience if he were to make the first half-yearly payment in January next" (1837).

The expedient, then, of leading the commissioners into a miscalculation, either by impeaching the past returns, or foreboding future depreciation, had finally failed; and a charge of £14,000 a-year was hanging over the bishop's head as the penalty of his defeat. To succumb under it would probably have been the fate of one less fertile in resources than Dr. Maltby. But his Lordship's ingenuity was not yet exhausted. He commenced a fresh campaign with new tactics. He undertook to persuade the commissioners, not that their charge would not leave him £8,000 a-year, but that £8,000 a-year was too little for the successor of princes palatine. "It is obviously more difficult for me," says his Lordship, "coming immediately after prelates of such vast expenditure, to control mine within due limits and within a certain time, than it will be for those who come after me. In the very numerous and large subscriptions and charities, if I diminish one half it may

appear mean, and I must do so, and yet incur a considerable outlay. For instance, the late bishop gave fifty pounds, or guineas, per annum to the sons of the clergy here, including what he gave at the anniversary; I believe he gave the same to the Newcastle Infirmary. Again, the necessary expenses of keeping up this castle and place have not been taken into due consideration. With all my anxiety to reduce expense I cannot yet do it to the extent of my wishes; and I am satisfied I could not live here" (Auckland Castle) "even in the comparatively moderate way I do, and support a house in town, with the necessary costs of transporting my household to and fro, if the commissioners do not furnish me with at least a clear unembarrassed income of £8,000 per annum, and that will not be, unless the very uncertain and fluctuating nature of the tenures from which it is derived be taken fairly and fully into account."—Returns, &c., p. 40.

"The clear and unembarrassed income" here modestly demanded, was a net income of £8,000 *plus*, ample means to meet "very numerous and large subscriptions," and "the necessary expenses of keeping up" Auckland Castle, and to enable the reverend prelate, further, to support a house in town, and to transport his household to and from it. And in addition to making him these allowances, the commissioners were required—the old story—to take fairly and fully into account the sadly fluctuating nature of the sources from which the income was to be derived. The bishop was evidently a man of the most charitable disposition; but he wished to be supplied by the public with the means of indulging so noble a taste, and had no fancy for contributing to its gratification out of his own miserable net income of £8,000 a-year. He desired to live like a gentleman, and, good family man, he wished to have his household about him upon all occasions; but he thought it hard that a Christian prelate should be expected by a country which so shamefully underpaid him, to keep his palaces in repair, and to pay for his own and his family's railway tickets. These demands, indeed, amounted to a proposal that the commissioners should perform the O'Connell feat of driving a coach and six through an act of Parliament. For the 3 and 4 W. IV. c. 77, had fixed the net income of the bishops of Durham at £8,000, and in directing the commissioners to impose on

the see a charge which would leave a surplus of neither more nor less than that income annually, had limited their duties to the single point of ascertaining what the amount of that charge should be. To increase or to diminish the charge on the ground that £8,000 a-year was too much or too little, after Parliament had declared it to be neither the one nor the other, was, on the part of the commissioners, to disregard the letter and the spirit of the law, and to usurp a power possessed by the legislature alone. To appeal to the commissioners against the decision of Parliament was, on the part of the bishop, a breach of contract,—for he had accepted the bishopric upon the Parliamentary terms,—and an unfair attempt to induce the commissioners to swerve from their duty. However, his remonstrances were not altogether without effect. The commissioners, notwithstanding the two resolutions of their committee, fixed the charge at £13,000, which was reduced to £11,200, by a transfer to the diocese of Ripon, of estates worth £1,800 a-year, which had belonged to Durham.

“In coming to this decision,” writes Mr. Murray, “the commissioners *have taken into consideration* the unavoidable expenses which must be incurred by the first bishop who succeeds to the see of Durham under its altered condition, and if they had now been called upon to fix the payment to be made by a future bishop of the see, they would probably have felt themselves bound to name a higher sum.”—Returns, p. 42.

The bishop might have been satisfied with this concession. But he had not yet done with the commissioners. Finding that a parade of his burdens, in the way of charities and travelling expenses, had created an impression in his favour, he returned once more to the charge. He protested that the proposed sum had been estimated with a very imperfect knowledge of, “above all, the multiplied and increasing claims upon a Bishop of Durham, from the prodigious numbers and spiritual wants of the people.” (Returns, &c., p. 43.) But the commissioners turned a deaf ear to this new suggestion; and they were probably flattering themselves that they had, at last, got rid of Dr. Maltby, when they were favoured with “an *accurate statement* of the revenue of the see for the present and the next two years.” This document, which emanated from the prophetic pen of Mr. Gresley, estimated the average net

annual income of the then present and two future years at £20,898 11s. 11d., and showed, therefore, that the bishop's income would only be a £100 short of £8,000 a-year;—a prospect which was so much more satisfactory to the bishop than he expected, that he “did not feel called upon to make any further objection to the arrangements proposed by the board.” (Returns, p. 45.) It is pleasant to find that, notwithstanding his Lordship's unwillingness to protract the contest, he did not think it right to leave the commissioners in ignorance of the fact that they were robbing him of a £100 a-year, without an opportunity of making restitution. The commissioners, however, did not take the hint. The negotiation was not re-opened, and the unhappy Dr. Maltby found himself turned adrift upon the wide world, charged with the payment of a sum which the commissioners believed would leave him only £8,000 a-year to live upon, without any perquisites or pickings whatever, and without any other purse than his own to dip into, for supplying his contributions to the charities of his diocese, keeping a roof over his head, and providing himself and his family with the requisite facilities for locomotion.

“And so Dr. Maltby does not much like his abridged Thesaurus,” exclaimed his witty brother, Charles James of London, during this protracted contest for an odd hundred pounds or two. He little knew when he uttered the joke, how much the next edition would be increased in size. The average net annual income was expected to be £8,000. Its average amount from 1837 to 1843, both inclusive was £11,793 4s. yearly. The bishop, therefore, was overpaid by the sum of £3,793 4s. annually. In consequence of this discovery, which the second septennial returns brought to light, the select committee on episcopal incomes recommended that the charge upon the see should be raised to £13,750, but the board, “having received and considered a statement from the Bishop of Durham upon the revenue of his see,” resolved “that the prospective charge upon Durham should be £13,200.” (Returns, p. 241.) What the purport of this mysterious statement was, does not appear; but it may be inferred from the effect which it produced, that the bishop did not paint the future in very glowing colours. He received the announcement of the prospective charge with equanimity. “On the whole,” he writes, “I do not think that I ought to object to the prospective charge of £13,200 upon

the See of Durham. (Returns, p. 242.) And, indeed, he had little reason to object. Even if the additional couple of thousand pounds by which the charge had been augmented, had been made leviable upon him, he would have had no just cause of complaint. But the secret of the reverend prelate's Christian resignation lies in the word "prospective." The new burden was not to affect him, but was only to come into operation upon the next avoidance of the see; and a bishop who had desired to purchase a reputation for charity with the money of his colleagues, might well hope to acquire a character for disinterestedness at the expense of his successors.

Fortune is said to be capricious; but she proves her rule by exceptions, for she shows eternal constancy to some of her favourites. Among these may be reckoned the Bishop of Durham. The last septennial returns represent him as still basking in the sunshine of her smiles. It appears that, notwithstanding Mr. Gresley's desponding anticipations in 1846, (Returns, p. 241,) of a decrease, "on the most moderate computation," of £1,000 a-year, in respect of colliery way leaves alone, to say nothing of other failing sources of income, the net revenues of the see, after deducting the commissioners' £11,200 and other legitimate items, has averaged, during the last seven years, (1844 to 1851,) £15,586, 16s. annually, or £7,586, 16s. over and above the income which Parliament had fixed for the bishop, and for which the bishop had agreed to undertake the duties of his office. During fourteen years Dr. Maltby has received £79,000 more than was due to him. He was, it is true, legally entitled to receive the money, for the legislature had left the property of the see in his possession and control; and he was not compellable by any court of law or equity to pay the commissioners more than £11,200. Therefore he not only received, but kept the money. And if there be no difference between a legal and a moral obligation, the bishop was morally, as well as legally, right. The legislature, unlearned in episcopal morality, had presumed that because a man was a bishop, he must therefore necessarily be a man of honour; and consequently, in promulgating their scheme for a new distribution of the episcopal funds, they were more solicitous to express their intentions, than to provide an adequate machinery for carrying them into effect. They knew that when the terms of a bargain are clearly

understood, honourable men do not take advantage of technical difficulties to extricate themselves from it; and they probably thought that a very stringent method of effectuating their plan might have appeared to betray distrust of the reverend body, or at all events, to be derogatory to their dignity: for it was notorious that the bishops of the Established Church, not from pride, of course, but only from that species of humility which apes it, scorned to be paid by salaries.

The intention, therefore, of Parliament was made abundantly clear. They desired that the Bishop of Durham should have £8,000 a-year, and that the surplus revenues of the see should go to the commissioners. To spare the bishop the humiliation of being a *salaire*, they left him in possession of the property; to avoid degrading him into a steward, they did not impose upon him the duty of accounting for the surplus profits, *eo nomine*, but only required him to pay them over to the commissioners under the name of a charge, the amount of which was to be equal to the estimated surplus profits. When the bishop found that those profits had been greatly underrated, was it not his duty, as a man of honour, at once to pay over the excess? Should he not, at the very least, have proposed a fresh valuation, and a re-adjustment of the charge? Is it too much to expect from the sense of honour of a Christian bishop that he should not keep money to which he has no better title than a mistake, or that he should instantly rectify that mistake which gives him a legal title to money morally belonging to another? Dr. Maltby did nothing of the kind. He simply pocketed the whole surplus. When the commissioners, at the end of the first septennial period, reconsidered and increased the amount of the charge prospectively, he might at least have consented, or even demanded that it should be imposed upon himself as well as upon his successors. But the bishop viewed the matter in a different light; and he has now the satisfaction of feeling that he is richer by £79,000 than he would have been, if the spirit of his bargain with Parliament had been observed. If the annual charge had left him less than £8,000 a-year, it may be inferred, upon episcopal authority, that he would not have suffered for fourteen years in silent submissiveness. He would have proclaimed his loss as loudly and as soon as the Bishop of Ely; and probably, like that reverend prelate, he would have refused to pay the commissioners

one farthing. Or if that undignified and illegal course has been repugnant to him, he would not have been slow to recollect that he had a seat in the House of Lords, and to appeal to that favourable tribunal for justice. Our laws are not those of the Medes and Persians; and acts to amend acts are no unusual phenomena in the legislative world. But this contingency, had it ever been as probable as it is now remote, affords no better justification for his conduct, than the risk of being cheated does of cheating. The question, in either event, of gain or of loss by the arrangement, is the same: what was the spirit of the bargain? The spirit is obvious enough; and it must not be confounded with, nor yet sought to be elicited from, the machinery adopted for carrying it into execution.

It may be said that Parliament, in requiring the payment of a fixed charge, and not of the surplus profits, designedly offered an inducement to the bishops to give due attention to the management of the property of the Church by holding out to them all the surplus beyond the charge as a reward for their exertions. But if bishops are to be measured by the high standard wherewith they would desire the world to measure them, this scheme was unnecessary, for the end which it was expected to attain was secure without it. For surely the episcopal bench would be the last to admit that they could not be brought without the hope of pecuniary profit, to protect the property committed to their charge, however sacred were the trust; or that they had, in 1836, sunk so low in the estimation of King, Lords, and Commons, that such a stimulus was considered essential to keep them to the performance of their duty. But, further, independently of the absence of all expressed intention on the subject, it may be doubted, from the inaptness of the means to the end, whether this object was in the contemplation of Parliament when they adopted the fixed-charge scheme. For, if the bishops be no better than other men, but are subject to the same influences, and are actuated by the same motives as operate upon the rest of frail humanity, the plan was positively calculated to injure the property of the Church by inciting prelates to improve their incomes at its expense. A well-disposed bishop, of average honesty, and attachment to his church, would carefully collect the yearly profits of his see, and exercise due diligence in protecting it against all encroach-

ments. But a bishop who is permitted to appropriate all that he can raise, beyond a fixed charge, from the diocesan property, is exposed to the strongest temptation to anticipate for his own personal purposes the future income of the see ; and unless he rises much above the conventional morality of his order, and respects the rights of those who are to follow him, more than his predecessors have respected his, he will, beyond doubt, fall into the temptation.

This plea, then, will not avail Dr. Maltby better than any other. He appears to have considered that he was playing a game of hazard with the commissioners, that all means were fair to allure fortune to his side, and that when he won the game he was perfectly entitled to pocket the stake. But even if it had been the intention of Parliament or the necessary consequence of its enactment,—if the lax morals or the inadvertent blunder of a body of laymen, had forced a Christian prelate into a gambling transaction, should he not have hesitated to appropriate the loss of his less fortunate antagonists? Dr. Maltby resolved such doubts in the negative ; and he did not disdain the spoil. It may be said, indeed, that he only took money to throw it into the poor box ; and a certain ostentatious parade of charitable donations which accompanies his first septennial returns may be triumphantly cited to prove it. If that account of his lordship's charities, however, be anything more than the merest trumpet sound in the synagogue to have "glory of men," it is, at best, but evidence of a conscience not altogether at peace with itself. This, at least, is clear, that even if those donations had exceeded, instead of falling immeasurably short of what the bishop received beyond his £8,000 a-year, they would not have proved that wrong was right, but only that the wrong was sought to be atoned for. The bishop is without defence : but why should he be without consolation? They may laugh who win : and a clear gain of £79,000 may perhaps confer somewhat of that serenity to the mind which is more commonly derived from the consciousness of right. Dr. Maltby may, perhaps, hardly feel able to meet the snarls of an ill-natured critic, with the answer of the Roman,

"Virtute meâ me involvo :"

but he may at least exclaim, with the Athenian of old,

when weighed down under the double weight of popular opinion and bursting money bags,

“Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ.”

And let him also rest assured, that no bishop can henceforth hope to immortalize himself by similar means. The commissioners have thought that one such case as his is quite enough for the honour of the Church; and accordingly, to prevent the recurrence of a similar transaction, an order of Council was gazetted on the 19th of October last, which requires that all prelates appointed since the 1st of January, 1848, shall deliver half-yearly accounts of their receipts, and that when these exceed their Parliamentary income, they shall pay the surplus to the commissioners.

The Bishop of Durham was not the only prelate who got the better of the commissioners. The Bishop of St. David's was to receive £4,500 a-year. He received in the last seven years not £31,500, but £39,000. The Bishop of Norwich, with an allowance of a similar income, received, in the same space of time, £39,571. The Bishops of Oxford and Salisbury have also received more than the amount of their Parliamentary incomes. The case of the Bishop of Worcester is still worse. He was appointed in 1841, and the income of his see was fixed at £5,000 a-year. The commissioners had in 1837 estimated the net income of the diocesan property at £7,300, and had, therefore, fixed the charge at £2,300. In 1844 the bishop besought very earnestly for a reduction of this charge to £1,500, but the result of a protracted negotiation brought him only an alleviation of £100 a-year, by which amount the charge was reduced, owing to a clerical error in the scheme and order; but so far were the commissioners from countenancing the notion that the see had been overcharged that they declared that upon the next avoidance of the see it should pay £2,450 annually. And the last septennial returns show, that instead of overburthening it, they made a very inadequate estimate of its productive powers; for Dr. Pepys received during that period £6,500 a-year on an average, instead of his Parliamentary £5,000. Not one of these men has made restitution. One and all they have appropriated what accident and mistake threw in their

way, and what the law was not strong enough to compel them to deliver up to the rightful owners.

Passing, for a moment, to smaller fry, we may cull here and there some pretty specimens of episcopal virtues. The See of Chichester was one of those whose revenues had been deemed inadequate for the support of its incumbents. In 1837, the commissioners voted that its income should in future be £4,000 per annum, and that, to effectuate this, the sum of £450 should be paid yearly to the bishop of the see. His Lordship should have felt some gratitude for this bounty, and have rejoiced that the church of Chichester was so decently honoured by Parliament in the person of its bishop. But his only feeling was one of disappointment—not altogether unmingled with jealousy. His expectations had been unduly excited by sundry reports which, however, when investigated, proved to be of the vaguest and most unsubstantial kind (see Returns 76); and the difference between the expected and the actual sums created a sense of wrong and repining, in which all thankfulness for the boon conferred was completely merged.

“I understood,” he says to the secretary of the commissioners, “from several quarters upon my appointment to the bishopric, that the income under the new arrangement would be £4,500 per annum, and the experience I have since had has given me the strongest reason to believe, that even in the view of the commissioners, it ought not to be less. I find many *expenses of hospitality and charity entailed upon the bishop by ancient usage*, which it would be impossible to give up *without injury to the establishment*, and very difficult to support with the means proposed. Amongst the former are large public dinners given in the autumn to the gentlemen and clergy of the county, at each of which fifty persons are entertained.”—Returns, p. 75.

How his predecessors had managed in times which knew not ecclesiastical commissioners, to entail upon themselves and their successors hospitalities and charities so burdensome, that a bishop of Chichester of the present day could not hold his ground under their weight, even with the addition of £450 a-year to his income; or how far “large public dinners given in the autumn to the gentlemen and clergy of the county, at which fifty persons are entertained,” were essential to the duties or character of a Christian prelate, are questions which the late Bishop of Chi-

chester did not stop to ask himself, or, at all events, to propound to others. But he had another and very powerful motive for demanding at least £4,500 per annum. Truth, like murder, will out: the bishop was unable to conceal that it was not so much an abstract love for jollity and church building which made him plead so earnestly for the odd £300, as jealousy of his colleague of Ripon.

"It is not pleasing to me to compare my own situation with that of any other bishop," he says; and the reader may judge whether the comparison displeased his lordship from the invidiousness which proverbially characterizes all comparisons, or simply from the results to which it led in his case, "but having learned that the income of the Bishop of Ripon has been fixed at £4,500 per annum, I am compelled in justice to myself as well as to my successors, respectfully, though earnestly, to press upon the commissioners my conviction, that there is nothing in the circumstances of that diocese which ought to entitle it to so great an advantage over the ancient see of Chichester."—Returns, 75.

How could a board, composed chiefly of his brethren resist such an appeal? How could they leave a brother a prey to the rodent passion? To a layman, a wholesome reproof for fostering so base a feeling might have been administered. But an episcopal patient required more tender treatment. So a couple of hundred pounds were applied as a palliative, if not as a cure. The Commissioners passed a vote that £4,200 was the fitting income for a bishop of "the ancient see of Chichester;" and to increase his revenue to that amount, they awarded him £650 a-year. It may be added that the next returns showed such an improvement in the revenues of the diocese, that the annual contribution was, in 1846, reduced prospectively,—that is, upon the next avoidance of the see,—to £150.

Dr. Otter was not the only prelate who demanded an increase of income for the purpose of maintaining a name for hospitality and charitableness without personal sacrifice; nor yet the only one who paled with envy in the presence of a brother's good fortune. "The poverty of this part of the country," says the Honourable as well as Right Reverend Dr. Percy, Bishop of Carlisle, "causes numerous demands upon the bishop; nor could I ever understand why the bishop of this diocese was not as well entitled to an income of £5,000 per annum, as Rochester, Salisbury, and others."—Returns, 277.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol was even more ambitious. He could not brook the thought of a colleague being better housed than himself.

"In regard to the intended purchase of a house," he says, "I, of course, expect that the sums arising from the compensation and the sale of the site of the late palace at Bristol* will be increased from the episcopal fund to an amount as large as may in any other case be considered by the commissioners to be requisite for an episcopal residence. Should the expenses of the purchase of a house by the commissioners be less than that amount, the surplus will be expended in adding to or improving the place. Should it exceed the sum allotted, the excess may be defrayed by money borrowed under the authority of the commissioners to be paid by instalments, in *forty years* (!) from the income of the see."—Returns, 139.

If the Board did not comply fully with the spirit of this request, they were at least pretty handsome in their dealings with the bishop. They expended £23,000 in erecting him a palace, which not only gratified his love of comfort and display, but also gave him a pretext for fresh claims upon the purse. When the commissioners proposed to charge the diocese with an annual payment of £1,400, the bishop, terrified and indignant at this "monstrous scheme,"—to use his own gentle words,—endeavoured to arrest the blow by brandishing their own recent acts in their face. He reminded them that the see had "now the great additional charge of keeping up a new and very expensive residence, which circumstance very materially alters the pecuniary position of its holder." "In one respect," he adds, "the commissioners will be undoing their own work. Unless future bishops of Gloucester and Bristol be possessed of considerable private fortunes, it will be impossible for them to keep up the Stapleton residence, under the proposed diminution of the see."—Returns, 309.

The bishop was one of the commissioners appointed in 1836; and after the repeated decisions of the board that the expenses of maintaining and repairing the episcopal residences were not legitimate items of deduction from gross, in ascertaining net, revenue, he must have known that the commissioners could not, in the impartial

* Burnt down during the Bristol Riots in 1831.

execution of their duty, suffer their estimate of the sum which the see should pay, to be affected by the "great additional charge" which he thus pressed upon their notice. Had they been guiltless, therefore, of the Stapleton job, the bishop would hardly have ventured to suggest a departure in his favour, from the principle upon which they had hitherto acted. But they had built the house; and that circumstance afforded an *argumentum ad hominem*, of which the bishop was not slow to avail himself. "The commissioners will be undoing their own work!" Political gratitude is said to consist in a lively sense of future favours; and episcopal thankfulness seems to have no greater tendency to retrospection, except where the past favour may be employed as a weapon against the donor.

But this bishop has other and stronger claims to public notice. It is to the Horfield case that Dr. Monk owes whatever celebrity has attached to his name; and notwithstanding the very general attention which that transaction recently attracted, both in and out of Parliament, a brief notice of it will probably not be deemed out of place in this paper. To unlearned readers, a few preliminary remarks upon the law and practice relative to church leases may be useful, in order that the conduct of the bishop may be appreciated. Anciently a bishop could not dispose of lands of his see for a longer period than that of his own life, unless he obtained the consent of the dean and chapter to the alienation. Upon his death all leases and other interests created by him terminated; and his successor found himself in possession of property unencumbered and unwasted. With the consent of the dean and chapter, however, a bishop could not only grant valid leases for any length of time, but could dispose of the lands of the see altogether. From this state of the law "not only great decay of divine service," says Lord Coke, "but dilapidations and other inconveniences ensued." This unrestricted dominion does not, indeed, appear to have led generally, to the dissipation of the property of the Church before the Reformation. Wealth accumulated rather than melted away in the hands of a corporation of men who, vowed to celibacy, were exempted from the claims of offspring, and knew, in the main, no stronger, certainly no more lasting attachment, than that *esprit de corps* which binds man to the brotherhood or caste of which he is a member. But

with the Reformation came new men, with different motives of action, and different standards of judgment. It was in their families, and not in their corporation, that their affections were centred, about which their cares and hopes turned; and the property which had been held formerly in the quasi corporate hands of sonless men as a deposit for a sacred purpose, came soon to be regarded by family men as the rewards of individual services, and as a provision for the advancement of children. To put an end to the abuses mentioned by Lord Coke, the 1. Eliz. c. 19, was passed, which invalidated all alienations whatsoever of diocesan possessions for more than twenty-one years or three lives: and to this enactment it is not improbably owing, that episcopal property, instead of being now the cause of scandal to the Church, did not long since pass altogether away from its dominion; for the reformed prelates soon learned to turn to their own advantage the provisions of another statute which had been passed, it would appear, not so much for the purpose of aggrandizing them, as of relieving their incautious lessees. This Act, the 32 Hen. VIII. c. 28, began by reciting that great numbers of the king's subjects, after taking leases of farms, and "given and paid great fines.....and.....been at great costs and charges as well in and about great reparations and buildings upon their said farms, as otherwiseyet.....after the deaths or resignations of their lessors have been and be daily and with great cruelty expelledby the successors of their said lessors.....to the great impoverishment and, in a manner, utter undoing of the said farmers," and then proceeded to enact, "for reformation whereof," that all leases granted by a bishop should be valid, provided, among other requisites, the term did not exceed twenty-one years, or three lives, and that the rent reserved was as much as, *or more than* that "accustomably yeelden." Thenceforth bishops universally availed themselves of this power, and almost invariably leased at the rent "accustomably yeelden."

In letting lands, one of two courses is open to the owner who is in possession of them:—he may either let them at the best rent which they will fetch in the market, or, in consideration of a sum paid down in advance, at a lower rent. The lower the rent, the larger, it is obvious, will be the sum thus paid down. By adopting the former course, the land owner obtains year by year the full annual value

of the property ; by the latter, he anticipates a portion of that value, and submits, for the sake of an immediate advantage, to a corresponding loss during the remainder of the time for which the lease has to run. If that period be short and he be young, the prospective loss will probably fall upon him alone ; but the longer the term and the older the lessor, the greater the probability that the burden will fall upon his successor. If he be so absolutely owner of the land that he might sell it, or give it away, or make ducks and drakes of it, those upon whom it devolves after his death, have no right to complain of the grant of such leases ; for he who trenches upon his own future resources only, is open to no graver imputation than that of imprudence and recklessness. But it is clear that the more solicitous he is of the welfare of his successors, the more he will be inclined to lease the land at its best annual rent, and the less he will be induced by a bribe, to impose upon them the necessity of accepting less than it is annually worth. If, however, he be a mere life tenant of the lands, if he have the usufruct merely, by what name shall an act, which enriches him at the expense of the next comer, be designated ? It may be added, that to prevent such an appropriation by a tenant for life, lawyers of old conceived that the remainder man was effectually protected by the introduction in the leasing powers which were inserted in family settlements, of a stipulation that the lease, to be valid, should reserve the *accustomed* rent at least ; but the conveyancers of modern times, more wary, or more alive to the expansive *nature of the* value of landed property, invariably require that the *best* rent shall be paid, and that no fine shall be taken.

The bishops of the Established Church did not fail to discover that for a twenty-one years' lease at the rent "accustomably yeelden," in the reign of Henry VIII., a tenant would willingly pay a considerable sum of money, or fine, as it is technically called. And having a legal right to grant such leases, and to accept such bribes for so doing, they did not stop to inquire whether the measure of justice which they were meting to their successors, was precisely that which they would desire to have measured out to themselves. Do unto others as ill as others have done unto you, became their reading of the second great commandment. *Après nous le deluge*, was their principle of conduct. Between their own pecuniary interests and the

moral claims of others, they did not balance; and down to the present hour they have exercised their legal power to its fullest extent for their own individual advantage, and to the great injury of the property of the Establishment. The fines received for new leases at the old rents have now come to form a very considerable, nay, the most considerable portion of the episcopal incomes. From 1844 to 1850 they amounted to £636,387. But this systematic rapacity has not been blessed. "There is little doubt," say the episcopal and capitular commissioners, "that under a different plan of management, the estates might have produced a much larger income for the Church, and, at the same time, be held upon a tenure more acceptable to the lessees."

The manor of Horfield had been leased in this customary way. It belongs to the diocese, and is situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the city of Bristol. It consists partly of lands let at rack rents, and partly of copyhold tenements, from the holders of which manorial dues and services are exacted. The rack rents are stated to amount to £545 a-year, and if the whole of the lands were let in the same manner, the rack rental of them would, it is estimated, be worth £3,000 a-year. In 1817, the bishop of the day granted a lease of this manor for three lives, at the annual rent of £36. When the first life died, the lessee applied to Bishop Gray for a renewal of the lease, or in more accurate language, for a fresh lease for the lives of the two survivors, with the addition of another life; but none was granted. Whether this result is attributable to a desire on the part of the bishop to deal justly by his successors, as Mr. Horsman suggests, or whether it is to be ascribed to no better cause than the exorbitant demands of the lessor, or the inadequate offers of the lessee, as Dr. Monk would charitably desire the world to believe, it is immaterial to inquire. Another life subsequently fell in, and then, in 1834, Dr. Gray died. Before the appointment of another bishop, Mr. Richards, the perpetual curate of Horfield, informed Lord Melbourne of the state of the Horfield lease, and suggested that measures should be adopted to prevent the grant of a new one, until that which was then subsisting had expired by lapse of time. Mr. Richards' letter was shown by the prime minister to Dr. Allen, the bishop elect; and although Dr. Monk now denies upon Dr. Allen's authority, that

the latter pledged himself not to renew it, this, at least, is certain, that during his incumbency he made no attempt to renew, and that in conversation with Mr. Richards, he showed that he was far from pleased with the part taken by the latter in connection with the Horfield lease. In 1836, Dr. Allen was translated to Ely, and Dr. Monk became the bishop of the consolidated sees of Gloucester and Bristol.

A property so favourably circumstanced as Horfield manor was well calculated to attract the attention of the commissioners, with the view to the fund which they were charged to raise. But although it was rumoured as early as 1836, that they intended to appropriate it for that purpose, it was not until the 9th December, 1846, that they resolved to have it transferred to themselves upon the next avoidance;—a resolution which was, notwithstanding the vehement opposition of the bishop, carried into effect by an order in council, dated the 17th June, 1847. The resolution was as follows :

“ It appearing, that in the case of Gloucester and Bristol an average of nearly 14 years had now been arrived at, and that, after full communication with the bishop and his secretary, a prospective charge of £700 had been agreed upon, the committee recommend accordingly; and also, that the Horfield Manor estate, which, *by reason of its having so long rested upon a single life in the lease, has never yet entered into the calculations of the commissioners*, be transferred to the commissioners upon the next avoidance of the see.”—Returns, 311.

In 1842, this single life, Dr. Shadwell was taken dangerously ill, and a report which had been current some years before, was revived, that the bishop was about to grant a renewal of the lease. This rumour reached the ears of the commissioners, and after some deliberation, they determined to convey their fears and their remonstrances to the bishop, not through their official channel, the secretary, but by a confidential communication from one of their number.*

* The Bishop of Oxford asserted in the House of Lords, “that no communication of any kind whatever passed in 1842, or in the five subsequent years, between the ecclesiastical commissioners and their secretary on the one hand, and the Bishop of Gloucester and his secretary on the other.” Mr. Horsman explained his counter-assertion in the manner stated in the text. The reader will see further on, other evidences of Dr. Wilberforce’s partiality for that unworthy species of logical fraud—the negative pregnant.

The lease was not then renewed. Dr. Shadwell recovered, and for the following five years nothing more was heard on the subject. In 1847, that gentleman's life was again in jeopardy, and again sinister rumours were whispered about, that the bishop was going to sacrifice his Church for his family. Again the suspicions of the commissioners were excited, and they directed their secretary to make inquiries respecting the intentions of the bishop. These inquiries quickly reached his ears. "I have learned," he wrote to the commissioners, "that a report of my intention to re-grant this lease for lives, as heretofore, has been several times a matter of conversation at the board, and has been spoken of in terms of condemnation. Of the existence of the report I was aware, as well as of its origin; the authority being certain printed evidence given before the ecclesiastical leases' committee of the House of Commons, some years ago, by a land surveyor of this neighbourhood, who stated that he understood such to be the intention of the bishop. This person, to whom I never spoke, is notorious for his unfriendliness to the Church and churchmen. This assertion, as coming from an individual who could know nothing about me, I treated like a newspaper report, with silent contempt. To have noticed it publicly at the time, would have been thought by some presumptuous, by others ridiculous. However, the manner in which I spoke of this evidence in conversation is, at least, a proof that I did not meditate acting the very part which he had assigned to me."

"I did not meditate acting the *very part*." Had the bishop, in his haste to contradict an odious charge, omitted a word between "very" and "part?" Had some vigorous epithet, expressive of his abhorrence of conduct which nothing short of theological hatred could have imputed to a respectable prelate, been accidentally slipped over by his too rapid pen? The charities and probabilities of the case favoured this explanation. It was in accordance with the serene scorn which the writer testified both for the rumour and for its author. Mr. Murray suggested it, Mr. Horsman adopted it. But they were both in error.

"My letter," says the bishop, "which Mr. Horsman attributes to 1842, was subsequent to this appropriation"—of Horfield Manor by the commissioners—"I believe

February or March, 1847,) caused not, as he says, by a letter from the commissioners, but by a most offensive verbal communication made by Mr. C. K. Murray, their late secretary, to my secretary, Mr. Holt, endeavouring to extract from him my intentions respecting the property. Under feelings of offence I wrote a reply, which, notwithstanding Mr. Horsman's misquotations of its contents, I detect to be the one assigned by him to 1842, from the ludicrous blunder of Mr. Murray, who, though secretary to a learned commission, had not sufficient acquaintance with the English language to know that the word 'very' may be used synonymously* with 'identical,' and finding it joined by me with a substantive, said, in a critical note, which he put in print, that a word seems to have been left out."—Letter to the editor of the "Times," dated the 5th, and published the 8th, of July.

And this text was thus expounded a few days later, (July 14th,) by the Bishop of Oxford, in his place in the House of Lords.

"In 1847, when the commissioners determined to take Horfield, a communication took place between their solicitor and the solicitor of the bishop. No hint was given on either side that a moral obligation was involved in the transaction; but there was a discussion (so we understood the right reverend prelate) as to the peculiar tenure of the estate of Horfield. His right reverend friend felt that the peculiar tenure of Horfield was injurious to the Church, and therefore he stated that he never intended to renew the lease on the terms on which it had been previously granted. But he never gave the slightest hint that he would not grant a peculiar kind of lease."

"I hear," writes a reformed whist player to an angry father, "that a report has reached you that I am gambling as heretofore. The rumour is the work of an enemy, and I have treated it with silent contempt. My friends, however, who know my ways, can assure you that I have not been acting the very part assigned to me." This, according to the bishops of Gloucester and Oxford, is not a denial of all

* The bishop would seem not to have "sufficient acquaintance with the English language," to know how to spell "synonymously." He sees the mote in Mr. Murray's eye better than he does the beam in his own. Had the Bishop recollected that a Greek Professor may mistake the conjugation of a Latin verb, he would have been less severe on Mr. Murray.

gambling, but only of gambling at whist ! And if the unhappy parent finds that his son has all the while been losing his money at roulette, he has no right to complain of having been the dupe of the scapegrace's want of candour. But the world will not accept this logic, even though it be sealed with the approval of the entire bench, and of the House of Lords to boot. Verbal ambiguities, negatives pregnant, and all the other forms of the *suppressio veri*, and *suggestio falsi*, have never been deemed very honourable arms even in the arena of special pleading, where their use is recognized, and the combatants are prepared to encounter them. But in the ordinary intercourse of life that degree of honesty, at least, is expected, which rises above the employment of such weapons ; and many a performance which in forensic dialectics is judged in its intellectual aspect solely, and applauded for its ingenuity, is, when resorted to in the world, and regarded in its moral bearing also, justly branded as a fraud. Had the bishop's letter been carried to a special pleader, and recommended to his scrutiny, the danger which lurked under the words "as heretofore," and "the very part," might have been immediately detected and exposed. But no special pleader, much less Mr. Murray or the ecclesiastical commissioners, could have believed, upon any evidence short of the bishop's own confession, that the danger was real, and that a trap lay concealed beneath the unpretending words in question. No casuist, however suspicious or malicious, could have suspected that a minister of religion, in attributing the report of his "intention to regrant this lease for lives as heretofore," to an enemy, and in referring to the condemnation of such a scheme by the board, without disputing their right to condemn it, or asserting his own right to carry it into effect, was not disclaiming all intention to renew, but was merely denying that he was about to grant "a peculiar kind of lease." But "who is his own counsel has a fool for a client," say the denizens of the Temple. "God preserve us from our friends," say those who have put their trust in the children of men. And it had been well for the Bishop of Gloucester if he had been mindful of this proverbial wisdom. His worst enemy could not have desired that he should adopt a more damaging defence than that which he himself, when cited to the bar of public opinion, had the hardihood to propound, and his dangerous ally the rashness to urge. The gist of the charge which

was bruited about against him was, not that he was about to grant a lease of this or that kind, but that notwithstanding an obligation binding upon him in honour and conscience to suffer the lease of Horfield Manor to expire for the benefit of the Church, he was about to renew it for his own advantage. It was the fact, not the terms, of the renewal, which was rumoured and condemned. And this the bishop well knew. He was well aware that if his right to renew had been acknowledged, the terms upon which he proposed to do so would not have been the subject of hostile comment at the board or elsewhere; for the power which English bishops have of pillaging the Church has, by constant exercise for several centuries, become a right which the people of this country do not question, or make the subject of rumour or discussion. But he must also have known, that if his right was disputed, any attempt on his part to renew would be condemned, not merely by dissenting land surveyors, but also by the good church-going public, who, whatever their veneration for prelacy, venerate fair dealing still more. But Dr. Monk's letter to the commissioners shows, beyond controversy, that he understood the rumour to apply to the fact of his granting *any* renewal, and not to any particular terms of renewal. He attributes its origin to the evidence of a hostile land surveyor of the neighbourhood, given before the committee of the House of Commons on Church leases. The only witness answering this description was Mr. Jacob Player Sturge, who is represented as a land surveyor residing at Bristol, and his evidence was simply this. After stating that Horfield Manor was held under the see by a single life, and that a very old one, he was asked:

4656. Question: Is it probable that it will be renewed, or is it understood to the contrary?

Answer. There was a negotiation between the late Bishop of Bristol and the lessee, but they could not agree. It is now held by the present lessee for an old life.

4657. Question: Then the understanding is, that the lease will fail entirely with the demise of the present life?

The understanding is, that the bishop *will have the power of granting to whom he pleases upon the death of the present life.*

Further, the bishop knew that in December, 1846, the commissioners were so confident, whether rightly or wrongly, that the manor would not be leased, that in estimating

the charge to be prospectively imposed upon the see, they assumed that Horfield belonged to themselves, and not to the diocese of Gloucester. "The first time," says the bishop in his letter to the *Times*, "I heard that they had this property in their consideration, was in December, '46, when I learnt that without naming the matter to me, in disregard both of courtesy and practice, they had determined to take this estate into their own hands." Knowing that the grant of a fresh lease would defeat the object which the commissioners had in view, he must have known that what they condemned was, the grant of any lease, not the terms upon which it was proposed to grant it. If the letter, then, which he addressed to the commissioners, was a denial that he intended granting any fresh lease, it was intelligible enough, with the exception of the words "very part," which received their explanation from the "ludicrous blunder" of Mr. Murray. If it was not such a denial, but a disclaimer only of any intention to grant "a peculiar kind of lease," then the greater part of its contents was senseless. The allusion to the hostility of the author of the accusation was absurd, when the writer did not deny the offence imputed to him, but only the mode of its alleged perpetration. The reference to the condemnation by the board of doing the act was ridiculous, when it was the act itself, and not the manner of doing it, which was disapproved of. And the final disclaimer of acting the "very part" is too preposterous, when understood literally, to admit of a construction so repugnant to the rest of the letter. The condemnation of the commissioners, the malevolence of an enemy, the silent contempt of the bishop himself, are topics which would naturally find a place in a letter denying all intention of granting *any* lease; but in a letter confining the denial to a "peculiar kind of lease," they are out of place and unmeaning; and it is impossible to believe that the introduction of them was the effect of haste, accident, or sheer imbecility. The letter, in short, either denied that the writer entertained a design which had been imputed to him and condemned, or it was a denial of what had not been asserted, couched in language calculated to convey a contradiction of what had. In the first case, the letter was honest, but then what shall be said of the subsequent defence? In the second, how shall the letter itself be characterized?

It was written in 1847. In 1848, the commissioners re-

ceived a communication which might well startle them. "I was wishing," says the bishop in his letter to the *Times*, "to carry out an object of diocesan improvement which I had much at heart; and it struck me that an opportunity was offered for combining three objects—the improvement of Horfield, the benefit of the funds of the commission, and the erection of parsonages in small livings. It had been intimated to me, that the commissioners were desirous of such an arrangement. I therefore proposed to assign to them my whole interest, on terms somewhat more favourable to them, having previously broken off the negotiation for renewal."

In plain English, he offered to sell the commissioners his legal right of renewal for £11,500. What ensued is involved in some obscurity. Mr. Horsman stated in the House of Commons that the commissioners remonstrated with the bishop upon this violation of a moral obligation; and there is no sufficient reason for disbelieving a statement which is so consistent with probability. If they did remonstrate, they remonstrated in vain; but such appears to have been their anxiety to obtain possession of the estate, that they accepted the bishop's terms. They seem, however, to have been desirous of completing this bargain with all possible secrecy; for instead of carrying the plan into effect by a scheme and order in council duly gazetted,—the *modus operandi* provided by the 10th and 11th sections of the act of Parliament—a deed was privately prepared. The solicitor of the commissioners declined the responsibility of the transaction, and insisted upon the necessity of resorting to the course pointed out by the statute. A scheme was then prepared, and was on the eve of being ratified by an order in council, when Mr. Horsman got wind of the transaction, and hastening to Lord J. Russell, entreated him not to sanction it until he had read some evidence bearing upon the subject. Government interposed, and the scheme fell to the ground. In the following year, Dr. Shadwell died; the lease expired, and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol forthwith granted the Manor of Horfield to his secretary Mr. Holt, for the lives of three of the royal princesses, at the annual rent of thirty-six pounds,—the ancient rent "accustomably yeelden—" upon trust for the bishop himself and his family. According to Mr. Finlaison, the actuary, the

property of the commissioners was by this step depreciated ninety per cent in value.

In what light is this act to be viewed? The bishop's own version of his letter to the commissioners sufficiently condemns it. He there, at least, denied, and denied with becoming indignation, that he meditated acting "as heretofore," or "the very part" assigned to him! When the time of action came, did he not act "as heretofore," and "the very part?" Did he not grant a lease for three lives at the old rent? And was not that "to regrant this lease for lives as heretofore?" Was it not to act "the very part," which had been assigned to him? Notwithstanding his feeling "that the peculiar tenure of Horfield was injurious to the Church," notwithstanding his statement "that he never intended to renew the lease on the terms on which it was granted," did he not grant a lease upon that peculiar tenure, and upon those terms? The last shred, then, of his plea is scattered to the winds. Tricky and quibbling as it was, it proved as false to the letter as it was in the spirit, and instead of vindicating his innocence, only aggravated his offence.

The main question, however, still remains. Was the bishop guilty of a breach of faith? Was he bound in honour not to lease the manor? And has he broken his word, and violated a solemn obligation? Mr. Horsman maintained the affirmative in the House of Commons. The bishop has positively denied it. Which of the two shall be believed? The smooth-tongued bishop of Oxford in referring to Mr. Horsman's speech, asserted that Dr. Monk had been "pursued by the envenomed tongue of slander;" but he did not show that Mr. Horsman had been actuated by personal or unworthy motives in making this transaction public. For our part, we do not hesitate to prefer the word of the M. P. to that of the spiritual peer. All the facts of the case corroborate Mr. Horsman's statement, and render the contradiction of the bishop more difficult of belief. The bishop says that the first notion of this moral obligation was broached by Mr. Murray, whom he styles the "evil genius of the commission," in his evidence before the Church Leases Committee in 1838. He knew, then, from an early period, that such an impression existed. When did he, for the first time, dispute its correctness? Did he do so in 1842, or in 1847? If he had not acquiesced in the reality of such an obligation, would

he have condescended to deny a report that he was designing to lease "as heretofore?" Would he, when writing "under feelings of offence" at Mr. Murray's indiscreet curiosity, have confined his indignation to a repudiation of the "very part" assigned to him? Would he not rather have asked by what title the commissioners presumed to interfere with him in the legitimate exercise of his rights? Would not his wrath have been vented on the impertinent intermeddling of the commissioners, rather than been wasted upon the malignity of the land surveyor? Instead of protesting that he did not meditate the very act imputed to him, would he not have roundly asserted his right to do it? In lieu of denying that he had contemplated doing that which the board condemned, would he not have denied their right to condemn it? Did not his letter imply that they would have had a right to complain of him, if the report had been well founded? Where shall a fitter illustration be found of the old saying, *qui s'excuse, s'accuse*? There is not the slightest trace of any evidence that this moral obligation was controverted by the bishop until 1848; and his long silence and the admission which is implied in his letter, are equally damnatory of his tardy denial.

But the bishop's case breaks down in every direction. The account which he gives of his motives, will as little bear the test of examination as his version of the facts; but is quite in keeping with the truth, candour, and probability which runs through the transaction. Good intentions are frequently pleaded in palliation of evil deeds; and Dr. Monk has not been slow to announce the good matter of which his heart was all the while inditing. He had, he says, three objects in view in 1848:

1. To improve Horfield:
2. To benefit the funds of the commission; and,
3. To erect parsonages in small livings.

As he was negotiating at that time for the sale of Horfield to the commissioners for £11,500, the only improvement which he could hope to effect was simply to transfer it from his own into their hands. How their funds were to be benefited by being drained of £11,500, is not very manifest; but as the bishop thought that the transfer of the manor must conduce to its improvement, so he may have hoped that the rental might, in the course of time, increase sufficiently to repay the commissioners their present out-

lay, with good interest. It is clear, at all events, that his zeal for Horfield and the episcopal fund involved no greater sacrifice on his part than the acceptance of £11,500. And it was, it might have been inferred, with this sum that he proposed to effectuate his third object. But his blundering advocate damaged this inference. He was incautious enough to let the cat out of the bag.

"The mode," says the bishop of Oxford, "in which he (Dr. Monk) intended to appropriate the money was well known, and did him the highest honour. Some years ago, he had lent a sum of £5,000 to establish a classical institution in the vicinity of Bristol. He had not given that sum to the institution, for his fortune would not permit him,* but he had made provision, that under certain contingencies, his children should receive it back. Circumstances had occurred which rendered it problematical whether he would receive it back again. He had therefore arranged, that £5,000 of that sum which he had already mentioned, (the £11,500), should be devoted to that institution, and that £6,000 should go to endow small livings in the city of Bristol."

This devotion of £5,000 to the classical institution was, in language divested of Oxonian saponacity, simply the payment to himself of a bad debt; and it left but £6,500 for the parsonages. So much for the first set of intentions.

The untimely interference of Mr. Horsman having put an abrupt termination to all hope of the £11,500, Dr. Monk devised other schemes for the advancement of Horfield, and the gratification of his own organ of benevolence. Still adhering to the favourite tripartite division of a late statesman, he desired—

1. To commute the manorial rights of Horfield for land;
2. To set an example of effectual draining and other agricultural improvements; and
3. To provide for the future augmentation of the liv-

* The ecclesiastical commissioners and the Legislature have concurred in thinking that the proper income for a bishop of Gloucester and Bristol is £5,000 a-year. Dr. Monk is said to have received, in seven years, a net income of £65,849, or £30,849 more than his Parliamentary income.

ing (of Horfield), by giving it prospectively the rent charge. (Letter to the Editor of the *Times*.)

How a lease was necessary for carrying out the last two purposes is not very obvious; and as to the first, a lease was not only unnecessary, but actually obstructive. For by the Copyhold Enfranchisement Act (4 and 5 Vict. c. 35, §§ 13, 14, and 15), the lord of the manor, and three-fourths of the tenants may execute an agreement for commuting the rights of the lord into a rent charge, or into a fine upon death or alienation. While the manor remained out of lease, therefore, nothing could be more simple than the enfranchisement of the copyhold lands by the bishop and his tenants. But in granting a lease, he introduced this element of complexity into the transaction, that the lessee of the manor had to be consulted in carrying it out. Any agreement for a commutation must have been entered into, in the first instance, by him, and been subsequently ratified by the bishop's consent under his hand and seal (sect. 22). It is very true, as long as the bishop had control over the lessee, the obstacle which the lease interposed was merely formal; but it is obvious that nothing can be more erroneous than the notion, that a lease was necessary to effectuate the enfranchisement. Nor did that step require a large expenditure. Copyholders are always not only willing, but eager to convert into fixed periodical payments the always uncertain and frequently oppressive dues and services which, without being very beneficial to the lord, have been found to harass the tenant and check the improvement of the land. The customs of Horfield are extremely burdensome, and seriously depreciate the value of the property subject to them; and the bishop would, therefore, have found not only that the enfranchisement did not require a large expenditure, but that on the contrary, it might be a source of considerable profit.

Let us add, in justice to Dr. Monk, that from the time of his appropriating the manor of Horfield to the use of himself and his family for the lives of three young children of a long-lived race, he has testified a desire to make restitution. "I immediately resolved to resign a piece of preferment," he says in his letter to the *Times*, "which I held in commendam of about the same yearly income as Horfield; an act perfectly spontaneous on my part." This was the living of Peakirk in Northamptonshire, worth £500 a-year; and his Lordship's sacrifice was praise-

worthy, even though the difference be vast between the income gained and the income lost—between £545 for three lives in childhood, and £500 for one life which had nearly reached the limit assigned to man. But the bishop did not stop here. The loud voice of public opinion, or the small still one of his conscience, had made itself heard; and shortly after his last visitation in October last, he announced his intention of appropriating one moiety of the income of Horfield to the augmentation of poor livings throughout the diocese, and the other, to the employment of curates in those parishes where the advanced age of the incumbents appeared to render such assistance necessary.

What the Government thought of this transaction may be easily conjectured from the summary veto which they put upon the attempt to sell to the commissioners the bishop's right to renew. What the commissioners themselves thought of it, is equally apparent from the solicitude they displayed to conceal that attempt from the light of day, notwithstanding the "handsomest thanks" which the bishop says he received from them, and notwithstanding their resolution, cited with so much triumph by the bishop of Oxford, that the bishop of Gloucester and Bristol had been "under no obligation, *legal or equitable*, to deal with the Horfield estate, otherwise than with any other estate of the see." This board, composed chiefly of ecclesiastics, appear to have considered it their first and paramount duty to screen one of their number: but even they, had not the boldness to assert that he had been under no *moral* obligation to renew. A *legal* or *equitable* obligation is one which can be enforced in a court of law or equity. A purely *moral* one is of that imperfect character which neither the common law nor our equity code can reach: and upon that view of the bishop's conduct, they have pronounced no opinion. Their reticence, indeed, may, in the opinion of many, seem more eloquent than their language; *expressio unius* is frequently *exclusio alterius*. But they have not left the world in doubt as to their view of the matter. In the order in Council of the 19th of October, they ordered that no renewal of any bishop's lease, where the fine exceeded £100, should be effected without their approval of the amount of the proposed fine; and with an eye to the Durham case, added, that the

fine, when it exceeded half a year's allowed income, should be paid to them.

We here close our task. It was not undertaken from motives of personal hostility to any of the prelates who have been named, but we considered it incumbent upon us to call the attention of friend as well as foe to the present state of the Anglican hierarchy, in order that both may profit by the lesson to be derived from it; and that both may join in considering the causes of a scandal which thus attaches itself to the established religion, as it is supposed of all Englishmen. Were the deeds of the Maltbys, the Monks, and the rest of them, the isolated acts of ungifted natures, the chance products of a defective organization or a demoralizing education, we should not have cared to stir up the mass of petty turpitudes collected in the blue book of the commissioners. But their acts are the natural, nay, the necessary, fruits of a bad system. They are the exponents of that system; and when they are condemned, the system must share in the condemnation. There is but one religion which gives the power of self-sacrifice, without it man's moral nature must, in the long run, as certainly suffer corruption when exposed to powerful temptation, as his physical frame must succumb when under the influence of noxious gases. That grapes grow not on thorns, nor figs on thistles, we know from revelation as well as from observation: and if the English bishops have not been models of that blamelessness and sobriety of conduct which St. Paul deems essential qualifications of a bishop; if they have not been exempt from that greediness of filthy lucre and covetousness which he deems incompatible with their office, the system is to blame, not the men. Humanly speaking, it would not have been difficult to prove *a priori* that such must have been the result.

The bishoprics of the Establishment are offices of high rank and great emolument. They are in the gift of the crown, or rather of the prime minister: and it is not difficult to conjecture whether a politician and the head of a political party is likely to be influenced in his choice as much by zeal for religion, as by the desire of providing for a relation or dependent, or of acquiring a useful supporter. It is seldom, therefore, that the unobtrusive parochial clergyman is promoted to a see. The great prizes, as they are called, fall to the scions of noble houses, to the college tutors of whig or tory ministers, to smart

pamphleteers, and to clever electioneering canvassers, mendici, mimæ, balatrones, hoc genus omne. If learning is sometimes rewarded, the prize is given to the editor of a Greek play, or to a lecturer of doubtful orthodoxy. But these are exceptions. Upon his elevation to the mitre, the college Don, or aristocratic sprig, finds himself transported from a narrow sphere and moderate income, into the widest arena of politics and fashion, and into the receipt of a princely revenue. Though appointed the overseer of his diocese, though he has undertaken to superintend the spiritual government and well-being of millions of souls, he passes seven months out of every twelve in London, attending in the House of Lords, as a baron of the realm, to the material interests of the country. His seat in that assembly and his ample fortune give him a high position in society. He has, in most cases, a wife more or less managing, and, probably, daughters less or more bent upon matrimony; and he is quickly whirled into that vortex of Chiswick fetes and ancient concerts, out of which husbands are best fished. His town residence becomes the resort of the rich and the noble; and if etiquette banishes déjeuners dansants and midnight polkas from the episcopal mansion, its well spread mahogany attracts suitable matches for his numerous progeny. In the country his castle-gates are open to the peer and the squire: but its walls frown coldly on all of lower degree. His rank and wealth place him so immeasurably above his clergy, that the duties of hospitality are as completely forgotten, as the ties of brotherhood; and although the poor curate will sometimes find his bed and board when chance or duty takes him to his bishop's, he is more frequently turned empty away from his diocesan's palace.

The bishop is rich, it is true; but his wealth consists of a life income; and he is, in general, no longer young when he first succeeds to it. His station in society is exalted; but it is personal, not hereditary or transmissible; and the position of his family in society will not be, when he is gone, what it is while he is living. Hay must be made, then, while the sun shines:

*Dum loquimur fugerit invida
Ætas. Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.*

Money and patronage are in his hands. To what better purpose can a father devote the funds and the influence at his disposal, than to the advancement of the interests of

his children? When a fine may be obtained for a lease at a nominal rent, what chance has the voice of the Church of drowning that of nature? Fines, consequently, are taken, and successors robbed. Livings of every degree of fatness are in his gift; but how can piety, learning or eloquence hope to compete with the claims of a son or of a daughter's husband? Charity begins at home, says the proverb: and so says the bishop. And his good deeds die not with him: his name lives in his diocese for another generation at least, in the palpable shape of an obese pluralist or an otiose canon.

How could a prelacy thus organised prosper? Is a statesman the best judge of the qualifications of a bishop? Is humility the distinctive virtue of titled families, or of university professors? Is it fostered by elevation to rank, privileges, and wealth? Does common honesty thrive under the sudden accession of large means coupled with the strongest temptations to misuse them? In a word, could any system have been better devised to secure unsuitable men for the office, and to prevent them from performing the duties of it when appointed? A calm judgment or an unbiassed mind could answer these questions without waiting for the results of experience. But experience is the only school in which the bulk of mankind will learn; and even there they learn but slowly. Prejudice is inaccessible to the voice of reason, and finds its bliss in that ignorance to which it owes its existence. The supporter of the Established Church who opposes all change, sees in his bishop nothing but a holy man in lawn—the sackcloth of a civilized age—who occasionally reads the communion service in his cathedral, or preaches a sermon in the parochial church of his country mansion, and subscribes to local charities. But he sees also something more in him than that;—and this perhaps is the secret of the effective support which the bishops and clergy of the Establishment have received in their struggle against every reform, from the blind and suicidal conservatism of their flocks;—he sees in the pomp and circumstance which surround his bishop, his own superiority over *Popery* and *Dissent*. However, even prejudice, even the most stubborn conservatism must, in the end, yield to the pressure of facts. Hitherto the world has had very imperfect means of judging of the conduct of the bishops of the Established Church; but the returns

of the commissioners have brought to light transactions and letters which were probably never intended for the public gaze, but which enable the public to form a correct judgment of the morality of the state bishops. Let the world judge them as it would judge other men, and the verdict will not be doubtful. Their conduct in private transactions has been laid bare, and a suitable reform may be hoped to follow closely upon the public enlightenment. No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*. Will the bishops long continue saints in the eyes of those who have seen what are their acts, and their notions of right and wrong?

ART. VI.—*Cecile; or, the Pervert*. By Sir Charles Rockingham, Author of "Rockingham," "Love and Ambition," &c., &c. 8vo. London, Colburn, 1851.

WE had occasion, in our last number, to comment upon the active and unscrupulous use which, in default of heavier weapons of offence, has been made of Fiction in the recent crusade against Catholics in England. We wish it were, even yet, in our power to speak of this as a thing past and gone, and to bury it for ever as one of the painful memories of an evil time. But we regret to say that we have before us, even now, only too abundant materials for a continuation of the subject—too many evidences that the spirit of religious bigotry is ever as slow to retire, as it is prompt to come forth in obedience to the slightest and most passing spell by which it may be evoked.

We prefer, however, to close our eyes to this and many other unhappy recollections of the year which is now drawing to its close. We would fain leave behind us on the threshold of the joyous season upon which we are entering, every thought of bitterness which past events have provoked; and we gladly avail ourselves of the clever

volume named at the head of these pages, for the purpose of putting our readers and ourselves into that hearty good humour which beseems the Christmas time. "*Cecile*," is indeed a book which, by showing that justice has not yet entirely left the world, may help to restore the tone which the recent contest had interrupted, and may do much to console Catholics and all true friends of religious freedom for the multiplied obloquy, bitterness, and misrepresentation over which they have had to grieve during this long and ill-starred agitation.

We feel, however, that we do some injustice to this able and original work by associating it, even in contrast, with the great mass of rapid and vulgar productions that have emanated from the anti-Catholic school of fiction. Indeed the most consoling circumstance connected with the Papal Aggression controversy, is the recollection, that, whatever may be its eventual result as regards the legal position of Catholics in England, it has at least had the effect, during its progress, of eliciting in their defence a display of genius and eloquence to which they may look back with pride even while suffering under the stroke which it vainly strove to avert. In the legal argument; in the debates of both Houses of Parliament; in every form of the discussion which deserves the name; wherever, in a word, mind could assert its prerogative; wherever eloquence was not overborne by clamour, and reasoning shouted down by boisterous vituperation;—there the simple truth and justice of our cause were signally and confessedly triumphant. The profound constitutional knowledge; the far-seeing philosophy; the generous eloquence; even the lighter graces of composition—the classic elegance—the caustic humour—the brilliancy—the wit—were all, or almost all, our own; and while the anti-Catholic spirit fretfully evaporated in a series of prosy pamphlets, of truculent and over-bearing newspaper articles, of vulgar addresses at county meetings or Protestant associations, and of specious but irrelevant declamations from the benches of a renegade Treasury, or those of the ill-assorted allies who had enrolled themselves, for the time, under its dishonoured standard; the defence of the despised and persecuted Catholics, from the first note to the last, from the Cardinal's opening "*Appeal*" to the closing "*Protest*" of the dissentient peers, bears upon it the genuine impress of truth, vigour, and reality; and has left behind it, in every

stage, monuments of chaste and nervous eloquence, argumentative skill, and graceful and elegant composition, which may take their place as classics in their several departments of English literature.

It may seem affectation to profess to discover the same character of truth and reality in a work of fiction. And yet we defy any one to avoid being struck by the contrast in this particular, between the plain and unstudied tale now before us, and the unnatural and exaggerated rhapsodies of which we gave a specimen in our last number. It is impossible not to feel that the writer of such a work as "*Cecile*" is in earnest. There is no straining after sentiment, no effort at effect; all is simple, natural, and real; the characters, the thoughts, the actions, the motives. And hence, although the work is ostentatiously deficient in some of the commonplace machinery of the novel; though it betrays, perhaps, some symptoms of inexperience in the construction of a plot, and certainly exhibits considerable disregard of the mere conventionalities of novel-writing; yet it forces upon us, in almost every page, the most lavish evidence of originality, freshness, and vigour, depth and versatility of thought, and all the genuine characteristics of earnest and reflective genius.

The story is not a mere web of imaginary incidents, with a few shadings flung in to suit the particular view which the tale is intended to subserve. Other novelists of the *Papal Aggression* have merely used the excitement created by that event, as an occasion for a general attack upon the Catholic system, without the smallest direct reference to the immediate circumstances in which the excitement had its origin. But the author of "*Cecile*" has taken the fact itself as his immediate theme. He has thrown himself boldly into the midst of the events which he professes to portray;—his scene being, for the most part, laid in a quiet country house in England, during the first burst of the excitement which followed the publication of the Durham Letter. And hence there is scarcely a single incident of the tale, and scarcely one character among its actors, for which the reader may not find a prototype within his own experience.

Cecile is the orphan niece of a kind-hearted but ignorant and bigoted Protestant baronet, Sir Charles Basinstoke. Her early history is a familiar one. The offspring of an

improvident marriage of the baronet's younger brother with a foreign Catholic, she had been educated in that creed up to her fourteenth year; and upon the death of both her parents, had been received into her uncle's family, if not with an express stipulation, at least with a settled expectation, that she would eventually conform to the family creed. The girl, however, with more firmness than was anticipated in one so young, had hitherto quietly persevered in the belief of her childhood; and although this circumstance had not sensibly diminished the affection of her uncle, and had not interfered in the slightest degree with the devoted attachment of her cousins, Constance and Edward, it had had the effect of deepening into settled and acrimonious antipathy the aversion, with which, from the very commencement, her uncle's wife, Lady Helen, had regarded her, as an intruder upon the legitimate rights of her own children.

Such was the posture of family affairs at Redburn on the first outbreak of the anti-Papal agitation. The result may be readily anticipated. The known creed of this one member of Sir Charles's family, and the suspicion which her intercourse with other Catholics had drawn upon his household, rendered him nervously sensitive of public opinion in the crisis which had arisen; and the advantage which the hostile electioneering party in the county seemed likely to derive against the interest of his son, from a dexterous use of the elements of suspicion thus presented, contributed to aggravate his displeasure against his Popish niece; so that the jealousy, and, we are sorry to add, the malice, of Lady Helen, found it easy to turn his alarms to a most unhappy account against poor Cecile.

It is at this point that the story opens. And the plot woven out of these materials is so simple, so natural, and so perfect a counterpart of the reality which was enacted and re-enacted in numberless cases during the course of last year, that almost every one may feel as though he had himself been an observer. The leading incidents are, at least, familiar to us all. The half-jesting, half-angry after-dinner controversies; the fireside discussions which we all remember so well; the great County Meeting, with all its well-known antecedents; the covert electioneering intrigues; the Fifth of November riot;—are all true to the life, and arise from each other in a sequence perfectly

natural; while the actors in them all are so diversified, as to present representations of all the shades of anti-Catholic opinion which were developed in the progress of the movement. How many a "Cecile" in actual life have we all known, each within the range of his own experience! How many a real type of the honest, though unreasoning, bigotry of her uncle, and of the proud, yet mean-hearted harshness of his wife! There is hardly a circle of any intellectual pretensions which has not its Lady Templedale, though probably in a more exaggerated form; and the scene at the death-bed of the poor girl, Mabel Hawthorne, has been acted over again in numberless instances, and often with circumstances of a far more painful character.

All this is hung together, of course, by the slender thread of a love story, in which Cecile, as will easily be guessed, is the heroine. It may be told in a few words. Lord St. Edmunds, a gay young nobleman, comes down on a visit to Redburn by the express desire of his father, Lord Tewkesbury, who hopes, by this means, quietly to bring about the accomplishment of an old, though unavowed, understanding with his sister, Lady Helen Basinstoke, of an alliance between St. Edmunds and his charming cousin, Constance Basinstoke. But in accordance with the traditional usage in all such cases, St. Edmunds falls in love with Cecile, instead; while, to add to the embarrassment, he discovers that he thus becomes the rival of his cousin Charles, who has long entertained the same feelings. In this way the unhappy Cecile finds herself doomed doubly, to thwart the views of her uncle and of Lady Helen, by standing in the way of the establishment of both their children.

The disentanglement of these complicated difficulties—the cold-hearted intrigues of Lady Helen, the weakness of Sir Charles, the sufferings of Cecile, her heroic self-devotion, the affectionate generosity and womanly tact of Constance, the "perversion" of Lord St. Edmunds—all these we must leave to the reader himself the pleasure of discovering. We would gladly devote a few pages to its unravelment; but the pressure of weightier matters has so far contracted our space, as to render it entirely impossible for us to do it as we should have desired. But we have ourselves derived so much pleasure from the perusal of the book, that we have not the heart to refuse our readers, at

least, such a specimen of its general style and manner, as may enable them to decide, whether the author be deserving of a more intimate acquaintance.

We open, almost at random, the passage which makes Cecile first known to her future lover, St. Edmunds. It is a half-whispered conversation, at a dinner party, in which Cecile had been surprised into offering some reply to the sneers with which her religion had been assailed.

“‘How well and gallantly you spoke out!’ whispered he. ‘I like to hear a cause so ably and fervidly vindicated.’”

“For a moment the dark eye rested upon him with an expression of intense and almost haughty inquiry; but it melted at once, as she said, in her softest and most subdued tone:

“‘Am I to seek out some hidden sting of irony which your words too may conceal, or can I trust that they are intended to bear nought with them but sympathy and encouragement?’”

“‘Nothing else, in truth, I assure you.’”

“‘They are much wanted. I greatly fear that I have again been sorely betrayed by the infirmity of my disposition.’”

“‘How can you say so? You only spoke after manifold and repeated provocations.’”

“‘That were a sorry excuse indeed for yielding to any such hasty and dangerous impulse! My poor weak conscience had conjured up for itself a more plausible motive, and had fancied, for a moment, I verily believe, that my wretched advocacy was needed.’”

“‘Well, I entirely agree with your conscience, and think that it might be not only tranquil, but triumphant; for it appears to me impossible to shed more light than you did, in so few words, upon so abstruse a subject.’”

“‘You are jesting, surely, Lord St. Edmunds; but it matters not. I deserve as much, and more, for having ventured to deem that my poor wax-candle—if, indeed, it were of wax—could be required to show you the lustre of the glorious mid-day sun. No, I am well aware that I have spoken unguardedly, perhaps unkindly, to others, and you will but do me justice if you believe that I already truly repent it.’”

“‘You almost lead me to think that you mean to do penance for your spirited defence of your faith.’”

“‘I shall,’ answered she, with a gentle smile, ‘and such penance too, I trust, as will not only atone for the past, but preserve me from any immediate relapse into similar error. I assure you that it is not a very frequent occurrence on my part, and, as to my uncle, you would do him also great injustice if you did not make much allowance for the effects of the very disagreeable intelligence which he has received to-day.’”

“‘Your uncle?’ said St. Edmunds, evidently much perplexed.

“‘Yes, my uncle. Surely, you know that, by nature, he is neither unkind nor uncourteous.’

“‘You really must excuse me,’ observed St. Edmunds; ‘but I don’t exactly understand to whom you are alluding.’

“‘Perhaps to Mr. Collins,’ was the smiling reply. ‘But, seriously, are you not aware who I am?’

“‘Well, I had better own at once that I am not, and that the different terms by which I have already heard you addressed have scarcely enlightened me.’

“‘Oh, yes! I bear many designations. By some I am called ‘Miss Cecil;’ by others, ‘Mademoiselle,’ on account of my partly foreign origin; by others again, ‘Saint Cecilia,’ in token of that very meek and saint-like disposition, of which I have taken care to give you one earnest at least, within the two first hours of our acquaintance. Now, can you say who I am, or shall I guess whom you imagine me to be?

“‘Oh, pray don’t do that!’ answered St. Edmunds, ‘for you would give to my earlier conjectures perhaps more consistency than they really ever acquired. You are learned enough, and gifted enough, I am sure, to be the instructress of all present here, saving, may be, Edward Basinstoke, who, as I know, is a great scholar; and yet you are surely too young—’

“‘Too intemperate of speech—’

“‘No, but far too high-bred and lady-like in manner to be, in short—’

“‘In short to be what you still half deem me to, Constance’s governess. Come, I see that I must release you from any further doubts, or that you will think yourself obliged, in atonement for them, to pay me a multitude of compliments, which perchance you credit even less than I deserve them. Did you never hear of poor Cecile Basinstoke before, the only and orphaned niece to whom Sir Charles, her uncle, has so kindly offered the refuge of his hospitable home against all the miseries, not of poverty, but of absolute want?’

“‘No, not to my recollection.’

“‘It is very surprising indeed,’ replied Cecile, with her playful, tender smile, ‘that her illustrious name should never have been mentioned in London, where they have so little to think of besides her. However, I am she, and I trust that I shall be able to show you, before you leave Redburn, that I do not bear quite so ungrateful a heart or so rebellious a spirit as I have entitled you to give me credit for.’”—pp. 35—39.

We must add, also, a specimen of the light and graceful tone in which Cecile, (or, as she is playfully called by her cousins, “St. Cecilia,”) deals with the doctrinal argument in which the necessities of self-defence occasionally involve her. There are few things less inviting than those

disquisitions in which controversial novelists commonly delight to indulge. But it would be a great injustice to class the controversy of "*Cecile*" with that which forms the staple of the ordinary religious novel. The controversy of "*Cecile*," in truth, is rather explanatory than polemical. It belongs to a class which we would earnestly recommend to every sincere Catholic; and consists simply in a calm exposition of the doctrine in dispute, and of the leading principles upon which the belief in it is based. Instead of directly seeking to enforce conviction upon others, it is content to explain, and perhaps to vindicate, the motives of its own; and thus while it avoids the traditional vice of controversy—that of offending the pride and alarming the self-reliance of the enquirer—it speaks to him with all the authority of a mind at peace with itself, secure in its own convictions, and almost disdaining to offer argument to others in support of the truth which has become, as it were, a second instinct to itself.

We can only afford room for a single extract from "*Cecile*:" but the passage which we select will sufficiently illustrate our meaning. It regards the credit due to modern miracles, when they are attested by proper authority, and supported by sufficient evidence.

" 'Very possibly, my dear; but I do not exactly see the bearing of all this upon our original question. I do not pretend that we are not all of us rather too liberal in the application of the term superstition to our neighbour's belief; but though no faith admits of absolute demonstration, can we entirely resign our judgment, limited and insufficient as it may be?'

" 'Not resign, dear Lady Templedale, but incline. Were I to witness myself any preternatural effect or result, I own that I should be very much disposed to conjecture rather that I was myself deluded or deceived than that the great and constant laws of nature were violated. The same most obvious interpretation would apply, more strongly still, to signs and wonders reported to me on the authority of others; and yet, I cannot forget that I may thus be led also to explain away, in a precisely similar manner, the very evidences upon which the Divine origin of our faith must ever rest. What shall be my resource against this utter scepticism on one hand, and the blindest credulity on the other? I see no safer nor surer refuge than that which I claimed for myself in the outset, the authority of the Church, discerning now, as in the earlier ages, between the impostures and extravagances of man and the true manifestations from above.'

“Yes, my dear ; but we draw a distinction between the inspired ages and our own.”

“The result of which is, I suppose, Lady Templedale, that we are to disbelieve all miracles that we see, and believe merely in those that we hear of.”

“No, Mrs. Jesuit ; but we are not called upon to contest those which were witnessed by an entire population, and have been recorded by the holiest of men.”

“As to the opinions of the Jewish population at large,” observed Cecile, “I fear that they would stand in array rather against than in favour of our credence. Your other test, the record of holy and heaven-directed men, is to my mind the only true one, but in what does it differ from mine ?”

“Simply, my dear, because we are not at all disposed to place the same reliance in one of your Priests or Pontiffs, as in the Holy Apostles or the earlier Fathers of the Church.”

“That is a distinction that each may draw for himself, but which he may find it difficult to impose upon others. You were speaking of the inspired ages just now, Lady Templedale, can you tell me when they commence and when they end ?”

“Not exactly, my dear, but I suppose that Churchmen can.”

“It matters not,” resumed Cecile. “You hold, at all events, that there were by-gone times whose partial or general belief is more binding upon us than that of our own. I will not inquire whether, in those days, signs and wonders were not so universally expected as to render the beholders less critical, and consequently more liable to error than ourselves. I will readily admit that some periods have been more manifestly favoured than others by preternatural testimonies of the Divine countenance, but these, we hold and trust, never have been, and never will be entirely withheld from the Church of Christ.”

“Yet surely, dear Cecile,” interposed Constance, “the age that was visited by the Redeemer himself—the Apostles whom he himself called, and with whom he held personal communion, may well be esteemed pre-eminently holy ?”

“Pre-eminently, no doubt, my darling child, but not exclusively. You would not impugn the testimony of Paul, whom you so much reverence—of two among the Evangelists—of many others whom you still designate as Saints, upon that very authority of the Church which you so indignantly reject in other matters ; you would not, I say, impugn their testimony because they are not held to have been so far blessed as to have seen Christ himself. No,” continued Cecile, in a low musing tone, “the more I have reflected upon the fatal differences which have so cruelly estranged us, the more I have reduced them to one alone as to the origin of all. You believe that after a certain and undefined period, all spiritual guidance from above was withdrawn from the Church, while we hold that it was promised to her and will be vouchsafed to her evermore.”

“‘It may be, my dear ; but at all events we have thus exempted ourselves from the duty of believing in transubstantiation, the infallibility of the Pope, and other mysteries somewhat too abstruse for our homely British understandings.’

“‘It is singular, at all events,’ remarked Cecile smiling, ‘that the very two which you have specified are those in which we are no less clearly borne out by the Holy Text than by the undeviating authority of the Church and the still unimpaired assent of the majority.’

“‘The two last arguments, my dear, have not, as you know, great weight with us. With respect to the texts that you can doubtless invoke, you must remember how dangerous it may be to interpret too literally what was spoken in an essentially figurative tongue.’

“‘No doubt, Lady Templedale, but recollect also, how freely the mysterious truths to which you most reverently adhere, are disposed of by others as mere oriental metaphors.’

“‘I must admit, most learned Saint, that we have some little differences to settle with the Unitarians upon that head ; but that is not the question at issue between us. What I want to hear more about is the Pope, who, at all events, is the leading subject, if he is not the supreme ruler in England now. Do explain to me, once for all, to what extent and under what conditions you recognize his infallible authority. I dare say that you have some very plausible and indeed some very philosophical exposition of the tenet to offer, if we are to judge from what we have already heard.’

“‘You have already heard a great deal too much, dear Lady Templedale, replied Cecile laughing : “it is twelve o’clock, and surely I may be released now.”’—pp. 244—251.

There is not, perhaps, much novelty in the principles put forward in this interesting passage ; but the manner is vigorous and original, and cannot fail to produce its effect. Indeed, we have been more than once in the reading of Cecile, reminded of the very best passages in Lady Georgiana Fullerton’s admirable tale, *Grantley Manor*.

We must not conclude, however, without noticing a few inaccuracies (chiefly of expression,) which occur here and there in the heroine’s theology. She is made to speak, for example, of the *Triple Nature* of God ;—although in circumstances which make it plain that the error is but a verbal one. And though his explanation of the Catholic theory of mortification is perfectly correct, yet we fear his ideas of its practice have been borrowed from some unnatural and exaggerated model. The incident of the penitential bracelet, and that of the cutting off the hair,

accord but ill with the generally calm and practical character of the heroine's mind ; and it is difficult to imagine a Catholic lady, speaking as Cecile is made commonly to speak, or thinking according to her habitual standard, and yet betrayed into what one can hardly call by a milder name than that of vulgar ostentatious enthusiasm, such as these incidents display.

It may, perhaps, appear ungracious to hint at any drawback on the gratification which we have derived from the perusal of this excellent and well-timed story. But "Cecile" is a book which can well afford to bear a little friendly criticism ; and it would be a false delicacy towards a writer so promising, as its author, not to call his attention to defects which may be so easily remedied, which, nevertheless, for the general reader mar in no slight degree the effect of his tale.

ART. VII.—*Address of the Irish Bishops on the Catholic University.*
Dublin, 1851.

A DOCUMENT, the production of an individual who has been wittily described by one of his friends as "equally ready at half an hour's notice to build a St. Paul's, to take the command of the channel fleet, or to superintend an operation for the stone"—a famous document, written on a celebrated occasion, has proclaimed to the world that the Catholic religion tends "to confine the intellect and enslave the soul." Even from the prime minister of a great empire, of accomplishments so universal, and assurance so complete, the accusation strikes one as bold against the religion of St. Augustine, and St. Thomas, of Galileo, Malebranch, and Vico, of Bossuet and Benedict XIV., of Suarez, Bellarmine and De Lugo. Such as it is, however, this accusation is daily repeated in one form or other, implicitly or explicitly, suggested in an innuendo, or presupposed throughout an argument, treated

as self-evident, and acknowledged as a fact shameful, indeed, and damning, but too clear for the knight-errantry of any Catholic to dispute, by almost the whole daily press of England. Lord John Russell has but catered to the popular feeling, and summed up in half-a-dozen words the sentiment of modern English journalism, of the floating mind of the nineteenth century, which oscillates between profound contempt and bitter hatred of the Catholic faith. We propose to consider the meaning and the causes of this accusation, and with the light thence thrown on the subject, to proceed to the necessity and vast importance of the promised Catholic university.

Now this accusation of loving ignorance brought against the enlightener of the nations, and of fostering slavery, brought against the bestower of true freedom of heart, and mind, and will, restored to heavenly harmony, runs up, if we mistake not, into a difference of *First Principles* between Catholic and Protestant. These First Principles, the very bases of our opinions and judgments, the first springs of our actions, and so the key of our moral character, are assumed and acted upon by all without proof, by an intuition of the mind, and by most men unconsciously, even to the end of their lives. Now what is knowledge, and what ignorance, what freedom, and what slavery, of the intellect and moral powers, will depend to each individual judging on a higher question; how, that is, he arranges the various divisions of human intelligence, and the relations which they bear to each other; what, again, he considers, to be the *end* of civil and religious politics, and of human life altogether. The lawyer has one standard, and the merchant another; the artist a third, and the philosopher a fourth; the theologian one higher than all these. Nations, again, have a various moral and intellectual guage. Millions of French peasants feel an idolatry for the memory of Napoleon, who decimated their fathers; Englishmen pay a perhaps unconscious worship to manufactories and railways, and feel a far deeper interest in the composition of the steam-engine, than in the nature of the soul; Spaniards, on the other hand, measure distances by the rosary, and salute by an expression of faith in a blessed mystery; and Italians illuminate in honour not only of the earthly sovereign, but the heavenly queen. Even in the same country and race, a different spirit prevails at dif-

ferent times. Saxon sovereigns laid aside their crowns at St. Peter's shrine, and the proudest of the Plantagenets paid homage, as Christians, to his successor; Norman nobles left land, and wife, and children, to rescue the holy sepulchre from the infidel. Modern England resents the exercise of St. Peter's spiritual jurisdiction as an aggression on temporal sovereignty, and exerts the whole force of her mighty power to maintain the holy sepulchre in the hands of the infidel. Thus race and nation, the habits and occupations of the mind, modify the standard of all human things, and so, of course, that by which comparative knowledge or ignorance, freedom or slavery of the mind, are estimated.

If, then, we would fairly meet the question, we must classify the various subjects of human knowledge, we must arrange and group the arts and sciences of civilized life, and specially we must consider the *end* for which all these exist and are cultivated, and the relation which they severally bear to that end, and to each other. And as Catholics and Protestants here judge and act upon different First Principles, we shall take a division made long before the West was separated into these two conflicting parties. We shall go back to a great Catholic philosopher, theologian, and saint, almost three centuries anterior to the rise of Protestantism. Certainly he cannot have had the latter state of opinion in view: he set forth the train of thought which universally prevailed in his own day throughout the great Christian people, moulded into expression by a very profound and exquisitely holy mind. The division of human knowledge into its various branches, which we are about to quote, is from St. Bonaventure, and it has a unity, a simplicity, and a completeness, combined with the deepest philosophical truth, which we have not seen equalled in any other arrangement. It occurs in his small work called "The Reduction of the Arts to Theology," and is as follows.

From God, the Fontal Light, all illumination descends to man. The divine light from which, as from its source, all human science emanates, is of four kinds; the *inferior* light, the *exterior* light, the *interior* light, and the *superior* light. The *inferior* light, that of sensitive knowledge, illuminates in respect of the natural forms of corporeal objects, which are manifested to us by the five senses. Its range does not extend beyond the knowledge of sensible

things. The second, or *exterior* light of mechanical art, illuminates in respect of artificial forms. It embraces the whole circle of those arts which aim at protecting man from the weather, clothing, feeding, healing him when sick, and the theatrical arts directed to his recreation. Thus it includes all productions of the needle and the loom, all works in iron, and other metals, stone, and wood; all production and all preparation of food; all navigation and commerce, which superintend the transit and the exchange of these; medicine in its widest sense; and music, with the arts belonging to it. Manifold as are the objects of this light, it is all concerned with artificial productions; it touches only one side of human nature; it deals with man almost exclusively as an animal; it is directed to supply his bodily needs, and console his bodily infirmities. The third, or *interior* light, is that of philosophical knowledge: its object is intelligible truth. It is three-fold, for we may distinguish three sorts of verities, truth of language, truth of things, and truth of morals. I. Truth of language, or rational truth, either makes known the conception of the mind, which is the function of grammar, or, further, moves to belief, which is that of logic; or moves to love or hatred, which is that of rhetoric; that is, it is either apprehensive reason, which aims at congruity, or judicative reason, which is truth; or motive reason, which uses ornament. II. Truth of things, or rational truth, which deals with things as to their *formal*, (i. e. in mediæval language, their *essential*) relations, in regard to matter is physical, in regard to the soul is mathematical, in regard to the divine wisdom is metaphysical, and has the province of *ideas*. The physical treatment of things has to do with their generation and corruption, according to their natural powers and seminal principles: the mathematical, with their abstract forms, as our intellect conceives them: the metaphysical treats of the knowledge of all *entia*, which it reduces to one First Principle, End, and Exemplar, God, from whom they came forth; i. e. it deals with things as to their *ideal* principles. III. Truth of morals, has for its object either the individual, that is, the whole range of personal duties, which is termed *montastic*, or of family duties, which is termed *economic*; or of duties to the state, which is termed *political*. Lastly, the fourth, or *superior* light, is that of Grace and of the Holy Scripture, which illuminates in respect of saving truth. It leads to higher

objects by manifesting those things which are above reason ; it descends by inspiration, and not by discovery, from the Father of lights. The doctrine of Holy Scripture, though *one* in the literal sense, is *triple* in the spiritual and mystical sense : *allegoric*, in which it teaches what is to be believed, and relates to the generation and incarnation of the Word, and this is the study of doctors ; *moral*, in which it teaches the rule of life, and this is the subject matter of preachers ; and *anagogic*, which embraces the union of the soul with God, and is treated by the contemplative.

Thus the fourfold light descending from above has yet six differences, which set forth so many classes of human knowledge and science. There is the light of sensitive knowledge, the light of the mechanical arts, the light of rational philosophy, the light of natural philosophy, the light of moral philosophy, and the light of Grace and Holy Scripture. " And so," adds the saint, " there are six illuminations in this life of ours, and they have a setting, because all this knowledge shall be destroyed. And therefore there succeedeth to them the seventh day of rest, which hath no setting, and that is, the illumination of glory. And as all these derived their origin from one light, so all these sorts of knowledge are directed to the knowledge of the Holy Scripture, are shut up in it, and completed in it, and by means of it are ordered to the illumination of eternity."

We are persuaded by experience, that the more this arrangement of human arts and sciences is considered, the more it will be valued. Perhaps all the philosophical errors of the last three hundred years have been by anticipation exposed in it. Take, for instance, the multitudinous errors connected with the question of the origin of our ideas. One school makes them proceed from the first light alone, and derives them from the senses. Another from a combination of the first and third light, or the internal sense. They have, by common consent, put out of view the fourth light, which has for its object the supernatural and the super-intelligible, and which presupposes a power of intuition on man's part, which may help us as to the origin of our ideas generally. Above all, what strikes us in this arrangement of St. Bonaventure is, that throughout it he considers the circle of human knowledge, and the objects of which it treats, to be what God created them—

a universe, a whole, which can only be understood in Him who is its Beginning and End, the dread Alpha and Omega of Being, I Am that I Am. And therefore we shall make use of it as a standard whereby to appreciate the accusation which Protestantism may be understood as daily bringing by the ten thousand mouths of its *bellua multorum caput*, the Press, against Catholicism, viz.: that as a system it tends "to confine the intellect and enslave the soul." And perhaps in the hasty glance we are about to take, we may have opportunity to remark what this very loud-tongued accuser itself has done for the real advancement of knowledge in the human race, since its champion Luther appeared on the scene.

Now that in which the Europe of the nineteenth century mainly differs from the Europe of the sixteenth is the prodigious cultivation of the mechanical arts, and the successful application to these of certain physical sciences, such as chemistry, which depend on the principle of induction, and are wrought out by a series of experiments. Wonderful is the advance in these which has been made not merely in the past hundred years, but in our own generation, since the peace. The mind of the world seems turned upon these with an energy which has scarcely before been witnessed, and the mechanical arts have such manifold inter-relations, that it is hard to foresee how far an improvement in one may affect others. Who, for instance, can yet tell what will be the effect either on the political or the religious state of Europe, produced by railway trains traversing its bosom daily at express speed, or by the electric telegraph actually annihilating distance between the great centres of human thought and action. Isolation of any particular people, and the evils which follow from it, seem no longer possible. Again, as we have seen in the late Exhibition, industry is become no longer national, but cosmopolitan. Every invention is exposed to a universal rivalry. What has been conducted successfully to a certain point by the discovery or improvement of one mind, is presently caught up by another's, and worked out into higher results. We should be very ungrateful, certainly, not to feel what has been done, and is daily doing, to promote the *comfort* of all classes, and not least of the poor. Still the very word suggests wherein this vast and ever-increasing civilisation lies. It concerns mainly the food, the clothing, and the covering of man; his locomotion;

his healing, when sick ; his taste and recreation in gazing on pleasant and beautiful forms, or hearing melodious sounds : in short, his bodily wants. It deals with him mainly as an animal, a buying and selling, travelling and voyaging, earth-cutting, iron-working, steam-producing, gold-seeking animal ; where it uses his reason and high intellectual powers, as in the mathematical and physical sciences, it is yet chiefly with an utilitarian view, for application to the mechanical arts. We are not underrating the *quantity* of light thus diffused ; we are but remarking on its *quality*, that it is mainly the *inferior* and the *outward* light, with so much of the *interior*, as embraces the physical and mathematical, but not the higher speculative and metaphysical sciences. In other words, this busy, restless, ever-advancing, all-engrossing modern world of thought and action hardly approaches man as a *moral* agent, and still less as a spiritual being. It chooses to put altogether out of consideration that every individual of the race possesses a *something* incomparably more precious than all the discoveries of all the physical and mathematical sciences, and all the productions of all the mechanical arts, from the beginning to the end of the world. Certainly it does not deny that man has a soul, but it treats it as a truism taught to boys and girls in their catechism, and disagreeably repeated on Sundays at church ; but not to be thought of during the week by sensible men of business. The nineteenth century is one of facts, but *this* fact, which outweighs all others, as the ocean does a drop of water, is not a favourite one with it.

For if, quitting the mechanical arts and the experimental sciences, we advance and ask what progress has been made in the higher speculation of the human mind, we find that this science has fallen with the many into absolute disrepute, from the number of conflicting theories which have arisen one after the other, each for a time prevailing, and too often paving the way, like the low philosophy of Locke, for the Deism and Pantheism of succeeding minds. Gray's insulting remark, that " metaphysics spins her cobwebs, and catches some flies," but too faithfully represents the general feeling as to that noble science at present. In short, the modern thinker, as he goes on from the domain of *sensible* things, gradually loses his footing, he finds the land-marks removed, and rival geographers disputing the lie of the country ; and if he is a

man of ordinary wisdom and prudence, he stops with the reflection that life is too short to spend any of it on a science which has been reduced by the conflicts of its cultivators into a chaos of uncertainty.

In the field of morals is the prospect much more encouraging? We are not now speaking of Catholicism and its authorised teaching, but of that floating, popular, and certainly most uncatholic mind which charges it with fostering ignorance and slavery. *What is its code of moral laws? Who could say?* We have but to look to any morning's *Times* for the most unscrupulous lying, the most cruel calumny, the most barefaced assertion. Because it is anonymous, and so beyond punishment, it shows no conscience—no feeling. It will riot and gloat over the distress of a nation, and the expatriation of multitudes; it will call the solitude peace, and view with complacency the departure of a people's bone and sinew, if only it can be delivered from that standard of truth and right which Catholicism, in its most suffering and hampered state, rears in the world. Where, we may ask, are the moral systems which in a reign of three hundred years it has produced? It is not yet equal to interpreting the decalogue. And if you would not tempt it to blasphemy, do not put before it a case of conscience, for nothing does it hate so much as casuistry. It is its byword for chicanery and falsehood.

But oh that proud, that myriad-minded Protestantism, ranging over earth and sea, from China to California, to gather their treasures for its place and hour of pride, which lay adoring itself in one long protracted act of self-deification, during six months in the glass house, watching the nations brought before its footstool, and saying, I am their Queen, "I shall not sit as a widow, and I shall not know barrenness." Carry it into a yet higher region than morals, into the light of Grace and holy Scripture—how miserable and benighted it appears! Its heroes here are pygmies. Their eyes gaze not on these objects. These substances are too impalpable for their grasp. Here a thought has often struck us. Certainly no one of her Majesty's subjects made a better or more rational use of the exhibition than the Queen herself. The most illustrious in each department of art were at her daily bidding to explain every new invention, the most complicated machinery, the manifold treasures of the physical world, from its rudest to its

most refined productions. We doubt not that they did it each one well and ably in his sphere. Well, these are subjects which interest different classes of people, some one, and some another; their utility various, their preciousness in proportion. But other subjects there are of universal importance, which cannot be ignored without a grievous loss by any single human being. Supposing her Majesty had bethought herself to ask of her several conductors, day after day, a statement of their belief on these four subjects, the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, Original Sin, and Grace. If the replies given to her under this supposition could be put down and ticketed, we will venture to say that no productions of the great exhibition would have been, to say the least, more curious and instructive. Only they would probably have defied analysis and arrangement. The greatest men in modern art and science, who would take shame at being ignorant of the latest discovery in chemistry, the latest theory of geology, or the latest application of machinery, would probably show more ignorance, and, certainly, more variation, on these momentous subjects, than half-a-dozen children taken at hazard out of any Catholic school. This is what free enquiry and the bible sown broadcast over the world have done in three centuries for the master science of theology, and the primary virtue of faith.

We admit, then, that in the mechanical arts, and the physical sciences, in all which concerns the conveniences of the purely material life, there has been a great advance. We are thankful for it. The most delicate lady may now be swept over the country, without fatigue, at forty miles an hour, in the midst of soft cushions, and surrounded with books, who, three centuries ago, must have submitted to pick her way over abominable roads at four miles an hour, strapped on a pillion to a groom's girdle. But this material life of ours is not all: after you have given their utmost value to all the precious things contained in the great exhibition, there remains for man, yet, a higher world of thought: there are the needs of the whole spiritual nature: there is the science of mind, the science of morals, and the science of theology: there is truth of language, truth of things, and truth of morals; there is that highest light of all, "which lightens every man that cometh into the world," the light of the Divine Word. With regard to these,

so far from knowledge having increased, we assert that in all uncatholic countries, and in each country in proportion as the spirit of Catholicism has declined, there has been a retrogression, a diminution of light, feebleness instead of virility, doubtfulness instead of certainty. We proceed to state the connection of this with Protestantism.

The war of Luther, though seemingly directed against particular doctrines, was really waged with the principle of authority itself. After the dust of the conflict was cleared away, the work which he was found to have accomplished was the emancipation of the individual mind from submission to the general mind of Christendom. The fabric of Christianity had been raised on an external, objective basis: its message came from without to the individual, answering, indeed, to certain inmost needs, to aspirations and ideas felt within, but independent of these, and standing over against man with a command and a control superior to him. The whole system radiated from the Person of God the Word Incarnate: by Him it had been set up in the world: by Him it was sustained, and energised in a living society, divine because the virtue of its Founder was in it. Luther, on the contrary, proceeded from self: his own mind, his own judgment, was his standard: disguising this both to himself and others, he professed obedience to the written word alone: but the interpretation of this book being left to the individual, the real standard became the mind or feelings of the individual. Christianity, till then, had owned obedience to its Founder, perpetually as it were incarnate in that society which Himself had termed His Body. Luther substituted for this a subjective basis in each believer. Obedience, henceforth, to an external government became impossible: it was an infringement on the most sacred rights, on the new-found and highly-prized liberties of the true believer. He was himself the spiritual man, judging all things, and judged of none. We are far, indeed, from asserting that Luther knew what he was about. There was a great and subtle and combining spirit using him as an instrument, who had formed his plan, a vast and skilful one, though the agent had none.

Luther's reform was established in England, and before the end of the century a man of great genius arose, to carry into the domain of the arts and sciences, for their restoration, as he asserted, the precise idea which Luther

had applied to religion. The principle of authority, of tradition, of deduction and development, having been overthrown in things divine, what more natural than that Bacon should propose the principle of induction, that is, of proceeding from the particular to the universal, as the foundation of all human science. And as the sciences of mind, of morals, and of theology, proceed from certain data, and are built upon deduction, and not induction, what more natural likewise than that he should throw himself on the physical and experimental sciences, as alone, from his point of view, admitting of stability, certitude, and progress. He called man away from paths in which, as authority had been discarded, no landmarks remained, to an endless and assured progress which they might ascertain for themselves step by step: which would daily recompense them by fresh conveniences, helps, and ornaments of life. Let them leave their "*idola theatri*," to which they had been paying a vain and fruitless homage: all nature was waiting to pour forth her treasures into the lap of humanity, if it would cease to meteorize, and rather humbly search her ample bosom, analyse and weigh her forces, and direct them to assuage the wants of man: man, that is, as he was formed from the dust, and to the dust returns. He had divined the rising genius of England: he had forecast her horoscope, and determined her empire: as if by a magic wand he had felt the treasures which yet lay hid in her mines and mountains, the unsorted elements of a material prosperity beyond what the world had yet seen. She has listened to his call, and his idea has been enshrined in her heart, has become the centre of her life, and is the real object of her worship.

The work was not yet complete. There was wanting one to apply to the science of mind the idea which Luther had introduced into religion and Bacon into physical science. There was wanting one to place the starting point of mental philosophy in the individual man; in the creature and not in the Creator; in the pure analysis of self. That one was found in Descartes. Discarding the objective basis on which mental philosophy had hitherto rested, he attempted to build the most necessary and absolute verities, the Being of God, and the existence of creatures, on the internal sense. *Cogito, ergo sum*. That is, he built belief on doubt; he founded the universe on the individual. He did not rest on the tradition which had never perished

from the human race, and had been restored full and perfect, and unfolded by Christ, with conditions that ensured its permanence and purity. He put aside those ideas which are deposited by the Creator in His creature's mind before and beyond proof. As Luther's process was analysis applied to religion, so his was the same analysis applied to the mind. As Luther's process has terminated in biblical rationalism, and the overthrow of faith by scepticism, so Descartes' process has issued in the denial of natural truths. The abuse of Bacon's principle has been shown in its application far beyond the experimental sciences and mechanical arts, of which it is the proper instrument, and in the great predominance which it has given to these over all other studies.

It is not too much to say that the whole tissue of modern thought and feeling, outside the Catholic Church, and within it, so far as those are concerned who are not deeply touched by her spirit, is wrought out of these elements. The self-sufficiency, the independence, the dislike of authority, whether in spiritual or civil matters, the reduction of truth to opinion, the measuring of things by their material utility, in one word, the predominance of body over spirit, and of matter over mind, have their root here. Let us see whether the system of Luther, Bacon, and Descartes, has contributed to the spread of knowledge truly so called; has made men capable of imbibing more or less of those emanations from the Fontal Light which St. Bonaventure described above.

I. And first as to the light of Grace and Holy Scripture. Luther found this diffused in one great religious society, animated and held together by a common faith. As the infant instinctively turns to the mother for the stream which supplies its life, so every individual soul in that great family looked direct to the mighty mother of spirits for its draught of heavenly love, reclined in trust on that unfailing bosom, drew support and peace from those eyes of love. The first work of the reformer was to teach the children that their trust in their mother was vain and dangerous; that they should see, compare, and judge for themselves. He, indeed, with a strange infraction of his own principle, told them what they should believe; he had discovered it himself in St. Paul's epistles, which for fifteen centuries the Church had not understood. By and by Calvin arose with a fresh doctrine, which he too had gathered from the

same epistles by a like process, and which he enjoined, *proprio motu*, on all true believers, who took the word of God for their guide. Presently a third appeared, a hard-headed Swiss, far more thorough-going than either, but equally imperative in enjoining others to believe as he did, on the principle of private judgment. The reformation, as established by Elizabeth in England, was an amalgam of the doctrines of these three, with a certain residuum of Catholic truth, without logical connection of parts, as might be imagined from its parentage, and absolutely devoid of any spiritual idea by which it could cohere. It had instead a material soul, and lived on the confiscated lands of the old Church. Not but what the reformed doctrine, in a more spiritualized and explosive state, charged the atmosphere all around, and burst out in Puritanism, and Presbyterianism, in Independents and Anabaptists, in Quakers, and later still, in Wesleyans, and a host of small sects, which defy analyzing, or even naming, one and all the true children of that principle of division and dissolution with which Luther began. More than three centuries have passed; we see what they have *destroyed*, may we ask what they have *built up*? Evil, as all theologians tell us, has no substance; it is but the negation of good; and in accordance with this, the benefactors of mankind may be known throughout all ages infallibly by one token, that they have *constructed*; and the malefactors of the race as surely by another, that they have *destroyed*. Which did the Reformers? After three hundred years look at their work in Germany, Switzerland, Scotland, America, and most of all in England. There, if anywhere, every outward circumstance seemed to promise permanence and immutability. A powerful queen clothed their idea with the richest material body; determined that it should not moulder away, she sought to fix its lineaments by embalm-it in thirty-nine articles; and she guarded it jealously with the axe and the rack. Could she rise from her grave, what would she behold? The favourite creation of her genius, which she had planted throughout the land interwoven with the whole fabric of the constitution, married to the nobility and gentry, surrounded with the dread array of law, in spite of all these scarcely held together by means of a foul and ignominious lie. She would see her successor in that spiritual headship forced to declare that the very first doctrine of the heavenly life was yet unsettled, that her clergy

espoused opposite sides, and that, in spite of all material ties, the only means to maintain them in one outward communion was, to sanction their teaching contradictory opinions on baptism. If they differ about the beginning, how much more about the course and maturity of the heavenly life. Amid the ten thousand volumes on sacred subjects, which in three hundred years the learned leisure of that richly-endowed society has produced, we ask in vain for a *science of theology*. The so-called divines are all at issue with each other; they are but agreed in rejecting Catholicism, which *is* a system. But they have none of their own. Incredible as this may seem, it is true; and what is yet more incredible is, that they seem to have no sense of this deficiency. They do not see the connection of one doctrine with another; they do not need entirety or wholeness in their teaching; great gaps disturb them not; incoherencies do not disarrange their notions. They began with the text of Scripture, and with the text of Scripture they end. It is to them as a huge quarry of fine marble, which they have never wrought. Or rather, perhaps, the glorious temple which the Church had reared their ancestors with sacrilegious hands tore down, and they are still gazing on the ruins; or, where fragments of the walls are still standing, the most that they do is to raise a shed against them, light a flickering fire with the logs of the old roof-beams, and shelter themselves with the name of Catholic principles.

But now we may surely ask in this, the most important and primary of man's needs, a guide to lead him through his forty years' pilgrimage to the land of promise, is the light of Grace and Holy Scripture diminished or augmented? Is there knowledge, where all principles are disputed? Can there be faith, where no divine authority is recognised? Such, during three hundred years, has been the work of Protestantism, a simple undoing; what in the same period has been that of Catholicism? That great body of truth which it had when Luther arose, it has still, whole and unimpaired. It has been, moreover, perpetually solving doubts, perfectionating details, developing consequences of truths before received, gathering a harvest of saints, establishing a multitude of holy and self-denying congregations, collecting itself up more and more in its supreme head, and feeling that its strength lies in the chair of Peter. Its children more than ever trust their mother.

Faith leads them to knowledge, and love preserves harmony between the intellect and the will.

It is especially, after considering the facts of the last three centuries, from this point of view that we recommend the thought of (with all his wanderings) a great modern philosopher to the author of the charge against Catholicism, that it tends "to confine the intellect, and enslave the soul." "Those superficial minds, who regard the Catholic as a slave, because he is subject to a rule, do not perceive that this rule, which is nothing else but truth itself, is the foundation of liberty. The Catholic rule is the principle which prevents the human mind from diminishing truth, and therefore, from restricting the limits of the field in which it can expatiate. In fact, as man cannot step on vacuity or nothingness, where ground fails to plant the foot upon, the only arena in which genius can exercise itself, and display its powers, is that of truth. Thus the law which preserves the true, as the vital element and the home of the mind, is as necessary to philosophic liberty, as that which forbids governments to alienate territory is to the liberty and security of states." (Gioberti, Introduction to Study of Philosophy, b. i. chap. 8.)

2. From religious principles, let us proceed to political. Luther laid down that the individual judgment, conscience, and feelings, formed the rule of belief. Locke and Rousseau applied this to politics, and forth came the grand dogma of the sovereignty of the people, the instrument of subversion and destruction in modern times. All power is from on high, said the ancient Catholic tradition; all power is from below, says the new political Protestantism. If man had a right to judge of Revelation, to admit so much as he pleases, and to modify what he dislikes in a religion coming to him with the strongest sanction from without, who can deny to him a similar right in respect of governments, the best and most lawful of which has only an *indirect* commission from God, while the title of His Church is of *direct* divine institution? It was a problem quickly worked out in practice, and first of all in that government which had usurped the rights of the Church. Charles the First paid the forfeit of his head for the crime of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. The spirit which established the Reformation overthrew the monarchy. Its ultimate triumph in England remains to be

chronicled by posterity; but who can doubt that the old English constitution is gone to seed, and that we are advancing with the smoothness and the speed of a river above the cataract, to the headlong fall and the deep pool of democracy? But in Europe generally, this principle, making, that is, the individual the starting point in religion and in politics, born in Luther, perfected by Locke and Rousseau, is agitating the several nations, and everywhere working to overthrow established powers, till society itself is struggling for mere existence. It is a principle of pure anarchy and dissolution, proceeding from the individual to the family, and from the family to the nation, and tainting in all alike the first springs of obedience. It inverts the primary rule of *obligation*, on which not only civil government, but morality itself, is founded. For whereas, the whole order of the universe springs from that absolute right which God as Creator possesses over all His creatures, the correlative of which is an absolute duty in man to God, and relative duties to his fellow-men as children of a common parent, out of which relative duties relative rights between man and man spring, so that there are four links in this chain which is attached to the very throne of God: on the contrary, the principle of Luther and of Locke in religion and in politics, and by consequence in morality, begins from the bottom, and has accordingly no basis; for man has no rights whatever towards his fellow-creatures without pre-supposing a Creator, and no rights towards God at all, but duties only. Such then is the light which this great principle of Protestantism—which may be termed, indeed, its beginning, middle, and end—has shed upon human *obligation*, as it touches the individual, the family, or the state. For its fruits look through Europe at present, which is become one huge battle-field, between the old traditionary principle of *power from on high*, and the new revolutionary watchword of *power from below*. The Church, as she was herself the great exemplar and most perfect type of the former—as her chief in St. Peter's chair is the representative of her incarnate Lord, and rules by direct commission from Him—so had she in every European country fostered and gradually educated civil politics resting on the like basis. She had first sown and then developed in them the seeds of freedom, built not on imaginary rights of man, but on absolute duties towards God; freedom which, therefore, had a basis as strong as

the primary obligation of morality. This she had done, and all Europe was advancing forward peaceably to the development of these free constitutions, when the Reformation violently arrested the process, and threw back some countries on despotism for the maintenance of order, while it hurried others forward into a false freedom based upon anarchy, for such indeed is power which springs from the individual. As the Church contains the most perfect form of monarchical power, her constitution being the direct inspiration and habitual in-working of the Incarnate Word, so she sustained the first and most vehement assault of the dissolving principle; which having wreaked its full violence on her, has gone on to attack and corrupt all temporal governments. We are witnessing, in political anarchy, and moral socialism, the *denouement* of religious individualism.

3. After religion and politics comes the appreciation of *ends*, which Protestantism has set up among us. And here, to listen to it, one might well imagine that Christianity had come into the world to promote civilisation; as if a pleasant and peaceable intercourse between man and man, the development of commerce, the accumulation and distribution of wealth, discoveries in physical science, the diffusion of conveniences, the easing the wheels of society, the making this world, in fact, the home, and this life the object of man, were the grand end which the Lord of all had in view in giving Himself a sacrifice for His creatures. One would think as much as this might have been done at less cost. So desirable is it to forget "the fire" that was to be kindled and "the sword" that was to be sent on earth; so acceptable to put out of mind the prophecy that "nation should rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom," and that "earthquakes and pestilences" should bear witness to that broken moral order, without the restitution of which nothing is good in the counsels of God. The key-note of Christianity is self-sacrifice; the key-note of civilisation is self-enjoyment: no wonder that if you measure the Church's utility by the standard of civilisation she is judged to fail in her work. Now a main work of Protestantism was to destroy all that operation of the Church which bore witness to its superhuman charity; the sacrifice of self in works of mercy which entail privation of the domestic life became odious to those who placed their supreme good in that domestic

life. That wonderful habit of mind, which is exhibited to us in manifold expression, but always the same essence, in the lives of the saints, is matter of simple unbelief to Protestants, at the bottom of which is a still stronger dislike. Why turn society upside down? why shake off the dust of the world from your feet? why deny father and mother, brother and sister, wife and child? why treat the body as a wild beast, and torment the mind? There is one vision ever before the eyes of such men, which these complainers see not; the vision of a cross, and One thereon raised against a black sky. There is a voice ever in their ears, Take up *your* cross, and follow Me. On the other hand, there is quite a different order of things very attractive and winning in its way. Comfortable homes, easy locomotion, abundance of food, bridges, and railways, and canals, and docks, and ships, without end, powerful fleets, vast colonies, a world-wide empire, the fair array of a well-ordered government, the charms of a well-chosen society. Now both of these cannot be *ends* at once to the same persons. And surely their judgment of all things will be very different in proportion to which end they take. What is knowledge in the estimation of the one, will be ignorance to the other. There is no doubt whatever, that the latter will charge the former with "confining the intellect, and enslaving the soul."

4. And this brings us to our fourth point, the knowledge which is in request, the arts and sciences which are in estimation, at the present day; and so, the education which is most valued, and the distinction which is most coveted. Theological truth, then, in consequence of the fundamental principle of Protestantism, having become a bone of contention between an infinite number of sects and private opinions, which, with the Bible all the while in their hands, are agreed upon nothing, from the dogma of the Blessed Trinity, to the existence of sin—the only way for any peace at all which such a society has discovered is to set this sort of truth aside altogether, to vote it a bore, and perseveringly ignore it. Next, moral truth, as might be expected, and the grounds of moral obligation, are plunged into almost equal uncertainty. The whole theory of morals, as to the individual, the family, and the state, is unsettled by the unsettlement of religion. The next highest class of studies, coming, it will be remembered, under S. Bonaventure's *truth* of *things*, is the

science of the mind, Metaphysics, truth according to our ideal conceptions; and here, thanks to the application of the one Protestant principle, proceeding from the individual, whether it be the inward or the outward sense, nothing is determined, all is contradiction, between rival schools, and so the science is in the utmost disrepute. So that it is in the physical and mathematical sciences alone that Protestantism finds certitude, and material utility being its standard, it is in the application of these to the ornamental, the culinary, the medical, the locomotive, and the commercial, arts, that it places the grandeur and the progress of a nation, the eminence of individuals, the good done to the world, and the needs of education. We would indeed assign no scanty meed of praise to these sciences and arts. We are not disposed to underrate the value of the steam-engine or the uses of chemistry; but it is something too much to prefer physical before moral and religious truth. In a late article, the *Times* contrasted the thanks given to Sir Joseph Paxton for the invention of the glass house, and those bestowed on Mr. Stephenson for the tubular bridge, "objects," as it said, "truly Catholic," with those given to Dr. Newman for his discourses! That is, it could appreciate the curious convenience of the building, and the wonderful mechanism of the bridge, but a volume on the Being of God, and the destinies of man, was entering, in fact, on forbidden ground, stirring up the *odium theologicum*, dividing families, thrusting pins, with their points outwards, in the soft cushions of our railway carriages, and troubling that physical order, which the *Times* alone recognises, by the introduction of miracles. How thoroughly odious to such a spirit would have been the personal presence of the Divine Lawgiver Himself, when the investigation of His sublimest laws, and the recognition of His supernatural operation, is so distasteful! But the year has furnished us with the strongest instance of that absolute idolatry of the material arts which forms the temper of our age. Day after day, for six long months, the whole enthusiasm of the public press has been lavished on the great Exhibition. The account of the concluding scene in the *Times* of October 13th may fitly be termed the apotheosis of matter. We quote it here as the best illustration of our subject which can be given:

"On Saturday the great Exhibition closed its wonderful career, and the public took their last farewell of its splendours. After being open for five months and eleven days, and concentrating in that time a larger amount of admiration than has probably ever been given within the same period to the works of man, the pageant terminates, the doors of the Crystal Palace no longer yield to the open sesame of money, and in a few days hence thousands of hands will be busily engaged in removing all those triumphs of human skill, and those evidences of natural wealth, which the world was assembled to behold. It was natural that such an event should be regarded by all who witnessed it with no ordinary degree of emotion. Feelings of gratified curiosity, of national pride, and of enthusiasm at the public homage paid to industrial pursuits, were tempered with regret that a spectacle so grand and unique should ever have a termination. It is only when we are about to lose them, that we begin to find the value of objects which have insensibly become endeared to us. As with the building, so it was also with many of the works of art, the treasures of wealth, and the examples of ingenuity which it contained. The 'Amazon,' Van der Ven's 'Eve,' Strazza's 'Ishmael,' the two French bronzes, and many other contributions of the highest artistic merit were, for the last time, to be gazed at by the admiring multitude. * * *

"It was drawing near five o'clock, when from the top of Keith and Co.'s Spitalfields silk trophy, the whole nave, east and west, the area of the transept, and the galleries, might be seen packed with a dense mass of black hats, through which, at intervals, a struggling female bonnet emerged here and there into light. The vast multitude had now become stationary, and were evidently awaiting, in silent but intense excitement, the last act of a great event, immortal in the annals of the nineteenth century. It was a most solemn and affecting scene such as has rarely been witnessed, and for which an opportunity cannot soon again arise. Words cannot do it justice, and fail utterly to convey the mystery and grandeur thus embodied to the eye. Let the reader fancy what it must have been to comprehend within one glance 50,000 people assembled under one roof, in a fairy palace, with walls of iron and glass, the strongest and the most fragile materials happily and splendidly combined. Let him, if he can, picture to himself that assemblage in the centre of that edifice, filled with specimens of human industry and natural wealth, from every civilized community, and the remotest corners of the globe. Let him tax his imagination to the uttermost, and still beyond the material magnificence of the spectacle presented to him—let him remember that the stream of life on which he looks down, contains in it the intellect and the heart of the greatest metropolis, and the most powerful empire in the world—that strong feelings, such as rarely find utterance in a form so sublime, are about to find expression from that multitude, and that in heathen times, even when liberty was still a new power upon the earth, the

voice of the people was held to be the voice of God. Not only the days, but the minutes of the Great Exhibition were numbered, and the first sign of its dissolution was given by Osler's crystal fountain. Just before five o'clock struck, the feathery jet of water from its summit suddenly ceased, and the silence of the vast assemblage became deeper and more intense. The moment at last came. Mr. Belshaw appeared at the west corner of the transept gallery on the south side, bearing a large red flag in his hand. This he displayed as the clock struck, and instantly all the organs in the building were hurling into the air the well-known notes of the national anthem. At the same moment the assembled multitudes uncovered; and those who witnessed this act of loyalty from an advantageous position, will long remember the effect which it produced upon their minds. Where just before nothing was visible but a mass of black hats stretching away until lost in the distance, immediately there appeared a great sea of up-turned animated faces, and to the solemn silence of expectancy succeeded a volume of sound in which the voices of the people were heartily joined. These cheers were continued for several minutes, and when the last of them died away there passed over the entire building, and with an effect truly sublime, a tremendous rolling sound, like that of thunder, caused by thousands of feet stamping their loyalty upon the boarded floors. Under this demonstration every part of the edifice trembled, and, as it swept from west to east, many an eye was raised with anxiety to the girders and pillars, which in long perspective were stretched out before them. And now the time had arrived for the death peal of the Exhibition to be rung out. Some one hung out from the gallery of the transept a piece of calico, on which was inscribed the well-known passage from Shakspeare's *Tempest*, &c. :—

“ Our revels now are ended ; these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air ;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,—
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.’ ”

Thus the spirit of this age describes the closing of the Great Exhibition, in language which a mediæval Christian would have thought more appropriate to the last judgment. Let us give, indeed, their due honour to industry, patience, invention, artistic skill, and genius of every kind, but remember, withal, that a single act of moral virtue, of self-sacrifice, in the least intellectual of His

rational creatures, is of more value in the sight of God than all which this Exhibition contained. The world, it seems, thinks far otherwise, and this prodigious vanity fair is to be the turning point of its future destinies, and to convert first England, and then the whole earth into a manufactory of utilitarianism, and realise, we suppose, the scheme which was frustrated at Babel. For in the same article we read:—

“The second issue which the Exhibition raises, viz., how best we should proceed in the industrial career which lies before us, has hitherto been chiefly dealt with in the various schemes for the appropriation of the surplus. Some think that we must effect a radical change in our educational system—that we must substitute living science for dead literature, and distribute the honours and rewards of life in channels where they may fructify to the use of the commonwealth instead of being limited to the learned professions, the military and naval services, and the residents of our universities. To others this seems a slow and a doubtful process. They advocate, therefore, the principle of association as the best for securing industrial progress. They say, bring the leading men in manufactures, commerce, and science, into close and intimate communication with each other,—establish an intelligent supervision of every branch of production by those most interested and likely to be best informed,—have annual reports made in each department, and let the whole world be invited to assist in carrying forward the vast scheme of human labour, which has hitherto been prosecuted at random and without any knowledge or appreciation of the system which pervaded it. The public must eventually decide this contest of opinions, and their verdict, whichever alternative it inclines to, or whether or not it embraces both, will not only determine one of the most important questions that the Exhibition has raised, but prove fraught with the gravest consequences to the welfare of this country, and of mankind at large.”

That Divine Being who appears here to be entirely forgotten will, we are confident, prove strong enough, and prudent enough, to disconcert this utopia of commercial prosperity, and to guard for the moral agents whom He has created and redeemed some better termination of their existence, some higher object for their toil. We may now, then, sum up what has been done for the highest interests of humanity by Protestantism in the last three hundred years.

1. At the commencement of that period there was one idea thoroughly rooted in the mind of Christendom, which the course of fifteen centuries, with all its revolutions of em-

pires and change of races had preserved, and made, as it were, the anchor of the human race. It was that the Very Truth and the Very Goodness had come into the world, assuming a human form, had published all saving doctrine to men, and not only so, but had set up in His own person the beginning of a human society, to which the guardianship of that doctrine was entrusted; that for this very purpose He had promised to it a perpetual indwelling presence, and an unseen spiritual guidance, which should never fail, but overmaster human weakness, and resist the innate corruption of man. By belonging to this society, by obeying what it commanded, and by believing what it attested, man was to be saved; it was God's witness to man which could utter no falsehood, for the Spirit of truth was with it and in it. The great work of Protestantism had been to scatter to the winds this idea; to destroy this anchorage of humanity amid the storms of life; to breathe distrust of this divine maternity; to leave, in short, man to himself, so that he should receive of this body of heavenly doctrine just so much as approved itself to his individual judgment. A great gift, indeed, to the child to teach him that he had no mother; a precious boon to the race, to instruct it that the corruption of Adam had, after all, been too profound and ineradicable for God Himself to overcome, and that after He had set up His tabernacle among men, humanity remained as dark and solaceless as it was before. As time had corrupted the tradition of truth given to Adam, to Noah, and to Abraham, so too had it fared with the revelation of the Divine Word Himself. And so, as far as men are Protestants, they have lost this idea. They think it fanaticism to entertain it, and bigotry to impose it on others.

Christendom was once a great federative republic, of which Christ's vicar was the head, and common father. The national distinctions of its several parts were but accidents in the higher and essential existence which they had as one Christian people, with a common faith, a common hope, a common charity. Protestantism has done its utmost to destroy this republic. What would it substitute? What is it even now proclaiming to us as the day-star of peace risen on the world? A trade confederation, which is to join all nations, Catholic and Protestant, Jew, Turk, Infidel, and Heretic, on a principle whose simplicity equals its sublimity and its universality. Buy in the

cheapest market, sell in the dearest. This is the palmary discovery of the year 1851. Free trade instead of the Catholic Church; the Crystal Palace for the shrine of the Apostles. The Peace Association undertakes what the Prince of Peace has failed to do.

2. Christendom, too, had one faith, but Protestantism having great objections to that, and having pulled it all to pieces, has likewise a substitute. Leave the question of religion to the private consciences of men, and the ministers of the denominations they may severally choose. Teach them no longer "sectarian," but "Catholic" truths, not infractions of the laws of nature by miracles, but exemplifications of them in hydraulics and pneumatics. Neither heretic nor Turk denies that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles; that the law of gravitation governs the solar system; that Julius Cæsar was a great commander; that Davy's discoveries in chemistry, and Cuvier's in zoology, have benefitted the world. Teach men, therefore, mathematics and astronomy, history, chemistry, botany, and zoology, which they are agreed upon, and leave them to themselves on morals and religion, where they are *not* agreed. "Some think that we must effect a radical change in our educational system—that we must substitute *living science for dead literature*." A theory built on the bones of the Mammoth or the Ichthyosaurus is *living science*; one resting on the dictum, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," or that other, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," is *dead literature*. In three hundred years Protestantism has produced at least three hundred interpretations of the latter. Who would be so unreasonable as to expect it to teach any one of them to the exclusion of the rest? This idea struck the great administrative genius of the age. He modestly insinuated it in his address to the Tamworth reading-room; but he saw that it was worthy of a wider application; he discerned in it a panacea for the wrongs of a nation, and upon it he founded the Queen's Colleges in Ireland.

3. But it is not only the whole system of objective dogmatic truth which Protestantism has reduced to the condition of a private opinion; not only morals, which it has so messed and mauled that it can entrust no professor to teach them. On these two depends the cultivation of the inner and more secret life of the soul. And this it leaves a

wilderness. By its own principles it cannot enter there. The imagination may revel in the most dangerous sins of thought; it meddles not with them. Here is a science, one of the utmost conceivable importance, one of universal application, of primary necessity, which it totally ignores. The science which produces saintliness is part of its *dead literature*. It is very true that without the mother it cannot have the children; and as the justification it teaches remains to the end external, the daily and incessant task of purification which Catholicism imposes may be got rid of altogether, or, at least, left to every one to perform unaided. Here, then, it passes over, untouched and unrelieved, the worst of all slaveries, a moral slavery, which likewise overclouds the intellect on all matters which rise above the material life. And here it is especially that since the rise of Protestantism the great Catholic mother has put forth her superhuman strength and heavenly compassion. Here it is that she has descended into the depths of humanity, and while redeeming multitudes from the dominion of former vices, and restoring them to the divine kingdom, whom a miserable apostate system suffers to perish as the helots of crime, she has formed others to the most perfect resemblance of their Lord, and wrought into them the divine lineaments with such skill and power, that perhaps the ages of martyrdom can scarcely produce their Ignatius, their Philip Neri, or their Theresa.

4. Education is felt by men of all religious and political parties to be the great question of the day, which is to determine not merely the well-being, but the very existence of society in the next generation. And among all these parties, too, there is felt a great zeal, an earnest desire to improve and extend education. And yet equal to the importance of the question is felt to be its difficulty. Why is it that, with the best will in the world, no scheme can be contrived by one sect of Protestants which will satisfy even another sect of the same Protestants? Why is the national society for the education of the poor divided in itself, and yet at daggers-drawn with the committee of council? Why is every forthcoming scheme looked upon by dissenters with bitter suspicion? From Mr. Denison to Mr. Fox the same difficulty stares them in the face; *they are not agreed upon any system of religious or moral truth to be taught*. As there is no authority on earth to which all

bow, the opinion of every man is as good as his neighbour's, or, at least, he thinks so. It is not merely with us, but with themselves, that Protestants are completely at issue here. Human ingenuity cannot devise a plan which shall satisfy at once churchmen and dissenters; and the notable scheme of the state, giving a merely secular education, and banishing religion into the back-ground, is but a desperate attempt to find a way out of the wood, by sacrificing the intractable element altogether. Now this difficulty, which spreads like a moral paralysis over the frame of society, frustrating zeal and self-denial, is entirely the making of Protestantism. To Catholics it does not exist. On the most important of human concerns—on the element which enters into all human knowledge—which pervades all arts and sciences, and is the main instrument of education—we are of one mind. Our religion is not our hindrance, but the very pillar of our strength. The state Dalilah is but begging of Sampson to surrender the secret source of his power, when it asks us to lower ourselves to the condition of those who have no faith and no dogmas, to whom baptism is a bone of endless contention, and the apostolical succession a disputed point, maintained by curate, suppressed by canon, but scouted by primate. We are not in the sad condition of those who are "ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." We need not take refuge in physical science from the perpetual aberrations of the spiritual mind. We are not reduced to exclude the chapel from our educational structures, because we are not agreed upon a worship to be offered in it. Before we yield this great point, let Protestantism rather own its real misery, that it is but a mere agent of dissolution, it can but lop off one after another the divine gifts bestowed upon the Church, it can but pervert, dislocate, or misrepresent her system, and narrow the inheritance of divine truths; it cannot build one stone upon another in Christian life, from the child's initiation to the rest of the departed. It begins with doubt, and ends in search; how can it educate? One must *possess* truth before one can *impart* it. "Buy the truth, and sell it not," it is written. We *have* bought it, with three centuries of persecution, material and moral. We *have* it, full and complete, the source of future growth and expansion illimitable. Many who were once its enemies have come to us, won by its celestial beauty, and humbly bowing down to

its yoke. Shall we now surrender one atom of it to those who already fear its approach, who so dread its power that they have taken up the discarded arms of material force, and, powerless to persuade, have descended once more to persecute? Who seeing the moral dissolution of their own establishment, think to arrest the progress of Catholicism by a bill of pains and penalties.

5. Withdraw from the world the Christian idea, that is, a society divinely-constituted, to which the possession of spiritual and moral truth is guaranteed, by incorporation with which man is taken into the circle of a higher existence, brought under divine influences, and taught to labour through the course of this passing life for a superior inheritance; withdraw this, and the hopes, the desires, the passions of men become fixed on material wealth, as the standard of this world without reference to the next. Now, the alienation of men from the study of spiritual and moral truth, the universal extolling of the physical sciences, and disproportionate cultivation of the mechanical arts, as improved by the former, and ministering to all the comforts and conveniences of life, prove to what an extent this has been done. The state of England appeared of late to a thoughtful foreigner a picture of Rome under the later emperors. Another eminent, though misguided writer of the present day says: "Civilization, which terminates in corruption, when improvements in sensible things bear the palm over moral progress, and facts over ideas, produces ordinarily a species of speculative and practical sensualism, which differs little from impiety."* This seems exactly to express our state. A boundless capitalised wealth, ramifying over the world, evermore multiplying and reproducing itself, stimulating and rewarding all manner of artificial inventions, with just so much religion as does not interfere with the enjoyment of all this, constitutes what may be called the naturalism of society. This spirit is ever repeating the boast of Augustus, that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble. Nero went further still in his house of gold; nor looked he with greater scorn on the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, when brought before him as Jewish vagabonds, preaching among the gorgeous palaces and temples of Rome the doctrine of the Cross, than looks this modern spirit now on any religion which

* Gioberti.

teaches suffering, the necessity of a definite belief, and the supremacy of dogmatic truth. It accepts the Bible, but on one condition, to interpret it for itself. Its great cities are crowded with practical infidels; its country villages, with the old churches of another faith in their centre, and a religion without worship, celebrated one day in the week, have relapsed into Paganism, yet it proclaims itself as the humaniser of the world, the home of knowledge and liberty—a liberty of the fallen will, a knowledge which excludes the Being of God and the spiritual nature of man from its objects.

6. And this spirit, too, has found itself an organ, which exactly represents its interests, an organ all-powerful, as it thinks, in its forces, universal in its range. The new ruler of our modern world is Journalism. Within the last fifty years, it has shot up among us to the stature of a giant. What was once the mere communication of news, threatens to absorb into itself all powers of civil government; to dictate decisions on all questions, religious, social, political, artistic, literary; to wield all moral influences in the world, and exercise over man's inmost nature a despotism far more crushing than that of Russian serfdom. Organic changes in our written constitution, are but the reflection of its will. In France, the United Kingdom, and the United States, it is neither king, parliaments, presidents, ministers, nor congresses, which rule, but newspapers. The daily press is the pretorian guard of modern states, who give and take away an empire to which that of old Rome was limited in range; for no part of our complex modern life, no taste, nor science, nor morals, nor religion, are free from its prying search, and imperious decision. The tyrant is everywhere. It is not an era which promises peace or stability, but perpetual change; a levelling and superficial literature; a liberalism which hates all truth as exclusive; and lynch law for all those who do not obey this new voice of the people.

It needs not the gift of prophecy to see that the Duke's question as to our parliamentary reform twenty years ago, "How will His Majesty's government be carried on?" will merge under this new power into a larger one, "How will society be carried on?"

7. Thus we find, in all the different phases of society, the substitution of the human kingdom, whose end is nationality, for the divine kingdom, which is the unity of

Catholicism. And, indeed, those who do not apprehend the divine kingdom, must almost of necessity fall back on the human or national as the highest object. Citizenship, by the law and need of his nature, man must have; if it be not the heavenly, it will be the earthly: *civitas Dei*, or *civitas Diaboli*. In the rejection of the idea of the Church, and with it of dogmatic truth, in the leaving the inner life an uncultivated waste, in reducing education to instruction in those arts and sciences which deal with nature and matter, but reach not spirit, and so giving over the higher part of man to the empire of chance or self-will, or individualism, in weighing all things by the standard of wealth, and the effect produced on material convenience, and in that dominion of journalism which is the expression of all these, we see the recession of society back into the status of ancient paganism; that is, it takes up with regard to the Church of Christ, with all its divine gifts and privileges, summed up in one word, infallibility, the position which ancient heathen society held towards that body of primitive tradition which originally came down from God. Modern heresy corrupts the Christian tradition, as paganism did the primitive. The past year has given us, in the Great Exhibition, an instance of what this society admires, loves, and values, of the unity which it *can* conceive, that is, the nations of the earth connected by increasing trade and reciprocal interests, and the satisfying of man's sensuous nature, by all artificial productions. The same year has given us, too, as remakable an instance of what this society *cannot* conceive—the unity which it is determined not to acknowledge. The cry against the Catholic hierarchy, from beginning to end, was, that it invaded the sovereignty of the nation, that is, the nation would not open its eyes to the existence of a spiritual jurisdiction, or the thought of a kingdom of souls. It reproduced, unknowingly, the feeling of the old heathen emperor, that a Priest sitting in St. Peter's see was as little to be tolerated as a competitor on the throne. The Prime Minister argued with much simplicity, that it was the exclusive pretensions of the Supreme Pontiff which gave offence; if he would but admit that Catholics were one of the many Christian sects, he would meet with no opposition, but live on sufferance like the rest. This is the head and front of our offending, in the reign of Victoria as of Diocletian, that we claim to be a kingdom. For

being a king our Lord was crucified, and the world is ever reproducing against His mystical body the accusation and the punishment. And so Catholicism "confines the intellect and enslaves the soul," by setting before it a great circle of supernatural truth which it could not discover for itself, and cannot subject to itself by analysis, but must be content to receive and adore. Catholic ignorance is the preference of moral and spiritual to physical truth: and Catholic slavery the tenet that man must suffer before he can enjoy; and that the Cross is the measure of the world.

II. The second proposition which we have to maintain follows from the whole course of the preceding argument. It is the impossibility that those who disbelieve the Catholic faith can educate Catholics.

St. Bonaventure has given us above the basis of all true education: "As all these illuminations derived their origin from One Light, so all these sorts of knowledge are directed to the knowledge of the Holy Scripture, are shut up in it, and completed in it, and by means of it are ordered to the illumination of eternity." In man, the highest work of God in this visible creation, all knowledge, whether of the mechanical and industrial arts, of rational, of natural, or of moral philosophy, must be subordinate to that relation in which he stands to God, his beginning and his end. And the root of all his moral knowledge is laid in supernatural truths, which come to him by tradition and inspiration from God, and are grasped by intuition. Thus his other lights are "shut up" in the fourth light, that of Grace and Holy Scripture, and are "completed in it" and "by means of it are ordered to the illumination of eternity." The great philosopher begins his moral treatise, by telling us that one art is subordinate to another art, and one science to another science, "as harness making to riding, and riding to the art of war; so that in all these the ends of the superior are preferable to all that are ranged under them as being pursued for their sake. If, then, there be any end of actions which we choose for itself, and all the rest for it, and if we do not choose everything for the sake of something else, for thus the procession is infinite and our search vain and fruitless, then must this be the supreme good." Aristotle, *Ethics*, b. i. c. i. Now, that which the great heathen intellect had laboriously to search for, we

have brought home to us by a supernatural gift, and guarded by an infallible authority; the one relation in which man stands to God; and so his proper *work*, his appointed *end* as a creature. To mould him for this work, to order him unto this end, is the province of education; the *leading forth* as it were of the creature to the Creator. And every art and every science through the whole reign of mind and matter which is not used as a ladder for this ascent, is perverted from its proper object; and this is a great source of human error, to make that which is subordinate superior, and the means the end. For every portion of God's empire bears a natural witness to its Maker; every art of civilised life is an inspiration from Him; every science is but the reflection of some one of His attributes.

Guardando nel suo Figlio con l'Amore
 Che l'uno e l'altro eternalmente spira,
 Lo primo ed ineffabile Valore,
Quanto per mente o per occhio si gira,
Con tanto ordine fe', ch' esser non puote
Senza gustar di lui, chi ciò rimira.

Paradiso, c. x. i.

But as the ruder ancient idolatry showed itself in a worship of sensible forms and self-chosen symbols, stopping short of God in some creature, so the modern more refined idolatry of science, art, and literature, has pursued these in and for themselves as ends; resting in them selfishly, and turning the very remembrancers of the Supreme Benefactor into means of forgetting Him. "The original fault," says a philosopher, "having infected human nature all throughout, reflects itself in all its points, and communicates to them its intrinsic vice, which consists in transporting the ultimate end of *The Being* into that which *exists*. Thus, for instance, the original sin of civilisation consists in regarding temporal utility as its ulterior end; the original sin of science, in placing its beginning and its end outside of God; that of literature and the arts, in aiming at the agreeable, rather than at true beauty; and so of the rest."* This was the crime of the mystic Babylon. "Thou hast said, I shall be a lady for ever. Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, this hath deceived thee. And

* Gioberti.

thou hast said in thy heart, I Am, and besides Me there is no other.”* And it was precisely on commerce and the mechanical arts, thus pursued and gloried in, that the woe was denounced. “The merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her, for no man shall buy their merchandise any more. Merchandise of gold and silver and precious stones, and of pearls and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all thyine wood, and all manner of vessels of ivory, and all manner of vessels of precious stone, and of brass, and of iron, and of marble, and cinnamon, and odours, and ointment, and frankincense and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men.” “In one hour are so great riches come to nought, and every shipmaster, and all that sail into the lake, and mariners, and as many as work in the sea, stood afar off, and cried, seeing the place of her burning, saying: What city is like to this great city?”† As these are the words of Scripture in exhibiting the great apostacy itself, it is evident that this is *the* danger to which education is exposed, of being seduced by the creature, and in very admiration of the wisdom, the glory, the beauty, the skill, which are spread over creation, drawn away from the great moral Ruler, whose eyes are for ever fixed on us, looking us through and through, whether the hearts which He has created for Himself are indeed faithful to Him. Now, from every false standard of education, and so from idolatry of the material arts and physical sciences, which besets England in this century, we, as Catholics, if we be true to ourselves, are divinely protected. We are the children of that great mother of souls who, from the beginning, has fulfilled her maternal guardianship, as well amid the seductions of the old Roman idolatry, the ruins of northern barbarism, the yet unformed and vigorous youth of Europe’s intellect, as now in the soft sensualism of infidelity, setting before us that all instruction must be begun and ended in this—that we are moral agents to be led by the choice of free-will to a supernatural end. In all that concerns the true relation of man to God, she speaks a clear and consistent language; she has the measure of man’s inner nature; can penetrate its folds, relieve its troubles, and calm its misgivings. She can nourish and she can

* Isaiah, xlvi. 7-10.

† Apoc. ch. xviii.

heal ; can guide the most timid, and overmaster the most potent spirit. She views the whole circle of the arts and sciences from their centre, in their due subordination, and the harmony willed by God. Undazzled by the light of the natural sciences, she bids them follow in the train of their elder and nobler sister, Theology. With her, the undying part of man is that by which she values all the rest : she seeks, above all, to determine his moral choice. Thus she sets forth the divine counsel to man, and the interpretress of God's will becomes the educatress of humanity.

But it is here precisely—here in the central point between God and man—that Protestantism, by its revolt against God and the Church, has fallen into a state of absolute impotence to educate. It does not speak with any one consistent or determinate voice as to the relation between God and man. It is not agreed upon what He has revealed ; and can but interpret a hundred different ways the volume which it not only asserts to contain the Revelation, but to contain it so written on the surface, that none can fail to understand it. About all Christian mysteries, that is, the whole range of the supernatural and the super-intelligible, it can only wrangle with its several, not members, but sections. Being inorganic, it has parts, but no limbs. What can it do then with man, so far forth as he is a *spiritual* agent ? A divine authority distinctly setting forth a revealed truth is needed to educate spirits. When for these Protestantism refers men to the Holy Scriptures, it acts as a civil governor would do, who referred litigants to Blackstone's Commentaries for the settlement of their suit. That is, it abdicates the spiritual government of man, and leaves him to his private judgment ; whereas, the very office of education is to mould and determine that judgment. As little does it venture to govern the moral agent. What Protestant father's heart, what clergyman's, will not bear witness to this fact, set forth at the commencement of the most winning of modern tales.

“ Charles Reding was the only son of a clergyman who was in possession of a valuable benefice in a midland county. His father intended him for orders, and sent him at a proper age to a public school. He had long revolved in his mind the respective advantages and disadvantages of public and private education, and had decided in favour of the former. ‘Seclusion,’ he said, ‘is no security for virtue. There is no telling what is in a boy's heart ; he

may look as open and happy as usual, and be as kind and attentive, when there is a great deal wrong going on within. The heart is a secret with its Maker; no one on earth can hope to get at it, or to touch it. I have a cure of souls; what do I really know of my parishioners? Nothing; their hearts are sealed books to me. And this dear boy, he comes close to me; he throws his arms round me, but his soul is as much out of my sight as if he were at the antipodes. I am not accusing him of reserve, dear fellow; his very love and reverence for me keep him in a sort of charmed solitude. I cannot expect to get at the bottom of him:

‘Each in his hidden sphere of bliss or woe
Our hermit spirits dwell.’

“It is our lot here below. No one on earth can know Charles’s secret thoughts. Did I guard him here at home ever so well, yet, in due time, it might be found that a serpent had crept into the Eden of his innocence. Boys do not fully know what is good and what is evil; they do wrong things at first almost innocently. Novelty hides vice from them; there is no one to warn them or give them rules; and they become slaves of sin while they are learning what sin is. They go to the university, and suddenly plunge into excesses, the greater in proportion to their experience.”—(Loss and Gain, p. 1.)

O most touching and eloquent confession of that impotence, deep-rooted in the system itself, which frustrates in Protestant educationists talents, and zeal, and kindness, even keen-eyed affection and moving example, of their best fruits. What could an Arnold do here? What but send forth into society a host of inquiring minds, earnest and anxious to improve, but without fixed principles or moral anchorage, the chosen spoil and instruments of heresy. Thus, then, by a necessity of its nature, Protestantism remits the moral agent—as it did the spiritual—to self, to the individual judgment; and so in this point, too, abdicates the office of an educator. In bringing up the young it is driven to discard the idea of any definite religious dogma, and of any inward moral governance, the first, through its intestine divisions, as it acknowledges no living authority; the second, because it professes not to enter into the inward world of the thoughts.

But the man himself, the being capable of praise or blame, subject to conscience, and to eternal reward or punishment, consists in these two things, acceptance or rejection of supernatural truth divinely revealed, choice of moral good or evil, by the exercise of free-will. God has

subordinated everything to this. For this, so far as we can judge of final ends, He created the world. The moral act of the creature gifted with intellect and free-will is so precious in his sight, that with reference to it He orders the whole course of the world. The most terrible of all mysteries—the existence of moral evil—finds its only solution here, in the abuse of free-will. How inconceivably valuable then, in the eyes of Him who cannot look on sin, yet permits through thousands of years this hourly repeated multitude of sins, is the right use of free-will, the act of virtue, by which man approaches nearest to God, and as a second cause is an image of the First. Though the act of creation is far beyond our conception, yet far greater still, both in power and in goodness, is the act of redemption, by which the Restorer renders His creature capable, with His help, yet without injury to his own free-will, of concurring with his Maker in a moral end, of determining for himself an eternity. This is the highest point of dignity in man's nature, by which he is weighed both here and hereafter; for which it is as nothing that he should endure countless sorrows, wear away his days in trial, and be put to the most tremendous arbitrement. He must risk the unutterable loss of the Supreme Good through eternity, in order that he may have the privilege of gaining that Supreme Good by his own choice. And as this is what is most precious, so this is what belongs to the whole species, the power of merit and demerit; a self-imposed limit that God has set to His omnipotence, in order to raise His creature to the likeness of Himself. How slight, how unspeakably slight, in comparison with this, are all other differences in man, differences of intellect, skill in science or art, and in every accomplishment prized by society. If education be to lead man forth to the Creator, herein lies its seat, in moving this free-will to the all-important choice, in preserving it from seductions and false shows of good, in winning betimes the intellect to truth, and the heart to goodness.

No. It is the last invention of Protestantism to resign this ground altogether. Dogmatic truth it declares to be doubtful, and moral agency beyond its control. It professes acquaintance with all sorts of gases, but declines managing the conscience. It treats of every disease which affects the blood, except concupiscence. Its professors are to write history, without the bias of morality or religion.

It promises to impart every science, without consideration of their final ends. "The superior light of grace embraces," says St. Bonaventure, "the eternal generation and incarnation of the Divine Word, the order of living, and the union of the soul with God;" these are the only points which the new system of education excludes from its encyclopædia. It is not that the physical sciences may not be made an effective instrument in disciplining the mind; it is not that they are not full of value in themselves, replete with sources of interest for the intellect, as well as contributing to material wealth. It is not, therefore, in teaching these, and in applying them carefully to the industrial arts, that this new system is objectionable. The order, beauty, and harmony of the universe as God's work, are richly exhibited in them, and worthy of man's study; their use is obvious, and their cultivation most desirable. The sin lies in ignoring their relation to a higher knowledge; in excluding the cultivation of the spirit which should inform them from being the basis of education. This system has infidelity for its first principle, because, while giving a *public* and authorised instruction in languages, sciences, arts, and literature, it leaves religion and morality to be dealt with *privately*, as open questions, on which men may innocently differ. A teaching body, therefore, so constructed has no soul. In religion it is neutral, in all else positive. By the law of its being it preaches indifference to all its scholars in spiritual truth. Its professors, as individual men, have their private belief, and are Jews, Protestants, Infidels, or Catholics, as the case may be, but, *as Professors*, they simply ignore spiritual truth. In treating their specific subjects, whether language, history, abstract or experimental science, they are to exclude the divine and moral element; instead of reducing all arts to theology, which is the Christian scheme of education, they are to banish theology from all arts. No particle of matter, nothing within the bounds of time and space, is unworthy of their inquiry, save the point contested by modern thinkers, God and His dealings with man. What, we may ask, is infidelity, if this be not?

As all training of the moral and spiritual being is here discarded for the simple reason that the teaching body is at issue about what that training should be, it results that instruction takes the place of education. However elabor-

ate and complete this may be, it still leaves the greatest work of all undone. Again, the finer influences of religion, as well as its direct teaching, are cut off. Religion is, in a high degree, a matter of personal influences. A sort of moral electric fluid is continually passing from all teachers to their pupils; if this be not positively Catholic, it is certain to be positively uncatholic. The supposed neutrality is unreal. All the gain is on the side of Protestantism and Infidelity. The real concession is to them; and private judgment sits enthroned in the very penetralia of education. As free trade stands to the Catholic Church, so this system of teaching to a Catholic university. If the nations of the earth can be brought into a permanent bond of union by considerations of material interest, and exchange of commodities, then individual souls may live in harmony without a common faith and hope. But a little time will show whether such a promise be not delusive. What could Antichrist more desire than such a state of things? Yet we are told that his times will be times of trouble, confusion, and extreme suffering.

But what must be the effect on the young of a system of teaching in which all forms of religious belief, or unbelief, are indifferent? The mere statement of such a principle seems heavier than any condemnation which can be expressed in language. Perfect indifference, it seems, is the very crown of the undertaking; its realization the very token of success. What a mistake must the Author of our religion have made in uttering these words, at the first promulgation of His faith, "He that believeth not shall be condemned!" How wrong the Church in interpreting His words to man, "Extra ecclesiam nulla salus!" The "Bel-fast Mercury," a zealous advocate of the new system, says in this present month, November, as quoted for approval by the "Times,"

"We have taken the trouble of endeavouring to ascertain whether or not the different religious denominations are represented in the lists which we publish, and the result of our inquiry is, in the highest degree, satisfactory. If it were allowable to show to what denomination each student belongs, the public would see in the details as complete an illustration of the united system as could be desired. But to do this would be to deviate from the principles of the colleges, in which, except as far as the Deans of Residence are concerned, *denominational distinctions are set aside and disregarded*. But, we may mention, that in lists of honours all parties are repre-

sented, and represented, too, in a manner which shows how thoroughly the *high principle of the system* has found a response in the public mind. We might refer, in proof of this, to the scholarships for any of the years. Let us take one of the lists as an example, though any of the others would equally illustrate our remarks. We find in one division a Roman Catholic holding the first place, followed by a Unitarian, after whom come several students of the General Assembly, while a Roman Catholic brings up the rear. Turning to the other division, we find a different state of affairs. There a student of the established church leads, next him comes a Presbyterian of the Assembly, then a Roman Catholic, afterwards Assembly men, and at the close one or two Churchmen. In the lists for another year a General Assembly man leads in one division, and a Methodist in the other, while a Covenanter stands last in the one honourable array, and a Churchman in the other. Such is a fair representation of the state of affairs as exhibited at the examinations that have just concluded. *We trust the time is not far distant when it will not occur to any one to ask of what religion any of the students are; but, for the present, the subject is of the utmost interest, and we have deemed it right to show how admirably the mixed complexion of the students who have gained distinctions corresponds with the principles on which the college is based."*

From this instructive passage we learn two points, that indifference in religion is a "high principle, which finds response in the public mind;" and that its ultimate result, shortly to be expected, is, that "it will not occur to any one to ask of what religion a student is." It is not of the smallest consequence what you believe, says the defender of the new education.

These several students, then, are connected by a bond, which, whatever else it is, is not religious. We need not ask what sort of belief such a system practically favours, or to which it inclines. The first thing it does is to call upon Catholic youth to regard with respect, as teachers, those who, if Catholics, are teachers upon the tenure of keeping their faith within their own bosom, and if not, are looked upon by our supreme authority, the Church of God, either as very guilty, or as very unfortunate.

Again, it sets up a standard totally different from that of the Church, and opposed to it. It has commendations, honours, and rewards, for languages, arts, and science; it teaches them with authority, and promulgates them to the best of its ability. It does none of these things for religion, true or false. Its highest merit is, to leave that alone, con-desiring it a boon to let the Catholic rest in his faith, as

the unbeliever in his heresy, for, indeed, it knows neither, and is superior to both. Scarcely had we written these words, when we found them thus strongly corroborated in the letter of the Bishop of Liége, respecting the installation of a royal college of mixed education, dated October 21, 1851.

"The Belgian constitution," he says, like our own, "guarantees the entire liberty of worship, and nothing could stand in greater opposition to that liberty than to force Catholic parents to entrust their children to men who are not so, or to oblige those children to receive religious instruction from a chair placed by the side of, or on a level with, that where person would teach diametrically the contrary, or in the presence of other professors whose conduct would imply the denial of the education received.

"And, nevertheless it is the last unconstitutional and unreasonable and, I may say, anti-social system, which has become the stone of stumbling. Is it not true, Sir, that the policy has been adopted of maintaining the paradoxical principle in virtue of which it would be free to the state, it would be *even more conformable to the constitution*, to people the establishments of middle instruction with literary men of all kinds, Catholics, Protestants, religious, sceptical, practising or not practising their religion—(and would not the recent organisation of our Athénées furnish more than one proof of this?)—because, according to this paradox, scientific instruction, given it matters not by whom, would be the great, the only object with which the state has seriously to occupy itself, and that religion, religious education, would be nothing but a mere accessory, which it would be better to abandon to the family and to the Church. Have they not the air of saying to us, give us a Catholic Priest, since article eight of the law requires it; we will pay him well—we will take care that he shall be enabled freely to give his lesson of religion—we will even provide that there shall be none but respectable people in the establishment; leave that to us, but do not distress yourselves about what these respectable people may think, believe, or do in religious matters—you have nothing to do with that; worship is free; we are, as a power, dogmatically tolerant; if you do not wish to be as we are, go your way, we will do without you. Yes, this is the position they have taken; they are bent on doing without us, because we, Sir, we, have before us the *non possumus* of Scripture."

He adds, further on—

"When the child who allows nothing to escape his observation, hears the almoner say that it is a grave duty to go to Mass, to confession, to the Holy Table, and when he sees that men, whom he is

taught to respect, his professors of history, literature, &c., never go there, does not this child rapidly come to doubt of the dogma as well as of the precept? and thenceforward, the passions aiding the work, is not the loss of his faith as imminent as that of his morals?"

Can it be forgotten, ought it to be unmentioned, that the power which nominates such teachers is the bitterest foe upon earth of the Catholic faith and name; that for three centuries it has renewed against it, in this country, the persecutions of the early ages; that, within the last twelve months, it has denounced our most sacred mysteries—the very sacrifice of our Lord Himself—as “the mum-mery of superstition;” that it has hounded on men to burn our chief pastors in effigy, and to add to the funeral pyle the image of her whom all generations call blessed; that it has anew, by a legislative act, proscribed the spiritual jurisdiction of our supreme head; and that the main organ which supports this system of education exults at the draining away of celtic blood from Ireland, in order that the Saxon Protestant may occupy the soil. If the professed rule of a system so favoured be religious indifference—the leaving each student in quiet possession of his religion or his infidelity—can we doubt what its real tone and moral atmosphere will be? can we think that it will fail to justify the anticipations of its founders?

Let us pass to another point. What has been the position of the Church towards national education, and the development of the human mind in former times?

Since she emerged from the persecution of the Roman emperors, she has been the great educating body in the world. She has headed the march of thought, and systematised knowledge as it advanced. Her Bishops, in their several dioceses, maintained schools; her monastic bodies, in the darkest and most evil times of revolution and conquest, fostered and propagated whatever learning there was in the world. As Europe settled into its more modern state, she founded in the universities schools of a wider range than the old diocesan or conventual bodies. From age to age, and in every country, the Holy See is found giving its sanction to these great institutions. Pope Gregory XVI., in his decree of 13th December, 1833, declares that the most illustrious universities of Europe were found-

ed with the consent and support of the Roman Pontiffs. How well this statement is supported may be seen by the following catalogue :

In England, the universities of *Oxford* and *Cambridge* were enriched with many privileges by the Popes. In Ireland, that of *Dublin* received the rights of an university from John XXII., in 1320.

In Belgium, that of *Louvain* was founded in 1425, by Martin V. ; that of *Douay* at the request of Philip II. on the plan of Louvain, by Pius IV., in 1559.

In Denmark, that of *Copenhagen*, after being planned by Eric VIII., in 1418, with the consent of Martin V., was set up by King Christian I., in 1478, and enriched by Sixtus IV., with privileges similar to those of Bologna.

In France, that of *Orleans* was confirmed in 1307, by Clement V. ; that of *Bordeaux* was set up in 1440, by Eugenius IV. ; that of *Cahors*, founded in 1332, by John XXII. ; that of *Dole*, confirmed in 1423, by Martin V. ; that of *Poitiers*, founded in 1431, by King Charles VII., and confirmed by Martin V. ; that of *Pont a-Mouson*, founded by Gregory XIII., in 1572, at the request of Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine ; that of *Rheims*, issuing from the foundation of Eugenius III., in 1148, at the time a council was holding there ; that of *Toulouse*, founded by the Pope's legate in 1228, confirmed by Gregory IX. in 1233, afterwards enriched with further privileges by Innocent VI. ; that of *Besançon*, founded by Nicolas V. in 1450.

In Germany, that of *Bamberg*, founded in 1648, by the Bishop Melchior Otho, and confirmed by Innocent X. ; that of *Bale*, founded in 1457, by Pius II. ; that of *Cologne*, founded in 1385, by Urban VI., and largely privileged ; that of *Dillingen*, confirmed by Julius III. in 1552 ; that of *Erfurt*, made an university, first by Clement III. at Avignon, in 1388, during the schism, and then by Urban VI. at Rome, in 1389 ; that of *Frankfort*, granted by Alexander VI., enlarged in 1506, by Julius II., and more fully confirmed in 1515, by Leo X. ; that of *Fulda*, set up in 1732 by Clement XIII. ; that of *Friburg* in Bresgau, and *Grifswald* in Pomerania, confirmed in 1456, by Callixtus III., and that of *Gratz* in Styria, in 1585, by Sixtus V. ; that of *Halle*, granted to Albert,

Cardinal Archbishop of Magdeburg, in 1531, by Clement VII.; that of *Heidelberg*, first confirmed by Benedict XII., about 1341, then by Urban VI., in 1386; by Boniface IX., in 1393; by Paul III., and Julius III. between 1544 and 1555; that of *Ingolstadt*, confirmed in 1459, by Pius II.; that of *Leipsic* in 1409, by Alexander V.; that of *Mayence* in 1477, by Sixtus IV.; that of *Olmütz*, in Moravia, in 1572, by Gregory XIII.; that of *Paderborn* in 1616, by Paul V.; that of *Prague* in 1348, by Clement VI.; that of *Rostock* in 1419, by Martin V.; that of *Salzburg* in 1625, by Urban VIII.; that of *Tubingen* in 1477, by Sixtus IV.; that of *Vienna* in 1365, by Urban V.; that of *Wittemberg* in 1502, by Alexander VI., and in 1506, by Julius II.; that of *Wratistlaw* in Silesia in 1623; that of *Treves* in 1454, by Nicolas V., and in 1474, by Sixtus IV.

In Spain, Italy, and Portugal, all existing universities were either founded or approved by the Roman Pontiffs.

In Poland, that of *Braunsberg* was confirmed by Gregory XIII., about 1572; that of *Cracow*, begun by King Casimer in 1344, privileged by Urban V. in 1354, completed in 1400, by King Vladislas Jagellon, with the consent of Boniface IX.; that of *Wilna*, founded in 1576, by King Stephen Bathory, confirmed in 1579, by Gregory XIII.

In Sweden, the ancient school of *Upsal* was erected into an university, by Sixtus IV. in 1477, at the request of its Archbishop, James Ulpho, and endowed with the same privileges as the university of Bologna.*

In these high schools whatever knowledge the world possessed was most diligently cultivated. So well established was the hierarchy of the arts and sciences under Theology their queen, that the Church, so far from feeling jealousy

* The above information is derived from H. Conring, *de antiquitatibus academicis dissertatio VII.* Gottingæ, 1739. John George Hagelgans, *orbis literatus Academicus Germanico-Europæus*, Francfort, 1737, and C. Meiners, *Geschichte der Entstehung und Entwicklung der hohen Schulen unsers Erdtheils*, Gotting, 1802-5, writers, who, though not Catholic, yet admit that the Roman Pontiffs deserved well of the republic of letters. They are quoted in the *recueil* of documents concerning the foundation of the university of Louvain.

of them, and the Holy See in particular, encouraged them to the utmost. Especially it recommended and established professorships in the various branches of learning then pursued. In England, the mediæval Bishops were the great founders of colleges. But great as were the benefactions of a Wykeham and a Waynflete, and so many others in our own country, yet for munificence and love of learning, one who was a Spaniard, an Archbishop, and a Cardinal far outshines them all. Singlehanded he planned, he built, and he endowed, not a college, but an university, with ten colleges, and forty-two chairs. Thus was the noble-minded and saintly Ximenes employed while Luther was still an obedient monk in his cell, and Henry VIII. a Catholic monarch, and a faithful husband. It is worth while to quote the account of the American historian, for what a single old man did three centuries ago, may not the faith and the love of a nation, which has passed through the fire for its Catholicism, do now? Cannot ten millions of Catholics in Ireland, Great Britain, and America, rival even one Ximenes in the middle ages before the Reformation was heard of?

“This illustrious prelate, in the meanwhile, was busily occupied, in his retirement at Alcalá de Henares, with watching over the interests and rapid development of his infant university. This institution was too important in itself, and exercised too large an influence over the intellectual progress of the country, to pass unnoticed in a history of the present reign.

“As far back as 1497, Ximenes had conceived the idea of establishing a university in the ancient town of Alcalá, where the salubrity of the air, and the sober tranquil complexion of the scenery, on the beautiful borders of the Henares, seemed well suited to academic study and meditation. He even went so far as to obtain plans at this time for his buildings from a celebrated architect. Other engagements, however, postponed the commencement of the work till 1500, when the Cardinal himself laid the corner-stone of the principal college with a solemn ceremonial, and invocation of the blessing of heaven on his designs. From that hour, amid all the engrossing cares of church, and state, he never lost sight of this great object. When at Alcalá he might be frequently seen on the ground with the rule in his hand, taking the admeasurements of the building, and stimulating the industry of the workmen by seasonable rewards.

“The plans were too extensive, however, to admit of being speedily accomplished. Beside the principal college of San Ildefonso, named in honour of the patron saint of Toledo, there were

nine others, together with an hospital for the reception of invalids at the university. These edifices were built in the most substantial manner, and such parts as admitted of it, as the libraries, refectories, and chapels, were finished with elegance, and even splendour. The city of Alcalá underwent many important and extensive alterations in order to render it more worthy of being the seat of a great and flourishing university. The stagnant water was carried off by drains, the streets were paved, old buildings removed, and new and spacious avenues thrown open.

"At the expiration of eight years the Cardinal had the satisfaction of seeing the whole of his vast design completed, and every apartment of the spacious pile carefully furnished with all that was requisite for the comfort and accommodation of the student. It was, indeed, a noble enterprise, more particularly when viewed as the work of a private individual. As such it raised the deepest admiration in Francis the First, when he visited the spot, a few years after the Cardinal's death. 'Your Ximenes,' said he, 'has executed more than I should have dared to conceive; he has done with his single hand what in France it has cost a line of kings to accomplish.'

"The erection of the buildings, however, did not terminate the labours of the primate, who now assumed the task of digesting a scheme of instruction and discipline for his infant seminary. In doing this he sought light wherever it was to be found; and borrowed many useful hints from the venerable university of Paris. His system was of the most enlightened kind, being directed to call all the powers of the student into action, and not to leave him a mere passive recipient in the hands of his teachers. Besides daily recitations and lectures, he was required to take part in public examinations and discussions, so conducted as to prove effectually his talent and acquisitions. In these gladiatorial displays Ximenes took the deepest interest, and often encouraged the generous emulation of the scholar by attending in person.

"Two provisions may be noticed as characteristic of the man. One that the salary of a professor should be regulated by the number of his disciples. Another, that every professor should be re-eligible at the expiration of every four years. It was impossible that any servant of Ximenes should sleep on his post.

"Liberal foundations were made for indigent students, especially in divinity. Indeed, theological studies, or rather such a general course of study as should properly enter into the education of a Christian minister, was the avowed object of the institution. But in this preparatory discipline, the comprehensive mind of Ximenes embraced nearly the whole circle of sciences taught in other universities. Out of the forty-two chairs, indeed, twelve only were dedicated to divinity and the canon law; while fourteen were appropriated to grammar, rhetoric, and the ancient classics; studies which probably found especial favour with the Cardinal, as furnish-

ing the only keys to a correct criticism and interpretation of the Scriptures. Of these professorships, six were appropriated to theology ; six to canon law ; four to medicine ; one to anatomy ; one to surgery ; eight to the arts, as they were called, embracing logic, physics, and metaphysics ; one to ethics ; one to mathematics ; four to the ancient languages ; four to rhetoric ; and six to grammar.

"Having completed his arrangements, the cardinal sought the most competent agents for carrying his plans into execution ; and this indifferently from abroad and at home. His mind was too lofty for narrow local prejudices, and the tree of knowledge, he knew, bore fruit in every clime. He took especial care that the emolument should be sufficient to tempt talent from obscurity, and from quarters however remote, where it was to be found. In this he was perfectly successful, and we find the university catalogue at this time inscribed with the names of the most distinguished scholars, in their various departments, many of whom we are enabled to appreciate, by the enduring memorials of erudition which they have bequeathed to us.

"In July, 1508, the Cardinal received the welcome intelligence that his academy was opened for the admission of pupils ; and in the following month the first lecture, being on Aristotle's ethics, was publicly delivered. Students soon flocked to the university, attracted by the reputation of its professors, its ample apparatus, its thorough system of instruction, and, above all, its splendid patronage, and the high character of its founder. We have no information of their number in Ximenes's lifetime ; but it must have been very considerable, since no less than seven thousand came out to receive Francis the First on his visit to the university within twenty years after it was opened.

"Five years after this period, in 1513, King Ferdinand, in an excursion made for the benefit of his declining health, paid a visit to Alcalá. Ever since his return from Oran, the Cardinal, disgusted with public life, had remained with a few brief exceptions in his own diocese, devoted solely to his personal and professional duties. It was with proud satisfaction that he now received his sovereign, and exhibited to him the noble testimony of the great objects to which his retirement had been consecrated. The king, whose naturally inquisitive mind no illness could damp, visited every part of the establishment, and attended the examinations, and listened to the public disputations of the scholars with interest. With little learning of his own, he had been made too often sensible of his deficiencies not to appreciate it in others. His acute perception readily discerned the immense benefit to his kingdom, and the glory conferred on his reign by the labours of his ancient minister, and he did ample justice to them in the unqualified terms of his commendation.

"It was on this occasion that the rector of San Ildefonso, the

head of the university, came out to receive the king, preceded by his usual train of attendants, with their maces or wands of office. The royal guard at this exhibition called out to them to lay aside these insignia as unbecoming any subject in the presence of his sovereign. 'Not so,' said Ferdinand, who had the good sense to perceive that majesty could not be degraded by its homage to letters; 'not so, this is the seat of the muses, and those who are initiated in their mysteries have the best right to reign here.' "

The historian, after recording the immense expense to which the same Cardinal went in preparing and printing the first polyglott Bible, "a work of surpassing difficulty, demanding an extensive and critical acquaintance with the most ancient and consequently the rarest manuscripts," for which "the precious collection of the Vatican was liberally thrown open to him, especially under Leo the Tenth, whose munificent spirit delighted in the undertaking," for which "he obtained copies of whatever was of value in the other libraries of Italy, and indeed of Europe generally," for which he "imported artists from Germany, and had types cast in the various languages required in his founderies at Alcalá," proceeds:—

"Such were the gigantic projects which amused the leisure hours of this great prelate. Though gigantic, they were neither beyond his strength to execute, nor beyond the demands of his age and country. They were not like those works which, forced into being by whim or transitory impulse, perish with the breath that made them; but taking deep root were cherished and invigorated by the national sentiment, so as to bear rich fruit for posterity. This was particularly the case with the institution at Alcalá. It soon became the subject of royal and private benefaction. Its founder bequeathed it, at his death, a clear revenue of fourteen thousand ducats. By the middle of the seventeenth century, this had increased to forty two thousand, and the colleges had multiplied from ten to thirty-five.

"The rising reputation of the new academy, which attracted students from every quarter of the Peninsula to its halls, threatened to eclipse the glories of the ancient seminary at Salamanca, and occasioned bitter jealousies between them. The field of letters, however, was wide enough for both, especially as the one was more immediately devoted to theological preparation, to the entire exclusion of civil jurisprudence, which formed a permanent branch of instruction at the other. In this state of things their rivalry, far from being productive of mischief, might be regarded as salutary, by quickening literary ardour, too prone to languish without the spur of competition. Side by side the sister universities went for

ward, dividing the public patronage and estimation. As long as the good era of letters lasted in Spain, the academy of Ximenes, under the influence of its admirable discipline, maintained a reputation inferior to none other in the Peninsula, and continued to send forth its sons to occupy the most exalted posts in Church and State, and shed the light of genius and science over their own and future ages."

Such, it appears, was the work of one Franciscan monk, not having the fear of the Bible or of the Reformation before his eyes; of a prince of the Church, so little aware that its policy was "to confine the intellect and enslave the soul," that he was wont, being an excellent biblical critic, to preside at the meetings of the great scholars who were editing his Bible, after their daily labours. "Lose no time, my friends," he would say, "in the prosecution of our glorious work, lest, in the casualties of life, you should lose your patron, or I have to lament the loss of those, whose services are of more price in my eyes than wealth and worldly honours."*

This work of Ximenes, unrivalled in splendour as the act of one man, presents itself to us just at the termination of the mediæval period, and in speaking of it we may sum up the position of the Church towards education for the five hundred preceding years. All the universities, scattered over Europe, and established in honour and immunities by the Church's chief pastor during this period, had for their basis Catholic faith and teaching, and for the range of their instruction all that was thought valuable in the human knowledge of the day. Once more has the Holy See come forward, and having, a few years since, exhorted the Belgian Bishops to found afresh, on Catholic principles, the university of Louvain, now in like manner invites the Irish Episcopate to fill up this long-felt need of Ireland. It is demanded by a population more than double that of Belgium, including, as we must, those Catholics in the British empire, and in the United States, who would avail themselves of it. There is not a place within the vast Anglo-Saxon dominions for ten millions of Catholics, where youth of eighteen years and upwards can obtain, from Catholic teachers, the inestimable benefit of university education. They must do homage to the

* Prescott's History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic. Part ii., ch. 21.

principle of infidelity and religious indifference, in order to obtain the secular instruction of the Queen's Colleges, or they must submit to heretical teaching, and all the temptations which the richest foundation in Europe offers at Trinity College as the price of apostacy. Has there ever in the world existed a greater and more pressing need than this? Have the faith and the morals of Catholics ever been exposed to greater danger? If this need be not supplied, if this danger be not averted, who can forecast the future without alarm? "A mournful experience makes it certain that in these pestiferous universities, (of Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow,) Irish Catholic youths, almost without number, have made shipwreck both of faith and morals."* Such is the sad lament addressed, lately, by six Irish Bishops to the Prefect of Propaganda. But the Holy See has spoken, and the episcopate has answered even by the voice of a national council, and we doubt not that every private Catholic will do his part. If we want further encouragement, look at the intense hatred shown to the very name of a Catholic university by the Protestant English press. The evil spirit knows his exorciser; his furious outcries forecast his defeat. In the authority of the Holy See we have the guarantee of success. Ireland will add another to the forty-four universities, exclusive of those in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, established by the authority of St. Peter's successor. For its success there are two qualifications which now, as in former times, we consider indispensable. Because, as Christians and Catholics, we require a training of the moral and spiritual nature of man above all other things—because that which excludes, or shifts away from itself, such a responsibility, we must consider no education at all, but the surrender to Infidelity and Protestantism of the noblest of all arts and sciences, and a plain confession of impotence in the very point where teachers should be most strong—we do not, therefore, rest satisfied with any system which does not embrace, according to their respective merits, all branches of human learning and science, whether physical or mental. This, and no less, is what we look for from the love and generosity of Catholics, to establish in the next few years.

* "*Breves vindiciæ*," &c., quoted in the "*Tablet*," November 22, 1851.

But, after the time of Ximenes, the Church passed into a more troubled period, and encountered the great revolt of the human mind against spiritual authority. At the first outbreak, the power which she had so long exercised of guiding education, and moulding the spirit of man, seemed, in part at least, to be passing from her. For well nigh a generation it appeared doubtful to what extent disaffection would spread, and instead of beating back the furious spirit of religious sedition by a greater internal energy, she laboured as one scarcely able to collect her powers. Yet all this while God had been fashioning in secret a sharp weapon for her to wield. He was preparing for her again the empire of education. It was the question of that day, as it is of this. Scarcely a few years after the departure of Ximenes to his rest, a gay courtier, a gallant soldier, was struck down in a border combat of that same land. It was a long and painful wound, and as he lay on his sick bed he passed into the very presence of spiritual things, he saw the two standards and the warring hosts drawn out in world-wide and world-long combat. He saw, too, the vision of the King in His beauty, and of the King's mother by His side. Then he rose a new man, with all the powers of his being turned to that one object, and intensified. And there began a life which, in its superhuman self-surrender, is itself an infinitely greater miracle than healing the leper, or raising the dead. In less than twenty years—the very years which Luther spent in blaspheming authority, and breaking vows—that self-beggared nobleman, having set himself in middle age to school, like a child, to learn grammar, is found at Rome, the head of a society of saints and heroes inferior but to himself, having the sanction of the apostolic see, and bent with all-mastering energy to direct once more the education of Europe, and to carry it into every branch of knowledge on the basis of Christian faith. And the spirit of that soldier of God did not die; it diffused itself not only into his own society, but likewise, from that example, other religious bodies, which since have arisen in the Church, set themselves especially to the great work of education. In these latter days, when revolt was most widely spread, and enmity bitterest against the Church, her work, too, has been greater and more perfect in the hearts of her children than ever before; her pattern of holiness has been more exact, her rule over the thoughts more severe, her founda-

tions of the spiritual life more deeply laid. Through all the period of disorganization, from its rise in Luther to its consummation in the great French revolution, never has she sanctioned any education which was not based on the Catholic faith. Then came a wholesale destruction of her universities, her colleges, her religious institutions; the confiscation of their endowments, the dispersion both of teachers and pupils. Then Europe sowed the wind, and now she is reaping the whirlwind. Fifty years ago the Church's chief pastor was driven into captivity by a nation the Church's eldest born, and died in exile; since then one emperor and two kings of that nation have died in exile also, and the whole land stands quaking at what has happened and may happen again to it, from its own children's broils. All Europe, too, with its hundreds of thousands of armed men, waits in fear for what is scarcely warded from it, this great breaking up of society. And what is the cause of this? That Europe has unchristianised education, stripped and fettered the Church, run headlong after arts and sciences, sensual literature, and material luxuries, but disregarded truth.

There has been a great destruction. All through the the eighteenth century those principles of infidelity, which, alas! came forth from England, and passed to the French encyclopædists, and their German compeers, the chosen friends of that wretched Frederic, misnamed Great, were sapping all authority both in the spiritual and the temporal order of things. The chosen object they had in view was to emancipate education from the control of religion. And one power of Europe they found singularly adapted to their purpose. For one government there is, so unfortunate as to be founded on infidelity; one royal family, which became royal as a guerdon for losing its faith; one country, which received half the reform from Luther, and the other half from Calvin; and so without belief even in its own infidelity has been tumbling ever since from depth to depth, until its religious state defies analysis, and its political power subsists only by the sword. Prussia, under Frederic, was indeed just the atmosphere so exhausted of religious vitality as to receive Voltairian education, and accept physics and mathematics instead of the God whom it had betrayed. Here was the paradise of purely secular education, military discipline instead of religious fear, the sciences, the arts, and the morality of the barracks. On

went that great demoralizing anarchical flood, the spring-tide of sensualism, unbelief, and pseudo-liberty. It beat against the monarchies of Europe, and sapped their spiritual strength, while it found favour with monarchs by seeming to exalt the temporal power at the expense of the Church, till an Austrian emperor became its tool, and a king of France its victim, involving in its fall the throne of St. Louis. Destruction had indeed gone to its utmost point, when the very altar of the Most Holy was polluted with the living presence of the heathen Venus. Then arose that great soldier of fortune to reconstruct in the midst of a wilderness. He attempted to establish an education which should catch all classes, from the servant to the peasant, in its network. The people, he knew, must have a religion, and he was not the man to give them the abortion of Luther or of Calvin; so to his education, which should embrace, above all things, those material arts and sciences which were the basis of his scheme, he added the Catholic faith, not as a queen, but as the handmaid of his power; not to rule in the hearts of his subjects, but to wear his livery, and to consecrate his empire. He worshipped material prosperity as heartily as Frederic, but he would not exclude religion as Frederic, under the inspiration of Voltaire, had done. It was to be the mortar of those walls on which he would rear an universal empire. The Church's high priest should inaugurate the crown which he himself, and he alone, would set on his own brow. Such was the idea of Napoleon in setting up his famous university, the drag-net which he cast over France, to gather every faculty and passion of man for his service. It was not properly *mixed* education, for he engaged that Catholics, and they were the vast majority of his people, should be taught the Catholic faith; his colleges had chaplains, chapels, and sacraments; he did not expect society to go on without its soul. But Catholicism in these establishments was not to *rule*, but to *serve*; to be, not the homage paid by the spirit of man to the king of spirits, but an officer of the emperor's court. Under such conditions truth itself—so perilously shaken by the storms of the age, and banished from the hearts of men by worldly passions—could not regain its empire. We have now seen the result. The year 1848 has satisfied, at last, the most unbelieving, that the material arts and the money interests of life cannot make a national society hold together. M. Cousin is

fallen into disrepute. M. Thiers loudly professes himself a Catholic. The historian of the French Revolution proclaims that the university has not done its work, or rather has done a work very different from that which society required of it. He is for destroying its monopoly, for making a *bona fide* Christian and Catholic education. In this alone he sees a future basis for society, as well as government. The extremity of the danger, the suspension of all the great powers of temporal government, the sight of a society in which, beside brute force as embodied in the army, not one moral power, save the Church of God, remains standing, has caused the scales to drop from eyes so long jealous of the Church. He sees that it has come to an absolute and final choice, between the holy mother of saints and the evil one. Nor has one nation only been brought to its senses. An Austrian emperor has undone those fetters which the emperor Joseph imposed, happy if it be not too late, and if his own zeal for religion be recompensed by the loyalty of his subjects. The race of Hohenzollern itself would gladly give a religion to its people, had it one to give. Such is the instability, the universal agitation of minds, which acknowledge no authority, and have no anchorage in heavenly hopes; so rotten that forced compromise between two heresies which no one believes; so extreme the empire of doubt in that country which first set up for its rule the bare text of the Bible interpreted by the individual; so dissolved is society in the land where secular education has reigned triumphant. They are turning round, and stretching out their hands in supplication to the Church of God; they venerate in her more than ever what is unchangeable amid ceaseless changes, and the dread of the future; what is spiritual, amid the impotence of temporal powers; what is orderly, wise, and temperate, amid the outbreak of disorder, folly, and rashness. They not only see that pyramid whose head emerges now as ever above the "many waters" of human conflict, but they long to be in safety on the rock of Peter.

At such a moment, when this mixed secular education has been tried by whole nations, and either rejected, or endured because the ruin is irremediable, and license has gone beyond cure,—when all the nations of the continent have seen through the pernicious deception, it is proposed as the great boon for the sufferings and wrongs of Ireland.

This statue of Dagon, which has fallen down of itself headless at the threshold of truth, is reared up again amongst us, carefully brought over, dressed in fine clothes, sumptuously housed, and set down with much parade for Catholics to worship. The very thing which has brought France and Prussia to the brink of destruction, is to heal the dissensions of Ireland. Though England itself, with all its Protestantism, and with all its sects, will not have it, and retains in the heart of the nation the principle of truth strong enough to abhor the doctrine of indifference, it is to be forced on our poverty. That which with one accord the statesmen of the continent will have no longer, is to be introduced among us as the earnest of future prosperity, and we are promised, if we take it kindly, that very soon Catholicism will be a matter of pure indifference among us; "the time is not far distant when it will not occur to any one to ask of what religion any of the students are."

Yet we are assured by those who have carefully studied the system that it fails to produce the very fruit which it most boldly promises. So far from the qualities of the scientific mind, thoughtfulness, close attention, sustained vigour of research, a strong will to conquer difficulties, being called forth, the force of the mind is lost upon multiplicity of objects. Youths come out not only without a faith, or a scandal to the faith they profess, by their practical indifference to its precepts, but with a smattering of many sciences which only proves how a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. On no one feature of past French education under the university do impartial examiners dwell so much as this. Eminent mathematicians, and chemists, and the rest, are not produced, but middling amateurs and peddlers in the sciences. Under this promised reign of knowledge, real learning is become as rare as true genius. And add to this, where immorality in practise does not exist, a thorough perversion of the moral judgment in its standard of things; a preference given to physical truth and material inventions, over belief in the primary truth on which all religion rests, accompanied with a disdain for the sublimest and most ennobling Christian mysteries, as if they were the mere subjects of "sectarian" divisions, and profitless controversy.

There has been, then, a great destruction; let there be also a great reparation. The Church of God has not lost

her power. The spring of life is not dried up among the nations of the earth. Let science advance to its utmost limits, and the arts of all nations be promoted by a never-ceasing rivalry, still the Church possesses the key of universal truth; she is the prophet in the world, to whom every power, spiritual and moral, physical and artificial, bears witness. Whatever truth a Newton, a Cuvier, a La Place, may discover, she can harmonise, for He who dwells in her is the end as well as the beginning.

“Le cose tutte quante
Han ordine tra loro; e questo è forma
Che l’universo a Dio fa somigliante.
Qui veggion l’alte creature l’orma
Dell’ eterno valore, il quale è fine
Al quale è fatta la toccata norma”—Paradiso. c. i. 104.

And this work of restoration to which she now calls her children, is the re-edification of Catholic schools; what Ximenes did in 1517—a single monk of St. Francis on an episcopal throne—the power of numbers, instinct with the same love which burns in Catholic hearts, may accomplish now. A half-penny subscription propagates her missions, why should it not fill her schools? If her faith be precious to the savage, is it not equally so to her children at home? We have, on the one hand, a government without a faith, the supporter of infidelity and the enemy of our religion throughout the world; which has just proscribed every spiritual act done in our religion as done by virtue of the spiritual jurisdiction of its head; which offers us *not* the means of educating our own people in their faith, Catholics as Catholics, but insists that they shall first descend to the level of having no faith at all. On the other hand, we have many millions now bound together, not only by common love, but by common persecution, by a calumny without limit in its falsehoods, without remorse in its misrepresentations. We have millions, also, across the ocean, in our own colonies, and in the great republic, bound by the same chain of love to the persecuted faith, full of sympathy, ready and able to assist. Here are elements of power, and an omen of success.

Of such a restoration of Catholic schools—the Church’s great work of construction in the latter half of the nineteenth century—need we repeat once more that the indispensable *basis* is the Catholic faith itself, maintained and

inculcated as the primary law of its existence. The practice of the Church from the catechetical schools of Alexandria to the present day is uniform, and the system of instruction in the West, began by St. Augustine, widely extended by the Benedictine and other orders, carried out to its utmost limits in the mediæval universities, restored and re-invigorated by the teaching orders of later times, continued without let or exception to the great French Revolution, and afresh stamped with new authority by her latest decisions, tells us decisively as the reason of the case itself, how she interprets her Lord's great command, "Go and make disciples all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." In her eyes this must come *first*. Principle and history are here agreed.

The second point which we would inculcate in this restoration of Catholic studies is, their *range*, which must include all existing knowledge and science. Whatever is a need of the age, must not be neglected. We do not mean that everything must be begun at once, but that from the beginning a plan must be kept in view, which shall, in the end, satisfy all wants. While we think that no education is worthy of the name which does not first and above all set itself to mould man's spiritual nature, which does not plant within him faith, as the root of all proficiency, and the spring, not only of the moral, but the intellectual being; yet, having this, we deem that we have the key to all God's works, and laws, and operations. There is not an art or science into which the principle of faith does not enter, on which it does not shed light. The knowledge of the first cause, and of the final end, assist men in studying them all. There is not one from which, however extended, or reaching whatever results, the Catholic Church has anything to fear. It is only when the heretical spirit takes possession of them, reads them amiss, reaches but half truths in them, or falsely interprets whole ones, that danger arises to her faith. Take the most extreme case which could happen; the substitution, that is, of the experimental sciences as the general instrument for disciplining the mind of the higher classes, instead of the learned languages and their literature. There is no opposition between such sciences and the Catholic faith. The circle of revealed truth committed to the guardianship of the Church belongs to another region. These have

the sensible and the intelligible for their domain, she, while never contrary to reason, is yet above it, reaching the supernatural and the superintelligible. Those sacred mysteries, with which her whole mind is possessed, and in the dispensing of which lies the deep spring of her secret life, leave to the reason of man its full range, but only require it to acknowledge the limits set to its weakness, and prepare it for the difficulties which exist in nature, and encompass even the best known paths of science, by the utterly insoluble secrets of God. It is true that the most wonderful works of God in nature have failed, by themselves, to lead the human spirit towards Him, and men of great renown in the study of anatomy and astronomy have become sceptics; but it was because they came to those studies with a moral nature ill prepared, from a religious system which they had never heartily accepted, or which, from its onesidedness, never satisfied either their feelings or their intellect. With the safeguard of divine faith before hand, it would have been far otherwise. Had they received, with a first love, the great truth and its consequences, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," every page which they afterwards unfolded of that "rich wisdom of the Word," whether in the visible heavens, or in the frame of man, in plants and flowers, or the strata of the earth, or its chemical constitution, would have deepened their humility and their love to its Author. There is a great gap between the kingdoms of nature and grace, notwithstanding their numberless analogies, which faith only can fill up; and therefore it is that the Catholic starts with a great advantage over all other men in those pursuits. There is, then, no excuse for excluding from Catholic studies any art or science, which has its positive merit, which has won its place in the inventions and progress of the age, and supplies any recognised need of our civilization. This universality of *range* is necessary for success, and is subordinate in importance only to the *basis* of faith itself.

Thirdly, the *objects* to be kept in view are manifold. We need to meet and overcome infidelity, on what it fancies to be its own ground; we need to rescue the physical and the intellectual sciences from its sway; we need to set forth once more a higher standard in the world than mere material progress. Especially in our own country has history been perverted to serve the cause of error.

Minds of no common order, and learning of no mean range, have been devoted to treat the course of human affairs, the rise, advance, connection, and dependence of nations, excluding, as far as possible, the existence of the divine kingdom amongst them, or vilifying its spirit, and distorting its tendencies. The philosophy of history is become its sophistry. Those who have turned rebels against the divine kingdom have hated to hear of its agency; and modern times have been described in fullest detail, by authors only passing over those achievements of charity, those works of heroic self-denial, which make their highest praise. Nor must we omit the incalculable advantage which the Elizabethan heresy has derived from the possession which it has taken of the ancient Catholic universities. Itself without a spiritual idea to hold it together—utterly earthly, and of this world—it entered into the very richest inheritance of wisdom coming down from the ages of faith. Reform sat enthroned in those glorious ancient halls which were worthy to hear a St. Bernard preach, and a St. Thomas lecture. Reform dispensed the rewards which so many generations had stored up for learning. It had the pick and choice of a great nation's youth; it watered them from wells which it had not digged, and fed them in vineyards which it had not planted. And if spiritual truth have gradually perished away; if all wherewith they have to satisfy minds bent on the old faith of Christendom be “the stammering lips of ambiguous formularies,” still a certain humane culture has lingered on in those old abodes; a certain character has been formed in them which had its greatness, and its beauty, and its classic grace. And Catholics, deprived of these, their own proper homes, have had no like schools of education, in which, on the basis of their own perfect faith, they could be trained in all that ancient times have left of great and good. Surely it is time that this great deficiency be supplied.

Once more, and fourthly, as a *condition* of success we must name a perfect unity of thought and purpose in the teaching body. Mixed education makes this impossible. Thus the Bishop of Liège remarks, in his valuable letter: “What is your secret?” an intelligent man one day asked me, “for making your establishments flourish?” “It is,” I replied to him, “the homogeneousness of the pro-

fessional body ;” and that may easily be conceived. When all the members of that body have but one thought and one action, to inspire into the minds of youths, with the love of knowledge, that of virtue and religion, may one not expect, with some confidence, happy results? But what are we to expect where there does not exist this unity of views and actions? Where, for want of professing the same principles, the masters do not form, in reality, one and the same body, and cannot either combine or direct their efforts towards a common end; where, too often, one destroys by his conversation or by his example, what the other is seeking to build up? How could establishments of this nature prosper or deserve public confidence?”

And it is because we see one man singularly qualified for so great a task, because we see in one, and perhaps in one alone, the conjunction of a name which has attained to European celebrity, a genius embracing the most opposite qualities, a widely extended learning, and a will most admirably tempered, that we hail with the utmost joy and satisfaction the appointment of Dr. Newman to be the Rector of the Catholic university. It is a pledge for ultimately effecting all that we could desire, such, perhaps, as none other could be given.

To resume, in few words, the whole of our argument. A concurrence of circumstances has produced a tendency greatly to over value the mechanical arts, and the experimental sciences, as being the means of material enjoyment and prosperity. A disposition is even shown, more and more, to make education mainly consist in giving instruction in these, and to subordinate all other knowledge as accessory to them. But the education of man, being what God has made him, and considering the end for which he is made, consists, primarily, in the training of the free-will to moral action. Such a training is the work of faith, and the object of faith is revealed truth. Therefore, Protestantism is unable to bestow such a training, because in destroying the principle of authority, and breaking up the system of revealed truth which rested on it, it has made faith impossible. And again, by removing the check of confession, it has lost all control over the heart and its issues. Still more unable, for the same reason, is Infidelity, to accomplish such a work, having rejected even those portions of revealed truth which Protestantism

has, although inconsistently, retained. Protestantism, therefore, full of internal dissensions, and without power to present to its pupils any body of moral and spiritual truth which they are to believe as certain, or any living authority, which they are to obey as divine, proposes to evade the difficulties which itself has made, by avoiding such subjects altogether, and by giving up the attempt to train the moral nature. On the other side it offers as a temptation an exuberant display of all the arts and sciences which rest on the undisputed ground of physical knowledge. Mixed education is accordingly a surrender to heresy, schism, and self-will, of the whole nature of man which is above and beyond this knowledge; an abnegation of the highest end of our being. Catholic education, on the other hand, for which we hail the institution of a Catholic university, is the realisation before all, and above all, of that highest end. But this secured, it proceeds to group around it the various sciences, accomplishments, and arts of social life. First of all, indeed, it deals with that which is immortal, universal, and most precious in man; that free-will by which he is made after the image and likeness of God; but while preserving throughout a due superiority to the enlightenment, strengthening, and direction of this, it fosters every branch of knowledge according to its intrinsic merit and value. And Catholicism has, in its firm possession of the truth, and by its faith in the unity of the divine will and operations, an assurance that no science either now exists, or can possibly arise, which, rightly and fully understood, shall be at variance with that knowledge which it imparts to guide the moral nature. It starts, then, from the principle of faith, well knowing that it clears and strengthens all powers of the intellect, and above all that it imparts to the will an indomitable energy and a calm courage, which are the best part of genius itself, and are necessary to win not only success in every path of our mortal life, but a place in the higher creation of God hereafter. Truth is the centre of its circle, but the circumference embraces all human arts and sciences. It must ever repeat, with the great Christian poet,—

*Lo maggior don, che Dio per sua larghezza
Fesse creando, e alla sua bontate
Più conformato, e quel ch'ei più apprezza,*

*Fu della volontà la libertà,
Di che le creature intelligenti,
E tutte, e sole, furo e son dotate.*

Paradiso, c. 5. v. 19.

In guiding, strengthening, and purifying this free-will consists its great task ; but on the indestructible basis of divine faith it raises the perfect fabric of human improvement and culture. For such a work the time is most propitious. The spirit of unbelief, inaugurated by Protestantism in modern Europe, has broken up all dogma, and destroyed all spiritual authority, outside of the one Catholic society ; the Anglican pseudo-church lies split down to the middle by internal dissension, and, in the midst of wealth and social influence, conscious of her deadly wound ; the sects, which are the irregular offspring of her fornication with the State, present to the thoughtful eye a mere chaos of private judgment run mad. Let the Church of God but maintain her dear-bought liberty, let her not seek to be a pensioner of heresy, but rest on her inward powers and the love of her children ; let her unfold, for the education of those children, the unspeakably precious inheritance of faith and knowledge, which she has guarded for eighteen hundred years—and a great triumph is before her. She will yet rescue the nations from the moral anarchy into which they have plunged themselves. She will gain, over the reasoned infidelity and deranged free-will of the nineteenth century, a greater triumph than she wrought in the times of St. Augustine or St. Thomas, and be at once the fortress of society and the fountain of knowledge.

ART. VIII.—*The Lancet*, vol. 1 and 2. London, 1851.

A PROVERB may not unaptly be defined “a stereotyped truth.” As a book may appear in various forms, as a dozy folio, or a prosy quarto, or a chatty octavo, till at last it has dwindled into a perhaps condensed, but pocketable, duodecimo, and if found really useful, is so stereotyped, and then no one quotes any other edition; so a truth gets spread out, or, as it is called, developed, into multifarious treatises, articles, essays, and paragraphs, till at length some one happily squeezes the whole sense of them into a sentence, not longer than “the posey of a ring;” and no one thinks of enunciating the truth, most learnedly enforced of old, by any other form of phrase. It has become a proverb. The danger is, that such proverbs may become hackneyed, so that every one quotes them, but nobody believes them, or, at least, acts upon them. They come to resemble the monographous (for, never being read, they cannot be called monotonous,) verses on tomb-stones—“Weep not for me, my parents dear,” for example, which no one imagines have the least meaning attached to them by any one, dead or living. Yet the lines will continue to be engraved, and the proverb to be spoken, while there be any of either.

Among these *essential* truths, distilled, in time’s alembic, from the gathered flowers of many ages’ growth, there is one, always of doubtful morality, now-a-days of dubious veracity, but of useful general application, that “honesty is the best policy.” If one begins to measure this sentiment as a basis of literary superstructure, its area is immense. Moral treatises by the first philosophers, from Aristotle to Paley, rest upon it; the Iliad itself, and no end of epics, and tragedies, are built up from it. For, in truth, what else is poetical justice but an illustration of it? As thus: if Paris had been an honest man, Troy would never have been destroyed. And so Cordelia might say to her sisters at the end of King Lear, that “honesty would have been their best policy;” and so might Hamlet to old Polonius and young Laertes, and to his uncle and mother, and all else implicated in the famous ear-poisoning case,

then considered a rare crime ; for Exeter Hall, and Printing-House Square as yet were not. And as to art, Hogarth's series of the two apprentices is exclusively an illustration of our proverb. But there is one still more doleful tragedy, expressly composed and yearly acted, for the solemn purpose of instilling into the childish, and impressing upon the youthful, minds of London apprentices, this fundamental truth. It is the most dolorous and instructive history of the ingenious George Barnwell, the moral of whose career of crime and misfortune is so emphatically put into his own mouth, in those verses of his ballad,

“ — had I stuck to my pruns and figs,
I had never stuck nunky at Camberwell.”

Now if the recent revelations of the *Lancet* be correct, and we believe they have not been called in question, we can well imagine the deep moral instruction conveyed by this drama, upon the youths who are treated by their masters to it at holiday-time, for the purpose of inculcating on them the principle of this proverb. We may suppose the following, privileged to sit in the front row. No. 1 is the journeyman baker, who must leave the performance before its close, to make bread, adulterated with alum, for next day ; No. 2 is the grocer's apprentice, who has been busy all day packing up in canisters, labelled “ Pure unadulterated coffee,” a compound of that vegetable, chicory, and oak-tan ; No. 3 is the publican's boy, who was sent in the morning on an errand to the “ beer doctor,” to tell him, with a knowing wink, that his master had just received a fresh supply from the brewery ; No. 4. is the teaman's youth, who lately helped to get into the premises a lot of tea culled from British hedges ; No. 5 is the chandler's lad, who has worked often to make mustard of flour and turmeric ; No. 6 is the draper's assistant, who has been ticketing the whole shop over, with “ awful sacrifice,” “ decided bargains,” “ selling at 25 per cent under cost price,” every word a lie ; No. 7 is the son of a milkman, that writes “ Alderney dairy” over the cellar that contains two diseased cows, and must rise early next morning to rival the *Herald* and *Post*, in the daily production of milk and water. We could greatly prolong this catalogue, were not this enumeration sufficient for our purpose. What

idea of honesty, as being "a policy," can be instilled into the minds of such youths, save one which will not be at variance with what they are made to practice? And that will be, that honesty consists in not cheating or betraying their employers, however nefarious their practices, but by no means in not cozening and deluding the public. Such is the lesson inculcated by the proverb in this class, "Honesty to those who cheat others is your best policy." And it will not be surprising, if some ardent spirits, that aspire to great commercial dignity, and see how steadily the firm keeps its character, and perhaps its manager a reputation for sanctity, and subscribes to foreign and Irish missionary societies, in spite of all these daily peccadilloes, may come to the profane conclusion, that the highest civic honours will be most easily reached by the tortuous paths of Mammon, and even, perhaps, that Whittington's cat would have had a better chance than himself of reaching the chair and chain, had that worthy lived in these days of sleek acuteness.

In fact, this and many other proverbs are like what are called, we believe, life-preservers, things very useful to be employed upon others, but which no one has any idea should be used against his own head. Thus we can easily fancy a man who has amassed a fortune in Capel Court, by all the accredited acts of impossible railroads, fictitious directoryships, made markets, cooked accounts, and worthless scrip, when retired to a goodly estate of his own buying, in the country, indignantly dismissing a servant, on discovery of some small pilferings, with the solemn admonition that "he would find, in the long run," (he himself having made a short cut of it,) "that honesty is the best policy." Or let it be a clever attorney, who, by timely advances and judicious mortgages, has come at length into possession of "all that valuable freehold estate, messuages, tenements," &c., belonging to his client, and is now a most active magistrate at sessions; and we can imagine him passing sentence on some poor wretch, convicted of poaching or petty larceny, adding gravely his virtuous hopes, that the culprit would learn, "that after all," that is, when he comes to be hanged, "honesty is the best policy."

But we quarrel much more with this proverb, because it tends altogether to debase a quality, which has much more need instead to be raised in estimation. For if honesty be

something better, and has better motives than policy, then it is untrue, and therefore *dishonest*, to deal with it at less than its real value. If so, this is, at least, a bad self-condemned policy, and this makes the old saw of doubtful morality at least. Our present age is decidedly in love with itself; and in the proclamation of its own praises, which is neither rare nor low, there is no virtue for which it claims greater credit than honesty. We of England, in particular, peculiarly feel jealous of it. It is a birthright with us. We may concede to other nations their just praise for genius, brilliancy in art, success in literature or science; but we stand up for our transcendent honesty. John Bull may be a rough and plain fellow, but he is sturdily straightforward and honest. We are not going to dispute this praise, for we are convinced that in his aggregate capacity he is so; only we would have him be upon his guard, and mind that this praise do not vanish some fine day; and the best way to come to this undesirable end with it, is to consider honesty a line of policy. One is not far from repudiation, when the balance is made in the mind between it and honesty, as each a policy; the question being, which is the better of the two.

However, we are not going to discuss a principle, but to look at facts. The publication before us suggests some serious ones for earnest consideration, and yet they have been again and again presented, in great part, to public notice. It is now thirty-one years since Accum went over much of the same ground as the *Lancet's* "Analytical Sanitary Commission," investigating the adulteration of food. Indeed, this important body has not yet gone over the whole extent of ground visited by the daring chemist. Two differences may be observed between their labours. The first is, that the commission makes use chiefly of the microscope to detect extraneous substances in adulterated food, an instrument for such investigation but little known in 1820. The second is more important. Accum treated the matter as an alarming case of wholesale poisoning. His book was most terrifying. On the cover were pictured snakes, lances, death's head and cross bones, and a huge spider in its web, devouring its prey, with the motto, over all, of, "There is death in the pot." On the back was labelled, "Accum on Culinary Poisons." The entire book kept the same tone. Whatever one eat was shown to be poison, every drink was a death-potion. Athenian hem-

lock was nothing to beer; and a philosopher might die as easily over a pewter pot of one, as over a silver goblet of the other. And as to "the cups which cheer but not inebriate," Cowper might have mended his sense, if not his verse, by writing "but cheering poison." Now it was too much to convince people at once, that they were all Toxicophagi, or poison eaters, every night "supped full of horrors," and awakening every morning to "steep themselves anew in venom." Some laughed at the idea, others were angry, most were contented to know that, as they had not died of so many years' feeding on poison, so they might live on as quietly for many more. Perhaps, too, Accum's subsequent fate blunted the edge of his denunciations; for we believe he was convicted of dismembering valuable books in the British Museum, to save himself the trouble of making extracts, and was transported beyond the seas.

But the Lancet Commission has done wisely in appealing, not merely *ad stomachum* but *ad crumenam*, and representing the system of adulteration as one of fraud, more than of murder. This is taking mankind, or at least the age, on its weak side. Many a man knows that he is poisoning himself by hard drinking, and is not thereby cured. And so it is hard to get a person to care about unwholesomeness of food, so it be savoury; a boy will eat green fruit at the risk of a colic, and you tell an old lady in vain that green tea is a *sloe* poison, for she likes it. But convince a father of a family that he is paying a shilling for a packet of what is called tea or coffee, one-half of which is a material, not only deleterious, but worth only a penny a pound—in other words, convince him that he is cheated, as well as poisoned, and you arouse his indignation. In fact, the motive of the adulteration awakens the public to feel about its effects.

The discoveries thus made may help to bolster up the truth of the adage, that "honesty is the best policy." For the Lancet has fearlessly denounced, by name, the vendors of adulterated goods, and has no less made known those who, to their credit, and we trust profit, have resisted the temptation to general corruption. But they certainly do not increase our opinion of the prevalence of that virtue, nor of its being considered one. Nay, we do not feel sure that the public are very indignant at its violation. We have not heard of any imposture, for some cases amount to this, being exploded, and the quacks who ma-

naged it having decamped. We do not see the lying labels taken down, nor the crowd lessened round celebrated "marts" of spurious commodities. If no practical results follow the exposure, we shall conclude that bold effrontery, and pertinacious impudence can get the better of scientific detection, and even of the ordinary instinct of self-preservation. And as to the sagacious public, we shall be content to philosophise, and say, "*Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.*"

Whether all this evince a dulled moral sense or not, we will not now discuss. But we believe it would be easy to show, as a preliminary to these culinary deceptions, that the system is universal, beginning with much higher departments of art than what, on Verrey's tomb in Père la Chaise, are denominated "*les arts utiles.*" We do not indeed think that the present age has exhibited such signal instances of literary forgeries, as the Arabic Code of Sicily, detected and exposed by Canon Rosario Gregorj, or Psalmanazar's History of Formosa, or Chatterton's poems of Rowley; though Italy, saw very few years ago, an attempt to palm on the public, inedited works of Tasso, with facsimilies of pretended manuscripts, and Germany was almost taken in by that clever fiction, Mainholz's Bernstein-Hexe, or Amberwitch. But certainly in the fine arts, there never has been such systematic imposition carried on, as our times have witnessed. Of spurious medals, there are, or have been, professed manufactories, one, we believe, at Smyrna, and another in a city of northern Germany. Pictures are manufactured by the gallery; and it is humorously said, that there are collections always on hand, in Italian cities, where the wealthy Kentuckian or Californian can suit himself to a ready-made series of ancestors, gentlemen from armour, throughlaced coats, down to powdered queans, and ladies from Elizabethan frills to hoops, with lap-dogs into the bargain.

But many of our fellow-countrymen, who have embarked in the perilous enterprise of forming a collection of paintings, have found out to their cost the ruinous nature of the speculation. For purely speculative the business is. The Artist goes to the market, where old furniture is exposed for sale. There he picks up a venerable piece of upholstery, thoroughly worm-eaten, and he pulls it to pieces. He thus gets antique pannels, which are duly repaired and straightened

by new framings. Next he selects an old engraving of a favourite subject by a favourite master, a picture in the Pitti Palace at Florence, or perhaps in the Louvre. The subject is copied on the pannel, the style cleverly imitated, with perhaps retouchings and restorations, taking care that the flesh is wonderfully pure and well preserved; but a slight, though not unimportant, variation from the engraving, is produced. It may be only a hand more or less raised than in the original, or a head slightly turned. The production next appears, highly varnished, on an easel in the artist's studio, or in his gallery exhibited one day in the week. The rich, knighted citizen, who is making a collection for his new wing at Daubery Hill, goes in, and has his attention drawn to it by his *cicerone*, who believes it is for sale, and inquiries are forthwith made. The price demanded is outrageous; but then it is an undoubted original; for here is the engraving of the well-known duplicate as above, and in this painting there is a manifest *pentimento*, or variation, which could only have possibly proceeded from the *maestro* himself. For what copier would have presumed to alter that hand, or that head, from what it was in the original he was employed to copy? It is, therefore, a repetition with a variation, and so of immense value. As for its history, it was bought at a sale, covered with smoke, all warped, and almost undistinguishable; and it has been restored by the *Cavaliere* himself, who would not part with it for anything, if he had not already two or three fine pieces by the same master, and not a vacant place on his walls. But it will be a gem in *Milor's* collection. The eloquence prevails, the cheque is drawn, "and Sir Balaam hangs"—a clever forgery over his chimney piece. Dr. Waagen comes in due time, and politely tells him he has got for his hundreds, the value of an old back of a chest of drawers, and a purposely imperfect and falsified copy of a second rate picture. We have not exaggerated one circumstance in this narrative; we could point to fortunes made by this nefarious traffic.

But if the collector's taste soar beyond such modern objects, and covet the antique, we can tell him what is his best policy. It is to call at once for his bill, and order post horses. If he indulge his taste no further than little bronze figures, Etruscan or Roman, with an alkaline patina over them, which, when his servant in England shall

have scoured it off, like that on Scriblerus's shield, he can renew in a few minutes, perhaps he will not be run up himself to a very high figure, by antiquarian roguery. But if he aspire after more expensive toys, *cameos* or *intaglios*, he will indeed easily make a grand collection, but all, or most, belonging to one age. Perhaps the most complete collection of engraved stones, as they are called, was that formed at Rome, by the late Prince Poniatowsky. It contained almost perfect serieses of Egyptian, Etruscan, old and later Grecian, and Roman, gems, with scarcely any lacunæ. After his death, the collection was for sale, and at length was bought in this country. *Impronti*, or impressions in plaster, have been taken from it, and extensively sold to public institutions, so that the collection may be said to have been published. And when a copy was offered to us for purchase, we were assured that the originals were bought mainly for this speculation. We inexorably refused it, however, not only because very dear, but also because we had heard from a person of eminent literary reputation, that he knew the artists who had fabricated many of them, and had avowed this to him. Knowing the Prince's anxiety to make complete sets, there was no lack of clever hands ready to supply them. So one day, some one brought him a scarabeus, another day some one else a Cæsar; now it was an historical, next a mythological subject; and so in course of time, each series was filled up.

It may seem incredible that the keen eye of a virtuoso, aided by a good lens, should not be able to distinguish between an antique and a modern engraving. But as to this deceit being possible, there can be no doubt. No one was more skilled in ancient art than the illustrious Winkelmann. And yet he was imposed upon by a gem, cut purposely by the celebrated ΠΙΚΛΕΡ; for he engraved his name on his works, in Greek characters. There is a well-known story of the late Mr. Payne Knight, prizing most highly, as in every sense a gem, an exquisite antique cameo, which he wore in a ring. He was a man of great experience and taste in judging, and of great authority in deciding, about the genuineness of such works. He had bought this of a Signor B——, who, it is said, was obliged to leave the country in consequence of the detection which ensued. The story goes, that the antiquarian was disputing with the most distinguished artist, first as a gem-

engraver, then as a medalist of the day, but since become a sculptor; on the inferiority of modern, compared with ancient, art, and instanced as matchless the cameo which he wore. Whereupon the indignant Italian, having requested leave to examine it, declared himself able to produce one equal to it. His temerity was greeted with disdain, when he tore off the setting of the stone, and showed cut upon its edge, his own name, Pistrucci. An artist, much employed in copying the frescoes of Etruscan sepulchres, assured us, that he had produced a fragment from his own pencil, to try the skill of a keen batch of antiquarians, who accepted it as genuine!

Alexandre Dumas, in his "Impressions de Voyage," tells an amusing anecdote, which shows that this class of "tricks upon travellers" is not confined to works of very high art. He visited Ferey with a large casual party, and of course was shown, and expected to admire, all the whereabouts of the mocking *philosophe* its master. Among other relics, every one was anxious to handle Voltaire's walking-cane. As he lagged somewhat behind, the showman of the place drew near to him, and in a confidential whisper informed him that the stick was his private property, and an undoubted relic; but that being somewhat hard up, he should be disposed to sell it for a moderate sum, which he named. "Thank you," coolly replied the imperturbable traveller, "but I think you ask too much; for you let a friend of mine have the last for half that money!"

The facility with which eager antiquaries may be gulled is not confined to northern regions, to the Jonathan Oldbucks, or the Pickwickian sodality. Our readers, no doubt, remember the rich scene, where the amiable old enthusiast is showing off, to the cool, shortsighted Lovel, the wonders of the Kaim of Kinprunes, and corroborating the evidences of its being a Prætorian camp, by the inscription on a stone, of the letters A. D. L. L. under a sacrificial vessel, standing, doubtless for *Agricola, Dicavit, Libens, Lubens*; and how inopportunely his lecture is interrupted by the provoking Edie Ochiltree, exclaiming, "I mind the bigging o't;" and then unfeelingly transforming the vessel and the letters, into "Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle." And still more recent is Mr. Pickwick's purchase, for ten shillings, of the carved stone, bearing the valuable inscription of "Bil Stumps, his mark." But a

hoax not dissimilar, was played on one of the most learned archæologues of our time, Abbate Fea, the best editor of Winkelmann's principal work. He was invited one day, by a party of merry gallants, to what is called in Italy a *vignata*, that is, a merry-making in a vineyard, where antiquities were said to have been found. In the course of their rounds, attention was called to the fragments of a slab of Cipollino or perhaps Pentelican marble, on which were clearly the traces of an inscription, filled up with mould, just as taken out of the *scassato*, or vine-trench. All surrounded it; and having united its *dissecta membra* zealously commenced rubbing off the earth; and they were amply repaid for their trouble, by the reconstruction of the following epigraph:—

S. I.
ET. E
V. N. M
INCH. IONE

All looked to the learned antiquarian for a solution. He was never at a loss for a reading of medal or inscription; and accordingly he read this, straight off, as follows:—*Soli Invicto, ET Etheri, Utriusque Numinis Maximo, INC Hoavit IONE*. "Ione began this edifice in honour of the unconquered Sun (Mithra),* and the Air, the supreme deity of the two." All applauded; but some queer looks began to be cast at the stone, and then a titter went round, when one of the party remarked, that it read very well, and more compendiously in Italian, making only three words, SIETE UN MINCHIONE, which may be familiarly rendered, "What a noodle!"

This was, no doubt, a rude joke, but something of a similar nature was practised for a better purpose, by the late M. Champollion. We give the story as related by himself to a friend, from whom we have it. When he was in one of the countless departments of France, there was great excitement, in consequence of a discovery of Roman remains. He was invited to examine them, as well versed in such matters; but showed himself incredulous. Not so the Prefect, who was quite enthusiastic on the subject; and of course a report was forwarded to head-quarters, with a petition for extraordinary funds to carry on the in-

* In inscriptions STM stands for *Soli Invicto Mithræ*.

teresting research. Champollion believed the whole thing to be a job, and determined to prove it. In the mean time the excavations continued, and soon a most singularly shaped coctile vessel, or *terra cotta urn*, as it was called, was brought to light, only slightly damaged by a workman's spade. On inspection, it was found to contain a quantity of coins, and the delighted magistrate had it carefully borne, undisturbed, to his *prefecture*, there to draw up his report for "Mons. N. N., Chargé du *Depart. des beaux-arts de la France*," as it used to be facetiously written, under a certain minister. His anticipations were now verified, his triumph complete; no, not quite; for he was not satisfied till he had gained it, over the refractory Copt. M. Champollion was invited to the *séance*, in which these interesting remains were to be exhibited to the assembled notables. He obeyed the summons, and found the curious assembly gathered round the queerest vase that they had ever seen. Was it Druidical, Gaulish, Celtic, Gallo-Grecian, Roman? No one could tell, for no one had seen anything like it before. It had a bump here, and an indentation there, an excrescence on one side, and a depression on the other. It would have puzzled Panofka himself to classify it, and that is saying a great deal. But what added to the difficulty of explanation was, an inscription that defied all ingenuity to read, consisting of the following letters: P. S. M. D. M. L. P. However, no reasonable man could doubt of the genuineness of the discovery, for, at the side of the strange recipient, was a small heap of coins, not indeed of much value, but sufficient to authenticate the vessel in which they were found. "Now, M. Champollion, what say you to this? You allow the coins to be genuine I trust," exclaimed the departmental functionary to the antiquarian, who was looking carefully at the coins, one by one, and putting each aside as he finished with it. "Yes, certainly, they are all true," he replied. "Then do you not believe now, that some Roman edifice stood where we have been excavating?" "M. le Prefêt, allow me to ask you, are these *all* the coins found in the vessel?" The magistrate looked embarrassed. "Come, come, now, tell me, was there not among them a liard of Henry IV.? If so, why is it not here?" The truth then came out. Champollion had been to a potter's at some distance, and had had the most odd piece of pottery that he could devise made, and had hid it,

like a mole-trap, in the track of the excavation, and had fairly caught them. The liard, which he had put among some worthless old coins, had been cushioned by the prefect, and thus kept from telling tales. To prove his account, Champollion decyphered the inscription. "It meant," he said, "*Pour Se Mocquer De Monsieur Le Prefet.*"

As we are on the subject of reading initial letters, in connection with cheating, we will indulge ourselves, if not our readers, with one more anecdote, because we believe it has two good qualities, the one is, that it is inedited, the other, that if not true, it ought to be. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato*, as they say in the South.

During the French occupation of Rome under Napoleon, the best intimation of a reverse suffered by the imperial arms, was an order for public rejoicing. A *Te Deum* in Church, or a fete at the General's, best gave the lie to the exulting bulletins from Paris. In the meantime there existed that mysterious power of rumour, which seems to establish a chain of whispers from zone to zone, an electric telegraph of mute signs, such as transmitted, it is said, to India, news of Waterloo, long before it could reach by ordinary ways. The population of distant countries seemed to get a knowledge, no one could tell how, of catastrophes or great events happening at vast distances, vague, hazy, unshapen, and exaggerated, like what sailors call the loaming of a distant coast, or rather like those evanescent reflections of a continent on the western sky, which lured on Columbus to his glorious mastery over nature. It was in the winter of 1812, that this subtle and hidden agent was at work in Rome, and an undefined foreboding of some dark fate impending over the colossus of Europe, filled men's minds, as a comet or eclipse would have done some ages before, when General Miollis issued cards for a great fete, in honour of the Emperor's triumphant entrance into Moscow. The Palazzo Aldobrandini, which then bore his name, was brilliant, and filled with a gay throng; but there were mysterious whisperings, and significant looks exchanged between the visitors, and groups seemed intent on discussing some topic strangely at variance with the occasion of the feast. At a late hour the assembly broke up, when the servants, pale and anxious, entered into the interior apartments, to tell their master that an unseen hand had traced some mysterious letters

on the wall of an anteroom, thus repeating the warning which blighted the joy of Babylon's last feast. The old general, nothing daunted, followed them, and read, traced in charcoal on the wall, the following letters :

F. F. F. F. F. F.

Though of a large size, no one had seen them written. It was clear that the letters represented words ; the veteran's curiosity was piqued, and a Daniel *must* be found. But where ? A servant suggested that there lived somewhere near an old ex-Jesuit, (who so likely to be at the bottom of a plot ?) famous for making literary enigmas, metrical conundrums, anagrams, acrostics, and all other charms with letters, and able to marshal all the letters of the alphabet in platoons, or to put them through their paces at will. Let him be sent for immediately. The general paces his apartments with impatience, while the good old man is roused from his sleep, and, in spite of protestations that he has committed no crime, is carried off, as he supposes, to the castle, but in reality to the solution of a puzzle. "Look at these six F's, and tell me what they mean," is the first address made to him. He rubs his eyes, protests his ignorance, but is urged to study the letters, and make his best conjectures. He thinks and ponders : he has hit on something, but fears his interpretation may prove unwelcome. "No, no ; fear nothing, whatever it is, you shall be amply rewarded.

"Then I read in these letters the following hexameter :

"Franguntur Franci, Flamma, Fame, Frigore, Ferro."

which, with the loan of an additional F, may be rendered thus :

"France Flies From Falchion, Famine, Fire, Frost."

"That is it, that is it," exclaimed the delighted General, "they have found it out. It is exactly the flight from Moscow."

We may be said to have been treading on classical ground till now ; and find some difficulty in descending to the lower level from which we started. But this perhaps is not so difficult. The loftiest genius of ancient Rome could not always remain on the heights of the Capitoline

hill, among columns, porticoes, temples, and the marvels of Grecian art. Even there, too, he might turn sick of the cheatery of augurs, or aurspices, and wish himself in the lower world of every-day life. Now if he had no ambition to be pitched over the Tarpeian rock, he had a commodious descent by the Clivus Scauri, which led him straight, by the chambers of sharp practising *tabularii*, on the look out for clients and litigation, down into the Forum, where the thriving traffic around them, no doubt furnished materials for both. Still to the credit of Roman honesty it must be spoken, that the Republic had lasted long before specific laws against swindling, or *malus dolus* were found requisite. For many readers will recollect the amusing story told us, by Cicero in his *De Officiis*, of the unfortunate Canius, who was woefully taken in, when seeking a house. The owner hired all the watermen in the neighbourhood to ply merrily before it, the day Canius came with a card to view it; and captivated by the sprightliness of the scene, which he was assured was an every-day one, he agreed to give a high rent for it. When he came to live there he asked in vain after the boats and gondolas; for he was told they had never been seen there before, or after, the day when he visited the place. "Stomachari Canius," says Cicero, which we suppose must be translated into English with a negative, "Canius could not stomach it:" but he had no remedy at law; for as yet there was none which annulled fraudulent contracts. Yet we should much doubt, whether in a parallel case, say that of a man who on the day of letting his house, got all the omnibusses in the neighbourhood to pass by his door, our law would provide a remedy for the tenant, as Cicero intimates to us the Roman law, in his time, would have done for the disgusted Canius.

In fact, civilization must be supposed to dull, rather than to sharpen, the sense of honesty in a community. Strange as it may seem, the history of dishonesty, in descending from the lofty regions of art, down to the plain level of plebeian "transactions," passes through a more golden region than the Capitoline descent. Not content with the gradual and exhaustive operation of legal suction, the aristocratic processes of fashionable depletion are far more daring and grand in scale, than lower delinquents have courage or wit for. From the magnificent saloons of

Paris, or Baden-Baden, to the stable-yard of an English racing stud, or lower still, to the back-parlour of a hawk-eyed bill-broker, the man called by the world noble, has his range of swindling, cheating, ruining, and sending others and himself to perdition, without much danger of police-office interference, or even of social condemnation. The fleeced and clean-plucked victim drops into misery and forgetfulness, and the triumphant despoiler still faces society with the blindest of smiles. Almost while we are writing these lines, men who have belonged to that profession, which would soil its steel with blood to avenge a stain cast upon its scarlet, have been convicted of a horse-fraud, which would have disgraced low professional swindlers; and report speaks of a regiment high in honours, into which dismay has been flung, with ruin, by a system of reckless and depraved dishonesty, where "all are honourable men." Yet, no doubt, this is emphatically the age of honesty! But we are getting out of our depth, or rather soaring beyond our height. For, really, we belong to that homely class of every-day people, who cannot understand the existence of two codes of morality for a nation; the one which condemns the petty delinquencies of the shop-boy, to figure in the last page of a newspaper, among the police reports; the other, which describes under the head of "Mysterious transaction in high (?) life," in a central page, the cold-blooded stripping of a youth of his fortune and reputation; as nefarious a deed as that of Abbruzzi banditti. Dr. Samuel Johnson of comical morality, had a lurking respect for the man who had courage to run £100,000 or so into debt; while he despised the petty debtor who got into the "Bench" for a £50 affair. So, if we remember right, Boz tells us. This is indeed paying a tribute to wholesale vice, in which we should be sorry to join: we own our sympathies are more inclined to run in favour of the retail dealer in the commodity.

Such form the smaller fry which the *Lancet* and *Accum*, for instance, love to hold up. The latter is particularly sensitive on the subject of aristocratic purity. While he is mercilessly severe upon the adulterations of beer, and the roguery of its retailers, he will not have a suspicion breathed against the duodecemoirs, who, in his day, as in ours, ruled supreme, and exclusive, over the London republic of ebriety. He will not allow it to be possible, that any one, who deals with large quantities, can be guilty

of introducing into them, any element that would give a false value to his *X*. Only your petty calculator is capable of such a blunder.

There is an interesting and most characteristic work, entitled "*Les Français peints par eux-mêmes*." Were any smart Frenchman to take our own works, and out of them compile the picture of what an Englishman's self-recorded and self-inflicted miseries are, it would form one, in truth, most ludicrously sad. We say self-inflicted miseries, because none are more boastful than ourselves, of our power to remedy every evil, through our incomparable constitution, or to command the best of every thing by our unparalleled wealth. All this is very specious; but unhappily it is not true. That complex *Ego*, "the public," has long been convinced that, in London, it is inhaling most Tartarean air, and drinking most Stygian waters. And yet what has it done to remedy the double pestilence? Slaughter-houses in the densest of its population, grave-yards in the throngest of its thoroughfares, still exhale their odour of death: polluted streams pumped up from the *cloaca maxima* of the city the fog-compelling Thames, drench the throats of the sober with tainted draughts; all grumble, and petition, and deliberate, and carry bills, and pay them too; and the omnipotence of the people decrees, yet the nuisance remains in its despite. In the meantime, nations despised as semi-barbarous, because unparliamentary, and most wretched, because unrepresented, have pure air and water secured to them by a more compendious system. Abbatoirs and cemeteries have been long since provided in almost every other capital of Europe; and Naples, Rome, and Constantinople, and now Madrid (by a great public effort headed by the Queen,) see aqueducts bestriding valleys, and overleaping hills, to pour out copious and healthy streams into the most squalid quarters of the poor. If we can remedy our own evils, and don't, are they not self-inflicted? Again, an Englishman can afford to pay higher than a Frenchman for a cup of coffee, so he believes. Why then should the latter for his three sous, have a genuine cup of fragrant Mocha, and be, for twice the money, served with a draught of most ambiguous beverage, without aroma, flavour, or complexion? He knows he can have the best of every thing if he likes; then why hasn't he? The fact, we believe is, that no other people submit so easily to

a general imposition as we do. If the bread be bad, or short of weight, it is sufficient to cause an *emeute* in a southern country; Englishmen submit to both with wonderful equanimity. We wonder how many persons the disclosures of the Lancet have influenced to practical conclusions on the subject of food.

But let us return to our portraiture. "The Englishman" our French draughtsman would sketch, as described by himself, is naturally of a sad and melancholic disposition, and chooses his habitation accordingly. It has been gravely asserted by an Alderman of London, (a gastronomic officer of the corporation,) that its most cheerful and healthy spot, is the great cattle market called Schmiedfeld, and the rich merchants have their warehouses and shops close to grave-yards, were they imbibe a pestilential and most noxious air, at every breath.

The water supplied to him and his family to drink, is of various qualities, differing one from the other in the amount of animal life with which each abounds. The Lancet has published a series of pictures, full of animation, representing the scenes which occur in every glass of water drunk in different localities. These comprehend not only Lambeth, Southwark, and places inhabited by the poor, but Hampstead, Richmond, and many other fashionable abodes of the rich.*

When he rises in the morning he refreshes himself at breakfast with a cup of tea, black or green. The first is often composed, according to his own statements, of sycamore, horse-chestnut, or sloe leaves, or of a tea already used, and got up again with sulphate of iron and mica.† The second is invariably a perniciously drugged compound, containing China clay, Prussian blue, verdigris, arseniate of copper, potash, and various learned preparations of lead.‡ Or he prefers coffee, which, with few exceptions, is a mixture of chicory, itself grossly adulterated, with a portion of coffee, and sometimes acorns, mangel-wurzel, and ground corn.§ To this he adds milk copiously diluted with water,|| and perhaps a dark sugar, swarming with hideous *acarides*, and filled with cane splinters, sand and grit.¶ If he be recommended cocoa, and procure soluble

* Lancet, Feb. 15, (1851) p. 187; 22, p. 216; Mar. 1, p. 253.

† Aug. 2, p. 112. ‡ Aug. 9, p. 136; 30, p. 310. § Ap. 26, p. 443.

|| Oct. 4, p. 322.

¶ Jan. 18, p. 74; 25, p. 100.

or homœopathic preparations of it, he is, more than ten to one, drinking an infusion of flour, potato, sago, arrow-root, or Indian corn, possibly coloured by some metallic earth.* Nay, further, if for the sake of health he procure for himself or children more expensive foods, made up in half-crown packets, under the name of Exvalenta, or Revalenta, Soojee, Prince of Wales's food, &c., he has the cruel satisfaction of knowing that he is taking water and pea-flour, or potato-starch, or lentil flour, which costs, to the mendacious advertiser, (that denies its presence in his nostrum) just one penny.† With these deleterious drinks he eats plentifully of bread strongly impregnated with alum, which makes it light, not only in quality, but in weight.‡

“When he comes to dinner he does better, because he feeds greatly upon meat, in which none can excel him. But the moment he turns aside from the simple produce of the field or garden, he relapses into his conscious participation of noxious aliments. He drinks beer or porter, potently medicated with *coccus indicus*, grains of paradise, copperas, or liquorice; or wine manufactured from indigenous berries.§ If he season his meat with what he calls mustard, he knows it is mainly flour coloured and spiced with turmeric;|| if with pepper, half of it is flour.¶ Into his salad he pours oil not of the olive, and vinegar not of the grape!*** If he relish his arrow-root, it is proof that his taste is Hibernian, and loves the potato;†† if he prefer jelly, and buys isinglass for it, he knows, all the time, that it is a perfectly different animal substance.‡‡

“In this way he lives contented, always muttering threats and grumbling at the dishonesty in the world,

* Mar. 31, p. 608; June 7, p. 631.

† June 15, p. 675. The audacious lying of the advertisements of these trashy impostures is beyond belief. The *Lancet* has fully exposed them.

‡ Oct. 25, p. 280. The alum causes a greater absorption of water, and so less flour to the weight. Many of the loaves examined were moreover literally light.

§ The *Lancet* not having reached this subject, we must refer to *Accum*.

|| *Lancet*, Mar. 22, p. 304.

¶ Feb. 8, p. 162.

*** *Accum*. According to him olive oil is adulterated with deleterious oil of poppies.

†† *Lancet*, Oct. 11, p. 252.

‡‡ Nov. 29, p. 510.

always confident he can do anything he likes, and that he ought to have the best of everything, but still submitting to a tyrannical system of vexation and roguery."

Such might be the picture of the Englishman as drawn by himself in national works, and we have thrown into it the principal part of the discoveries made by the *Lancet* in the modern chemistry of the kitchen. The series of papers is not yet complete, and there are other alimentary substances, which no doubt will be examined with equally comforting results. But we think the subject should not be closed without some details, partly in vindication of some calumniated callings, and partly in aggravation of ordinary dishonesty.

After having made up one's mind to have been for years daily drinking chalk in solution, by way of milk, it is consoling to find that we have been imbibing only water instead. Many dealers in London are found to furnish pure unadulterated milk; the rest go no further than the pump for their admixture. A Swiss trooper is said to have expressed his regret that wine was not colourless, and water red, as thus all dilution of the former with the latter would be at once detected. Unfortunately the same difficulty applied to milk, though we have heard of curious tests successfully, though unintentionally, used. One was in a midland town, where the milkman had daily to cross a sweetly tempting brook, but always protested his resistance to its crystal charms, till a minnow detected in the milk-jug, though "dumb as a fish," told an unflattering tale. Another case was at a southern watering-place, where the milkman was left alone in the passage beside a pail of beautifully clear water, and on repassing the house was called in, and mildly told by his customer, a baronet, that he had every morning a pail of *salt* water brought in for his children's ablutions. As, however, it is just as likely to expect people to wait for some such discovery, as to use a lactometer, which would promptly detect this fraud, it is some consolation to know that it is not one injurious to health, though much so to honesty. The old Scotch ballad, by way of making an impossible supposition, says:

"Tak a miller that will not steill."*

And many a joke is to be found in our old writers at the

* Percy's Reliques.

expense of that thriving class. And yet so far as dishonest sophistication of substances goes, the millers are the only trade which has come out immaculate from the searching ordeal of "the Lancet commission." Not one sample of flour was found adulterated? * If therefore any one wishes to favour honesty, and his own interests, pecuniary and salubrious at once, he may procure sound flour, and make good bread. For while every single baker doctors his bread, the raw material is furnished pure. And here we think a discovery of the Lancet will excite some astonishment. There is a company called the League, which was established expressly to counteract the frauds of bakers, by securing to the public genuine, unadulterated bread. For this purpose it has its depots in various parts of the metropolis. Would it be believed, that every sample of league-bread procured was found adulterated? †

This, perhaps, may be assumed as a rule, that loud boasting of purity is a tolerable evidence of corruption. The Lancet has shown this particularly in respect to coffee. It must be owned, indeed, that this substance, which has gradually become a favourite nutriment of the poor, gives occasion to more lies than any other. But since the late exposures, some of the most daring assertors of the genuineness of their supply, have been brought to acknowledge its mixture with chicory. A few years ago, the avowal would have brought down on them an Excise prosecution, and a heavy penalty. Now they are protected by a Treasury order of August 31st, 1840, which actually permits the adulteration with chicory!

The introduction of this indigenous plant, as a substitute for coffee, first took place, we believe, in France, as did that of beet-root, in place of cane, sugar, in consequence of Napoleon's attempt to crush English trade, by the destruction and prohibition of colonial produce. There is an anecdote told of him in connection with this subject. One day, he was riding in the environs of Paris, surrounded by his staff, when, in passing by a neat house, he smelt the fragrance of coffee-roasting, as they know how to do it in France. There was no mistaking it; it was no home-made stuff, but a genuine contraband article. The Emperor angrily snuffed the tainted breeze; for it smelt of disobedience to his omnipotence. "Whose house is

* Ap. 5, p. 336.

† Oct. 25, p. 398.

this?" he impatiently asked, "M. Le Curé's," was the reply. "Ha! ha! I have caught M. Le Curé, and I will teach him to respect the laws," rejoined the Emperor, as he dismounted, and, followed by his brilliant *cortège*, broke in upon the unsuspecting abbé. The reverend delinquent, sure enough, was engaged in quietly turning round his coffee-roaster, and bowed, with due respect, but with imperturbable serenity, to the frowning monarch. "Eh bien, M. Le Curé, qu'est ce que vous faites là?" "Sire," replied the abbé, with an arch look, "je brûle la marchandise Anglaise." The Emperor was not only disarmed, but delighted, by the smart answer, and after good-humouredly leaving the Curé, sent him a loaf of colonial sugar, as genuine as the coffee it had to sweeten.

There, was necessity become the mother of invention, but very different is the case here and now. Still the most astounding case of adulteration, connected with this vegetable, remains to be told. We remember a certain notorious radical, in the days when the term was almost libellous, of the name of Hunt, who was prosecuted, and cast in heavy penalties for selling, not even under the name of coffee, but under that of "breakfast powder," an innocent farina of roasted beans. Well now, in these days of free trade, the same authority which pursued him, permits the adulteration of coffee with chicory, and thereby opens the door to every other species of fraud. For what does the reader think chicory is? Why itself the most adulterated of adulterations. The following is a list of the substances with which this drug, called by the Chancellor of the Exchequer "a wholesome and nutritious" substance, is occasionally mixed, previous to its being added to coffee-powder:—Carrots, parsnip, mangel-wurzel, beans, lupin seeds, wheat, rye, dog-biscuit, burnt sugar, red earth, horse-chestnuts, acorns, oak-bark tan, mahogany sawdust, Venetian red, and though last, not least, baked horses' livers!*

"Round about the cauldron go,
In the poisoned entrails throw."

If so foul an outrage upon honesty, decency, health, and humanity can be fully substantiated, we can hardly think

* Lancet, Mar. 15, p. 501, May 10, p. 526.

any severity too great in punishing it. At any rate, the very mention of the atrocity sickens us of our subject. We will only mention one more instance, more terrible because connected with more sacred matter. A letter has appeared, not long ago we believe, in the "Morning Chronicle," complaining of an economy in the Royal Chapel, attributed to a certain noble Marquis, whereby, instead of a bottle of decent claret allowed on sacrament days, a spurious mixture had been substituted, under pretence that the bottle was not consumed. We are not surprised at this; for a friend, who knows much of Spain, assures us, that the tent wine (the *rota tinta*, or red *rota*) which found its sale chiefly for the same purpose, is hardly in demand; the reason alleged being that it could be as well made by apothecaries in England.

It would be foreign to our purpose to pursue our subject beyond the limits of food. Perhaps the "Commission" will extend its labours to other manufactured articles, though not exactly connected with health. Far be it from us to say that the reign of fraud is universal and exclusive. There are many engaged in traffic, who would not for the world be guilty of injustice. We know of noble instances where immense profits have been refused, because fraud had to be practised to obtain them, in a way that hundreds employ it. We know of many whose character and word would be to us a guarantee as secure as the award of the Lancet Commission, that what they give is precisely what they declare it. The *prisca fides* yet lingers on earth, and will resume, we trust, its sway in our traffic.

In this it will be, no doubt, aided by the discovery that, after all, honesty may be the best policy. It is quite certain, that foreign nations are competing with us in fair and honourable rivalry. If it be found that genuine goodness of production is the cause of preference given to them, it will drive our manufacturers to the policy of honesty, where this has been departed from. Who doubts that in the arts of Tubalcain, in the handling and fashioning of iron, English skill may reign supreme? Yet we are losing market in it; why? Because avarice restrains that skill. It is not long since the emperor of Russia sent a commissioner to England, Belgium, and other countries, to decide where he should arm his forces. Belgium obtained the preference, and the house of Pierlot received an order for 60,000 muskets. Mexico has done the same, and an officer sent expressly has given a commission to

the house of Goffin for half that number. The complaint was that English guns burst. If so, dishonesty has turned out a bad policy. We hope, indeed, that this reproach will cease; and that an Englishman, when he moves abroad, in whatever clime, on whatever errand, will bear the same stamp of warranted genuineness, which distinguishes, not always truly, his travelling equipages. It was at the "Goldene Hirsch," at Munich, that we once met an agreeable travelling companion, and as he was explaining to us the mysteries of *Eilwagens* and *Packwagens*, and how you go in the first, and your luggage, if decently heavy, goes in the second, and arrives two days after you; he related a pleasant adventure of travel, which had happened to him a short time before. He had hired a smart French travelling servant, and, on arriving at his inn, at evening, knowing well the stringency of police regulations in Austria, where he was, he called for the usual register of travellers, that he might duly inscribe himself therein. His servant replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and had registered him in full form as a "Rentier Anglais." "But how have you put down my name? I have not told it to you." "I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it faithfully from Milor's portmanteau." "But it is not there—bring me the book." What was his amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself:

"Monsieur Warrantedsolidleather, Anglais, Rentier."

Such is the compliment of warranted solidity which we would gladly have paid to us all over the world. Instead of this, a friend has observed to us, that if the present taste for economy and for mechanical improvement goes on yet increasing, the time is not far distant when any one, in modern English phrase, pronouncing a person to be a *brick*, will thereby declare him to be hollow.

Mr. Richardson has just put forth a Second Edition of MR. EDWARD P. WALFORD'S "*Answers to Sixteen Questions*," by the REV. J. B. CLIFFORD, Minister of St. Matthew's, Bristol. Mr. Clifford is a well-known opponent of Catholicism in his own neighbourhood, and we think that some of Mr. Walford's answers are well calculated to show up the weak points of the so-called Evangelical cause. We shall be glad to find that they obtain a wide circulation. Some Hymns by the same Author, entitled, "*Little Mary's Hymn Book*," Part I, (RICHARDSON) will be found well suited to infant minds, as dwelling on sacred subjects, in a simple, yet reverent spirit.

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